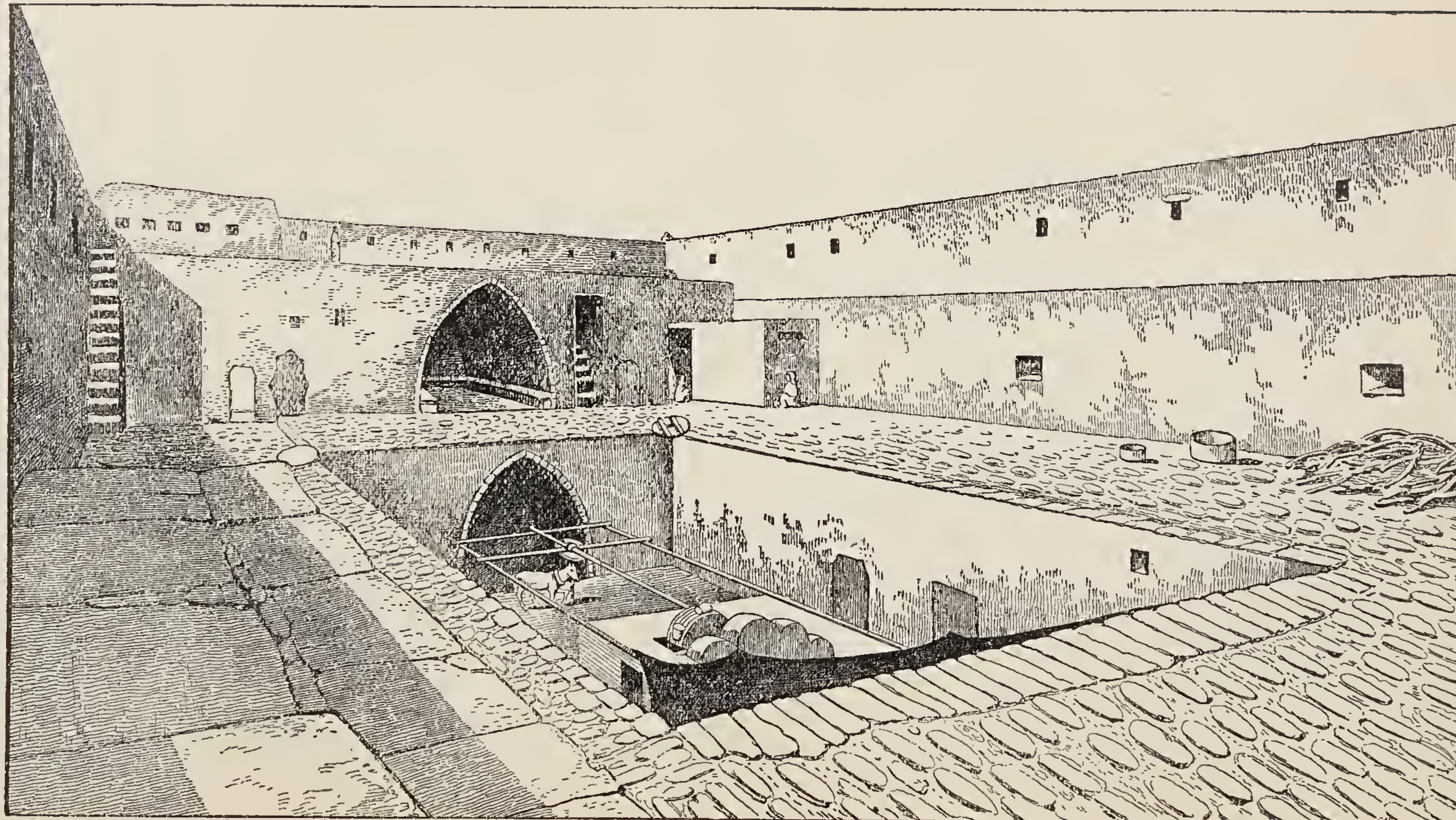
WANDERINGS IN ARABIA



PICTURE OF THE KELLA WITHIN: MEDÁIN SÂLIH

WANDERINGS IN ARABIA

BY

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

BEING AN ABRIDGMENT

OF

"TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

NEW YORK
THOMAS SELTZER
1924

Made and Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh

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With the Author's sanction the abridgment of his narrative here presented was made by Mr Edward Garnett.

CHAPTER I

THE HAJ, OR MECCA PILGRIMAGE

A NEW voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand "Tell me (said he,) since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

It was at the latest hour, when in the same day, and after troubled days of endeavours, I had supposed it impossible. At first I had asked of the *Wàly*, Governor of Syria, his licence to accompany the *Haj* caravan to the distance of *Medáin Sálih.* The Waly then privately questioned the British Consulate, an office which is of high regard in these countries. The Consul answered, that his was no charge in any such matter; he had as much regard of me, would I take such dangerous ways, as of his old hat. This was a man that, in time past, had proffered to show me a good turn in my travels, who now told me it was his duty to take no cognisance of my Arabian journey, lest he might hear any word of blame, if I miscarried. Thus by the Turkish officers it was understood that my life, forsaken by mine own Consulate, would not be required of them in this adventure. There is a merry saying of Sir Henry Wotton, for which he nearly lost his credit with his sovereign, "an ambassador is a man who is sent to lie abroad for his country;" to this might be added, "a Consul is a man who is sent to play the Turk abroad, to his own countrymen."

That untimely Turkishness was the source to me of nearly all the mischiefs of these travels in Arabia. And what wonder,

none fearing a reckoning, that I should many times come nigh to be foully murdered! whereas the informal benevolent word, in the beginning of a Frankish Consulate might have procured me regard of the great Haj officers, and their letters of commendation, in departing from them, to the Emirs of Arabia. Thus rejected by the British Consulate, I dreaded to be turned back altogether if I should now visit certain great personages of Damascus, as the noble Algerian Prince *Abd el-Kâder;* for whose only word, which I am well assured he would have given, I had been welcome in all the Haj-road towers occupied by Moorish garrisons, and my life had not been well-nigh lost amongst them later at Medáin Sâlih.

I went only to the Kurdish Pasha of the Haj, Mohammed Saîd, who two years before had known me a traveller in the Lands beyond Jordan, and took me for a well-affected man that did nothing covertly. It was a time of cholera and the Christians had fled from the city, when I visited him formerly in Damascus to prefer the same request, that I might go down with the pilgrimage to Medáin Sâlih. He had recommended me then to bring a firmân of the Sultan, saying, "The *hajjàj* (pilgrims) were a mixed multitude, and if aught befel me, the harm might be laid at his door, since I was the subject of a foreign government:" but now he said, 'Well! would I needs go thither? it might be with the *Jurdy;*' that is the flying provision train which since ancient times is sent down from Syria to relieve the returning pilgrimage at Medáin Sâlih; but commonly lying there only three days, the time would not have sufficed me.

I thought the stars were so disposed that I should not go to Arabia; but, said my Moslem friends, 'The Pasha himself could not forbid any taking this journey with the caravan; and though I were a *Nasrâny,* what hindered! when I went not down to the *Harameyn* (two sacred cities) but to Medáin Sâlih; how! I an honest person might not go, when there went down every year with the Haj all the desperate cutters of the town; nay the most dangerous ribalds of Damascus were already at Muzeyrîb, to kill and to spoil upon the skirts of the caravan journeying in the wilderness.' Also they said 'it was but a few years since Christian masons (there are no Moslems of the craft in Damascus) had been sent with the Haj to repair the water-tower or Kella and cistern at the same Medáin Sâlih.'

There is every year a new stirring of this goodly Oriental city in the days before the Haj; so many strangers are passing in the bazaars, of outlandish speech and clothing from far provinces. The more part are of Asia Minor, many of them bearing over-great white turbans that might weigh more than their heads:

the most are poor folk of a solemn countenance, which wander in the streets seeking the bakers' stalls, and I saw that many of the Damascenes could answer them in their own language. The town is moved in the departure of the great Pilgrimage of the Religion and again at the home-coming, which is made a public spectacle ; almost every Moslem household has some one of their kindred in the caravan. In the markets, there is much taking up in haste of wares for the road. The tent-makers are busy in their street overlooking and renewing the old canvas of hundreds of tents, of tilts and the curtains for litters ; the curriers in their bazaar are selling apace the water-skins and leathern buckets and saddle-bottles, *matara* or *zemzemíeh ;* the carpenters' craft are labouring in all haste for the Haj, the most of them mending litter-frames. In the *Peraean* out-lying quarter, *el-Medân* is cheapening and delivery of grain, a provision by the way for the Haj cattle. Already there come by the streets, passing daily forth, the *akkâms* with the swaggering litters mounted high upon the tall pilgrim camels. They are the Haj caravan drivers, and upon the silent great shuffle-footed beasts, they hold insolently their path through the narrow bazaars ; commonly ferocious young men, whose mouths are full of horrible cursings : and whoso is not of this stomach, him they think unmeet for the road. The *Mukowwems* or Haj camel-masters have called in their cattle (all are strong males) from the wilderness to the camel yards in Damascus, where their serving-men are busy stuffing pillows under the pack-saddle frames, and lapping first over all the camels' chines, thick blanket-felts of Aleppo, that they should not be galled ; the gear is not lifted till their return after four months, if they may return alive, from so great a voyage. The mukowwems are sturdy, weathered men of the road, that can hold the mastery over their often mutinous crews ; it is written in their hard faces that they are overcomers of the evil by the evil, and able to deal in the long desert way with the perfidy of the elvish Beduins. It is the custom in these caravan countries that all who are to set forth, meet together in some common place without the city. The assembling of the pilgrim multitude is always by the lake of Muzeyrîb in the high steppes beyond Jordan two journeys from Damascus. Here the hajjies who have taken the field are encamped and lie a week or ten days in the desert before their long voyage. The Haj Pasha, his affairs despatched with the government in Damascus, arrives the third day before their departure, to discharge all first payments to the Beduw and to agree with the water-carriers, (which are Beduins) for the military service.

The open ways of Damascus upon that side, lately encumbered with the daily passage of hundreds of litters, and all that, to our eyes strange and motley train, of the Oriental pilgrimage, were again void and silent; the Haj had departed from among us. A little money is caught at as great gain in these lands long vexed by a criminal government: the hope of silver immediately brought me five or six poorer persons, saying all with great By-Gods they would set their seals to a paper to carry me safely to Medáin Sâlih, whether I would ride upon pack-horses, upon mules, asses, dromedaries, barely upon camel-back, or in a litter. I agreed with a Persian, mukowwem to those of his nation which come every year about from the East by Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, to "see the cities"; and there they join themselves with the great Ottoman Haj caravan. This poor rich man was well content, for a few pounds in his hand which helped him to reckon with his corn-chandler, to convey me to Medáin Sâlih. It was a last moment, the Pasha was departed two days since, and this man must make after with great journeys. I was presently clothed as a Syrian of simple fortune and ready with store of caravan biscuit to ride along with him; mingled with the Persians in the Haj journey I should be the less noted whether by Persians or Arabs. This mukowwem's servants and his gear were already eight days at Muzeyrîb camp.

It was afternoon when a few Arab friends bade me God-speed, and mounted with my camel bags upon a mule I came riding through Damascus with the Persian, Mohammed Aga, and a small company. As we turned from the long city street, that which in Paul's days was called "The Straight," to go up through the Medân to the *Boábat-Ullah*, some of the bystanders at the corner, setting upon me their eyes, said to each other, "Who is this? Eigh!" Another answered him half jestingly, "It is some one belonging to the *Ajamy*" (Persian). From the Boábat (great gate of) Ullah, so named of the passing forth of the holy pilgrimage thereat, the high desert lies before us those hundreds of leagues to the Harameyn; at first a waste plain of gravel and loam upon limestone, for ten or twelve days, and always rising, to *Maan* in "the mountain of Edom" near to Petra. Twenty-six marches from Muzeyrîb is el-Medina, the prophet's city (*Medinat en-Néby*, in old time *Yathrib*); at forty marches is Mecca. There were none now in all the road, by which the last hajjies had passed five days before us. The sun setting, we came to the little out-lying village *Kesmîh:* by the road was showed me a white cupola, the sleeping station of the commander of the pilgrimage, *Emir el-Haj*, in the evening of

his solemn setting forth from Damascus. We came by a beaten way over the wilderness, paved of old at the crossing of winter-stream-beds for the safe passage of the Haj camels, which have no foothold in sliding ground; by some other are seen ruinous bridges—as all is now ruinous in the Ottoman Empire. There is a block drift strewed over this wilderness; the like is found, much to our amazement, under all climates of the world.

We had sorry night quarters at Kesmîh, to lie out, with falling weather, in a filthy field, nor very long to repose. At three hours past midnight we were again riding. There were come along with us some few other, late and last poor foot wanderers, of the Persian's acquaintance and nation; blithely they addressed themselves to this sacred voyage, and as the sun began to spring and smile with warmth upon the earth, like awakening birds, they began to warble the sweet bird-like Persian airs. Marching with most alacrity was a yellow-haired young derwîsh, the best minstrel of them all; with the rest of his breath he laughed and cracked and would hail me cheerfully in the best Arabic that he could. They comforted themselves by the way with tobacco, and there was none, said they, better in the whole world than this sweet leaf of their own country. There arose the high train of Hermon aloft before us, hoar-headed with the first snows and as it were a white cloud hanging in the element, but the autumn in the plain was yet light and warm. At twenty miles we passed before *Salâmen*, an old ruined place with towers and inhabited ruins, such as those seen in the *Hauran:* five miles further another ruined site. Some of my companions were suspicious of a stranger, because I enquired the names. We alighted first at afternoon by a cistern of foul water *Keteyby*, where a guard was set of two ruffian troopers, and when coming there very thirsty I refused to drink, "Oho! who is here?" cries one of them with an ill countenance, "it is I guess some Nasrâny; auh, is this one I say, who should go with the Haj?" Nine miles from thence we passed before a village, *Meskîn:* faring by the way, we overtook a costard-monger driving his ass with swaggering chests of the half-rotted autumn grapes, to sell his cheap wares to the poor pilgrims for dear money at Muzeyrîb: whilst I bought of his cool bunches, this fellow full of gibes of the road had descried me and "Art thou going, cried he, to Mecca? Ha! he is not one to go with the Haj! and you that come along with him, what is this for an hajjy?" At foot pace we came to the camp at *Muzeyrîb* after eight o'clock, by dark night; the forced march was sixteen hours. We had yet to do, shouting for the Aga's people, by their names, to find our tents,

but not much, for after the hundreds of years of the pilgrimage all the Haj service is well ordered. The mukowwems know their own places, and these voices were presently answered by some of his servants who led us to their lodging. The morrow was one of preparation, the day after we should depart. The Aga counselled me not to go abroad from our lodging. The gun would be fired two days earlier this year for the pilgrims' departure, because the season was lateward. We had ten marches through the northern highlands, and the first rains might fall upon us ere we descended to Arabia: in this soil mixed with loam the loaded camels slide, in rainy weather, and cannot safely pass. There was a great stillness in all their camp; these were the last hours of repose. As it was night there came the waits, of young camp-followers with links; who saluting every pavilion were last at the Persians' lodgings, (their place as they are strangers and schismatics, doubtless for the avoiding of strifes, is appointed in the rear of all the great caravan) with the refrain *bes-salaamy Ullah yetow-wel ummr-hu, hy el-ády, hy el-ády, Mohammed Aga!* "go in peace, good speed, heigho the largess! We keep this custom, the Lord give long life to him;" and the Persian, who durst not break the usage, found his penny with a sorry countenance.

The new dawn appearing we removed not yet. The day risen the tents were dismantled, the camels led in ready to their companies, and halted beside their loads. We waited to hear the cannon shot which should open that year's pilgrimage. It was near ten o'clock when we heard the signal gun fired, and then, without any disorder litters were suddenly heaved and braced upon the bearing beasts, their charges laid upon the kneeling camels, and the thousands of riders, all born in the caravan countries, mounted in silence. As all is up, the drivers are left standing upon their feet, or sit to rest out the latest moments on their heels: they with other camp and tent servants must ride those three hundred leagues upon their bare soles, although they faint; and are to measure the ground again upward with their weary feet from the holy places. At the second gun, fired a few moments after, the Pasha's litter advances and after him goes the head of the caravan column: other fifteen or twenty minutes we, who have places in the rear, must halt, that is until the long train is unfolded before us; then we must strike our camels and the great pilgrimage is moving. There go commonly three or four camels abreast and seldom five: the length of the slow-footed multitude of men and cattle is near two miles, and the width some hundred yards in the open plains. The hajjàj were this year by their account

(which may be above the truth) 6000 persons; of these more than half are serving men on foot; and 10,000 of all kinds of cattle, the most camels, then mules, hackneys, asses and a few dromedaries of Arabians returning in security of the great convoy to their own districts. We march in an empty waste, a plain of gravel, where nothing appeared and never a road before us. Hermon, now to the backward, with his mighty shoulders of snows closes the northern horizon; to the nomads of the East a noble landmark of Syria, they name it *Towîl éth-Thalj* 'the height of snow' (of which they have a small experience in the rainless sun-stricken land of Arabia). It was a Sunday, when this pilgrimage began, and holiday weather, the summer azure light was not all faded from the Syrian heaven; the 13th of November, 1876; and after twelve miles way, (a little, which seemed long in the beginning,) we came to the second desert station, where the tents which we had left behind us at Muzeyrîb, stood already pitched in white ranks before us in the open wilderness. Thus every day the light tent-servants' train outwent our heavy march, in which, as every company has obtained their place from the first remove, this they observe continually until their journey's end. Arriving we ride apart, every company to their proper lodgings: this encampment is named *Ramta.*

It is their caravan prudence, that in the beginning of a long way the first shall be a short journey: the beasts feel their burdens, the passengers have fallen in that to their riding in the field. Of a few sticks (gathered hastily by the way), of the desert bushes, cooking fires are soon kindled before all the tents; and since here are no stones at hand to set under the pots as Beduins use, the pilgrim hearth is a scraped-out hole, so that their vessels may stand, with the brands put under, upon the two brinks, and with very little fuel they make ready their poor messes. The small military tents of the Haj escort of troopers and armed dromedary riders, *Ageyl*, (the most *Nejd* men) are pitched round about the great caravan encampment, at sixty and sixty paces: in each tent fellowship the watches are kept till the day dawning. A paper lantern after sunset is hung before every one to burn all night where a sentinel stands with his musket, and they suffer none to pass their lines unchallenged. Great is all townsmen's dread of the Beduw, as if they were the demons of this wild waste earth, ever ready to assail the Haj passengers; and there is no Beduwy durst chop logic in the dark with these often ferocious shooters, that might answer him with lead and who are heard, from time to time, firing backward into the desert all night; and at every instant crying

down the line kerakô kerakô (sentinel) the next and the next men thereto answering with *haderûn* (ready). I saw not that any officer went the rounds. So busy is the first watch, whilst the camp is waking. These crickets begin to lose their voices about midnight, when for aught I could see the most of their lights were out; and it is likely the unpaid men spare their allowance: those poor soldiers sell their candles privily in the Haj market.

In the first evening hour there is some merrymake of drum-beating and soft fluting, and Arcadian sweetness of the Persians singing in the tents about us; in others they chant together some piece of their devotion. In all the pilgrims' lodgings are paper lanterns with candle burning; but the camp is weary and all is soon at rest. The hajjies lie down in their clothes the few night hours till the morrow gun-fire; then to rise suddenly for the march, and not knowing how early they may hear it, but this is as the rest, after the Pasha's good pleasure and the weather.

At half past five o'clock was the warning shot for the second journey. The night sky was dark and showery when we removed, and cressets of iron cages set upon poles were borne to light the way, upon serving men's shoulders, in all the companies. The dawn discovered the same barren upland before us, of shallow gravel and clay ground upon limestone.

The *Derb el-Haj* is no made road, but here a multitude of cattle-paths beaten hollow by the camels' tread, in the marching thus once in the year, of so many generations of the motley pilgrimage over this waste. Such many equal paths lying together one of the ancient Arabian poets has compared to the bars of the rayed Arabic mantle. Commonly a shot is heard near mid-day, the signal to halt; we have then a short resting-while, but the beasts are not unloaded and remain standing. Men alight and the more devout bow down their faces to say the canonical prayer towards Mecca. Our halt is twenty minutes; some days it is less or even omitted, as the Pasha has deemed expedient, and in easy marches may be lengthened to forty minutes. "The Pasha (say the caravaners) is our *Sooltan*." Having marched twenty miles at our left hand appeared *Mafrak*, the second Haj road tower, after the great kella at Muzeyrîb, but it is ruinous and as are some other towers abandoned. The kellas are fortified water stations weakly garrisoned; they may have been built two or three centuries and are of good masonry. The well is in the midst of a kella; the water, raised by a simple machine of drum and buckets, whose shaft is turned by a mule's labour, flows forth

to fill a cistern or *birket* without the walls. Gear and mules must be fetched down with the Haj from Damascus upon all the desert road, to Medáin Sâlih. The cisterns are jealously guarded; as in them is the life of the great caravan. No Aarab (nomads) are suffered to draw of that water; the garrisons would shoot out upon them from the tower, in which closed with an iron-plated door, they are sheltered themselves all the year from the insolence of the nomads. The kellas stand alone, as it were ships, in the immensity of the desert; they are not built at distances of camps, but according to the opportunity of water; it is more often two or even three marches between them. The most difficult passage of the pilgrim road before Medina is that four or five marches in high ground next above Medáin Sâlih where are neither wells nor springs, but two ruined kellas with their great birkets to be filled only by torrent water, so that many years, in a nearly rainless country they lie dry. A *nejjàb* or post, who is a Beduin dromedary-rider, is therefore sent up every year from Medáin Sâlih, bringing word to Damascus, in *ramathan* before the pilgrimage, whether there be water run in the birket at *Dàr el-Hamra,* and reporting likewise of the state of the next waters. This year he was a messenger of good tidings, (showers and freshets in the mountains had filled the birket) and returned with the Pasha's commandment in his mouth, (since in the garrisons there are few or none lettered) to set a guard over the water. But in years when the birket is émpty, some 1500 girbies are taken up in Damascus by the Haj administration to furnish a public supplement of five days water for all the caravan: these water-skins are loaded betwixt the distant waterings, at the government cost, by Beduin carriers.

The caravaners pass the ruined and abandoned kellâs with curses between their teeth, which they cast, I know not how justly, at the Haj officers and say "all the birkets leak and there is no water for the hajjàj; every year there is money paid out of the treasury that should be for the maintenance of the buildings; these embezzling pashas swallow the public silver; we may hardly draw now of any cistern before Maan, but after the long marches must send far to seek it, and that we may find is not good to drink." Turkish peculation is notorious in all the Haj service, which somewhat to abate certain Greek Christians, Syrians, are always bursars in Damascus of the great Mohammedan pilgrimage :—this is the law of the road, that all look through their fingers. The decay of the road is also, because much less of the public treasure is now spent for the Haj service. The impoverished Ottoman government has

withdrawn the not long established camp at Maan, and greatly diminished the kella allowances; but the yearly cost of the Haj road is said to be yet £50,000, levied from the province of Syria, where the Christians cry out, it is tyranny that they too must pay from their slender purses, for this seeking hallows of the Moslemîn. A yearly loss to the empire is the *surra* or "bundles of money" to buy a peaceful passage of the abhorred Beduins: the half part of Western Arabia is fed thereby, and yet it were of more cost, for the military escort to pass "by the sword." The destitute Beduins will abate nothing of their yearly pension: that which was paid to their fathers, they believe should be always due to them out of the treasures of the "Sooltan" and if any less be proffered them they would say "The unfaithful pashas have devoured it!" the pilgrimage should not pass, and none might persuade them, although the *Dowla* (Sultan's Empire) were perishing. It were news to them that the Sultan of Islam is but a Turk and of strange blood: they take him to be as the personage of a prophet, king of the world by the divine will, unto whom all owe obedience. Malcontent, as has been often seen, they would assault the Haj march or set upon some corner of the camp by night, hoping to drive off a booty of camels: in warfare they beset the strait places, where the firing down of a hundred beggarly matchlocks upon the thick multitude must cost many lives; so an Egyptian army of Ibrahîm Pasha was defeated in the south country by Harb Beduins. * * *

(*After journeying for three weeks through the plains of Moab and through the land of Edom* (*Arabia Petraea*), *the Haj reaches the plain of el-Héjr.*)

* * * The name of the strait is *el-Mèzham* "place of thronging." It is short, at first steep, and issues upon the plain of el-Héjr which is Medáin Sâlih; where the sun coming up showed the singular landscape of this valley-plain, encompassed with mighty sand-rock precipices (which here resemble ranges of city walls, fantastic towers and castle buildings,) and upon

them lie high shouldering sand-drifts. The bottom is sand, with much growth of desert-bushes; and I perceived some thin sprinkled vulcanic drift. Westward is seen the immense mountain blackness, terrible and lowering, of the Harra.

I asked "And where are the *Cities of Sâlih?*" It was answered "In none of these precipices about, but in yonder jebel," (Ethlib,) whose sharp crags and spires shot up now above the greenness of a few desert acacia trees, great here as forest timber. "And, Khalîl, thou shalt see wonders to-day of houses hewn in the rock," some added "and the hewn houses standing, wellah, heels uppermost, by miracle!" Other plainer men said "This we saw not, but Khalîl now thy way is ended, look, we have brought thee to Medâin, where we say put not thyself in the danger of the Beduw, but go thou in to lodge at the kella which thou seest yonder with the palms; it is a pleasant one."

The pilgrimage began on a Sunday, this fair morning was the fourth Sunday in the way, therefore the world for me was peace, yet I mused what should become of my life, few miles further at Medâin Sâlih. Whilst we were speaking I heard this disastrous voice before me: "Now only another Nasrâny is in the caravan, curse Ullah his father, he will be dealt with presently." I demanded immediately of Eswad "what was it?" he did not answer again. I could but guess, that some Christian akkâm had been discovered amongst them, and to such the hajjâj were but a confederacy of murderers:—their religion is murderous, and were therefore to be trodden out as fire by the humanity of all the world! I looked continually, and would have attempted somewhat, I was also an European and the caravan is full of reasonable men; but I perceived naught, nor might hear anything further of him. I remembered the chance of a Syrian Christian *mukâry*, or muleteer carrier, whose friends were known to me at Damascus; and who had many times been a driver in the Haj to the Harameyn. The lad's partner on the Syrian roads, was a jolly Moslem that went every year akkâm in the pilgrimage; and would have his fellow along with him, although it were to Mecca. The Christian was willing, and the other taught him praying and prostrations enough for young men of their simple condition. Thus the circumcised and the uncircumcised went down year by year, and returned to make a secret mock together: yet were any such inloper uncased in the Haj, he being but a poor subject of theirs, and none to plead for him, he had sinned against his own soul; except he would abjure his faith, he must die like a dog, he is "an unclean Nasrâny," for the despite done unto Ullah and His Apostle.

CHAPTER II

MEDÁIN [THE "CITIES" OF] SÂLIH

In a warm and hazy air, we came marching over the loamy sand plain, in two hours, to Medáin Sâlih, a second merkez on the road, and at the midst of their long journey; where the caravan arriving was saluted with many rounds from the field-pieces and we alighted at our encampment of white tents, pitched a little before the kella.

The Ajamy would have me write him immediately a full release and acquittance. I thought it were better to lodge, if I might, at the kella; the *kellâjy*, surveyor of this and next towers, had once made me a promise in Damascus, that if I should ever arrive here he would receive me. The Beduins I heard to be come in from three days distance and that to-morrow they would return to their wandering menzils. I asked the Persian to transport my baggage, but because his covenant was out he denied me, although my debtor for medicines which he had upon the road freely, as much as he would. These gracious Orientals are always graceless short-comers at the last, and therefore may they never thrive! Meanwhile the way-worn people had bought themselves meat in the camp market of the Beduin fleshers, and fresh joints of mutton were hanging soon before all the Haj tents. The weary Damascenes, inhabitants of a river city, fell to diligently washing their sullied garments. Those who played the cooks in the fellowships, had gathered sticks and made the little fire pits; and all was full of business.

Here pilgrims stand much upon their guard, for this is, they think, the most thievish station upon the road to Medina, which 'thieves" are the poor Beduins. A tale is told every year after their cooks' wit, how 'the last time, by Ullah, one did but look round to take more sticks and when he turned again the cauldron was lost. This cook stepped upon his feet and through the press he ran, and laid hand upon a bare-foot Beduwy the

first he met; and he was he, the cursed one, who stole back with the burning pot covered under his beggarly garment. Friendly persons bade me also have a care, I might lose a thing in a moment and that should be without remedy. There came in some of the poor nomads among us; the citizen hajjies cried upon them "Avaunt!" some with staves thrust them, some flung them headlong forth by the shoulders as wild creatures; certain Persians, for fear of their stealing, had armed themselves with stones.—Yet afterward I knew all these poor people as friendly neighbours, and without any offence. There were come in some of their women, offering to sell us bunches of mewed ostrich feathers, which they had taken up in the desert. The ribald akkâms proffered them again half-handfuls of broken biscuit; yet are these fretted short plumes worth above their weight in silver, at Damascus. Eswad, who was a merry fellow, offended at this bargaining with a dishonest gesture; "Fie on thee, ah lad for shame!" exclaimed the poor young woman:—the nomads much despise the brutish behaviour of the townspeople. I went through the encampment and came under the kella, where sweetmeat-sellers, with stone counterpoises, were selling pennyworths of dates upon their spread mantles; which wares are commonly carried in the desert journeys upon asses. I spoke to one to lend me his beast for money that I might fetch in my baggage. "My son, (answered the old man, who took me for one of the Moorish garrison,) I have therewith to do, I cannot lend him." I returned to the Ajamy; he would now lend me a mule, and when I had written him his quittance, the cloudy villain changed to fair weather; I saw him now a fountain of smiles and pleasant words, as if he fed only with the bees among honey flowers, and bidding el-Eswad drive the load he brought me forward with the dunghill oriental grace and false courtesy. As I was going "Khalîl Aga (said the best of the akkâms) forgive us!" they would have me not remember their sometimes rude and wild behaviour in the way. We found that kellâjy standing before the gate of his kella (thereover I saw a well-engraved Arabic inscription); busy he was receiving the garrison victual and caravan stores. He welcomed me shortly and bade me enter, until he should be out of hand. Loiterers of the garrison would hardly let me pass, saying that no strangers might come in there.

But what marvellous indifference of the weary hajjies! I saw none of them set forth to view the monuments, though as much renowned in their religion as Sodom and Gomorrah, and whereof such strange fables are told in the Koran. Pity Mohammed had not seen Petra! he might have drawn another long-bow

shot in Wady Mûsa: yet hardly from their camp is any of these wonders of the faith plainly visible. The palmers, who are besides greatly adread of the Aarab, durst not adventure forth, unless there go a score of them together. Departing always by night-time, the pilgrims see not the Cities of Sâlih, but the ascending Haj see them. Eswad came to the kella at nightfall, and bade me God-speed and to be very prudent; for the tower garrisons are reputed men of violence, as the rest of the Haj service. So came the kellâjy, who surprised to find me still sitting obscurely within, by my baggage, assigned me a cell-chamber. One came then and called him forth to the Pasha; I knew afterward that he was summoned upon my account. About mid-night the warning gunshot sounded in the camp, a second was the signal to remove; I heard the last hubbub of the Haj rising, and in few more moments the solemn jingles of the takhts er-Rûm journeying again in the darkness, with the departing caravan. Few miles lower they pass a *boghrâz*, or strait in the mountains. Their first station is *Zmurrûd*, a forsaken kella; in another remove they come to *Sawra* kella, then *Hedîeh* kella, *Sújwa* kella, *Barraga*, *Oweynat el-Béden;* there the Haj camp is pitched a little before Medina. In every step of the Mecca-bound pilgrims is now heart's rest and religious confidence that they shall see the holy places; they have passed here the midst of the long way. In the morning twilight, I heard a new rumour without, of some wretched nomads, that with the greediness of unclean birds searched the forsaken ground of the encampment.

As it was light the Beduins came clamorously flocking into the tower, and for a day we were over-run by them. Said *Mohammed Aly* the kellâjy "Wellah, we cannot be sure from hour to hour; but their humour changing, they might attempt the kella!" It was thus the same Fejîr Beduins had seized this kella few years before, when the Haj government established a new economy upon the pilgrimage road, and would have lessened the nomads' former surra. The caravan gone by, the Aarab that were in the kella, with their sheykh *Motlog*, suddenly ran upon the weak guard, to whom they did no hurt but sent them in peace to *el-Ally*. Then they broke into the sealed chambers and pillaged all that might come to their hand, the Haj and Jurdy soldiers' stores with all that lately brought down for the victualling of this and the other kellas that stand under Medáin Sâlih. The tribes that year would hardly suffer the caravan to pass peaceably, and other kellas were in like manner surprised and mastered by them; that next below Medáin, and Súјwa kella were robbed at the same time by the W. Aly. The Beduw said,

they only sought their own; the custom of surra or payment for right of way could not now be broken. A squadron of Syrian cavalry sent down with the next year's Haj, to protect those towers, was quartered at el-Ally, but when the caravan was gone by, the Beduins (mostly W. Aly) went to surround the oasis, and held them besieged till the second year. I have said to the Beduins, "If the tower-keepers shut their plated door, what were all your threatenings against them?" Arabians have not wit to burst iron-plate with the brunt of a beam, or by heaping fire-wood to burn the back timber of the door, nor any public courage to adventure their miserable lives under defended walls. They have answered me, "The kella could not be continually shut against us, the Beduins have many sly shifts; and if not by other means yet by a *thubîha*, (gift of a sheep or other beast for slaughter,) we should not fail sometime to creep in."

In this kella an old Moor of Fez, *Haj Nejm*, was warden (*mohàfuz*); the other tower-keepers were *Haj Hasan*, a Moor of Morocco, who was before of this tower service, and coming in our pilgrimage from Damascus, had been stayed here again, at the entreaty of his countryman Nejm. Then *Abd el-Kâder*, (Servitor-of-the-mighty-God) a young man named after the noble Algerian prince, and son of his deceased steward: he growing into fellowship with the muatterîn at Damascus, his "uncle" (whose venerable authority is absolute over all the Moorish emigration) had relegated the lubber into the main deserts for a year, in charge of Mohammed Aly. A fourth was *Mohammed*, a half Beduin lad; son of a former Damascene kella keeper, by a nomad housewife; and besides, there was only a slave and another poor man that had been sent to keep the water together at the B. Moaddam.

Our few Moors went armed in the tower amongst the treacherous Beduins; Haj Nejm sat, with his blunderbuss crossed upon his knees, amongst his nomad guests, in the coffee chamber. He was feeble and old, and Hasan the only manful sufficient hand amongst them. This stalwart man was singing all the day at his task and smiling to himself with unabated good humour. Self-minded he was and witty of head to find a shift with any wile, which made all easy to him, yet without his small horizon he was of a barbarous understanding; so that Mohammed Aly would cry out upon his strongheadedness, "Wellah thou art a *Berber*, Hasan!" (The Berbers, often blue-eyed and yellow-haired, a remnant of the former peoples of Barbary.) Twelve years he had been in the East, and might seem to be a man of middle age, but in his own eyes his years

were fifty and more, "And wot you why (he would say and laugh again), my heart is ever green." The Moors are born under wandering stars. Many wearing the white *burnûs*, come in every pilgrimage to Mecca; thence they disperse themselves to Syria, to Mesopotamia, and to all the East Arabic world seeking fortune and service. They labour at their old trades in a new land, and those that have none, (they have all a humour of arms,) will commonly hire themselves as soldiers. They are hired before other men, for their circumspect acrid nature, to be caretakers of orchards at Damascus, and many private trusts are committed to the bold Moghrebies. These Western men are distinguished by their harsh ventriloquial speech, and foreign voices.

Nejm, now a great while upon this side of the sea, was grown infirm more than aged; he could not hope to see his Fez again, that happier soil of which, with a sort of smiling simplicity, he gossiped continually. He had wandered through the Barbary states, he knew even the Algerian *sáhara;* at Tunis he had taken service, then sometime in Egypt far upon the Nile; afterward he was a soldier in Syria, and later of the haj-road service, in the camp at Maan: a fervent Moslem, yet one that had seen and suffered in the world, he could be tolerant, and I was kindly received by him. 'The *Engleys* (said he) at *Jebel Tar* (Gibraltar) were his people's neighbours over the strait.' He had liever Engleys than Stambûlies, Turks that were corrupted and no good Moslems. Only the last year the Sîr Amîn had left a keg of wine with them in the kella, till their coming up again: "a cursed man (he said) to drink of that which is forbidden to the Moslemîn!" He was father of two children, but, daughters, he seemed not to regard them; female children are a burden of small joy in a poor Moslem family; for whom the father shall at last receive but a slender bride-money, when they are divided from his household.

Nature prepared for the lad Mohammed an unhappy age; vain and timid, the stripling was ambitious to be somewhat, without virtuous endeavour. A loiterer at his labour and a slug in the morning, I heard when Mohammed Aly reprehended him in this manner: "It is good to rise up, my son (as the day is dawning), to the hour of morning prayer. It is then the night angels depart, and the angels of the day arrive, but those that linger and sleep on still, Satan enters into them. Knowest thou I had once in my house a serving lad, a Nasrâny, and although he washed his head with soap and had combed out his hair, yet then his visage always appeared swollen and discoloured, wellah as a swine; and if you mark them of a morning, you may see the Nasâra to be all of them as swine."

"Ignorant" (*jáhil*) more than ill-given was the young Abd el-Kâder, and hugely overgrown, so that Hasan said one day, observing him, "Abd el-Kâder's costard is as big as the head of our white mule and nothing in it." Thus they pulled his coxcomb in the kella, till it had done the poor lad's heart good to have blubbered; bye and bye he was dismissed to keep the water with another at B. Moaddam.

Mohammed Aly, (by his surname) *el-Mahjûb*, surveyor of the kellas between Tebûk and el-Medina, was an amiable bloody ruffian, a little broken-headed, his part good partly violent nature had been distempered (as many of their unquiet climbing spirits) in the Turkish school of government; he was without letters. His family had inhabited a mountain country (he said, "of uncorrupted ancient manners") in Algeria: in the conquest, rather than become subjects of the Nasâra, they embarked at their own election in French government vessels, to be landed in Syria. There was a tradition amongst their ancestors, that "very anciently they occupied all that country about Maan, where also Moses fed the flocks of Jethro the prophet; the B. Israel had dispossessed them." Entering the military service, he had fought and suffered with the Syrian troops, in a terrible *jehâd* against the Muscovites, in the Caucasus, where he was twice wounded. The shot, it seemed to me, by his own showing, had entered from the backward, and still the old wounds vexed him in ill weather. Afterward, at the head of a small horse troop, he served in Palestine and the lands beyond Jordan, attaching himself to the fortunes of Mohammed Saîd, from whom he had obtained his present office. The man, half ferocious trooper, could speak fair and reasonably in his better mind; then as there are backwaters in every tide, he seemed humane: the best and the worst Moslemîn can discourse very religiously. He held the valour of the Moghrebies to be incomparable, it were perilous then to contrary him; a tiger he was in his dunghill ill-humour, and had made himself formerly known on this road by his cruelties. Somewhile being lieutenant at Maan, he had hanged (as he vaunted) three men. Then, when it had been committed to him to build a vault over the spring head at the kella Medowwara, and make that water sure from all hostility of the Aarab, he took certain of them prisoners, sheykhs accused of plundering the Haj, and binding them, he fed them every day in the tower with two biscuits, and every day he caused to be ground a measure of meal in an hand-mill (which is of intolerable weight) upon their breasts; until yielding to these extremities, which they bore sometime with manly fortitude, they had sent for that ransom which he

would devour of them. A diseased senile body he was, full of ulcers, and past the middle age, so that he looked not to live long, his visage much like a fiend, dim with the leprosy of the soul and half fond; he shouted when he spoke with a startling voice, as it might have been of the ghrôl: of his dark heart ruled by so weak a head, we had hourly alarms in the lonely kella. Well could he speak (with a certain erudite utterance) to his purpose, in many or in few words. These Orientals study little else, as they sit all day idle at the coffee in their male societies: they learn in this school of infinite human observation to speak to the heart of one another. His tales seasoned with saws, which are the wisdom of the unlearned, we heard for more than two months, they were never ending. He told them so lively to the eye that they could not be bettered, and part were of his own motley experience. Of a licentious military tongue, and now in the shipwreck of a good understanding, with the bestial insane instincts and the like compunctions of a spent humanity, it seemed the jade might have been (if great had been his chance) another Tiberius senex. With all this, he was very devout as only they can be, and in his religion scrupulous; it lay much upon his conscience to name the Nasrâny *Khalîl*, and he made shift to call me, for one Khalîl, five times Ibrahîm. He returned always with a wonderful solemnity to his prayers, wherein he found a sweet foretaste of Paradise; this was all the solace here in the deserts of his corrupt mind. A caterpillar himself, he could censure the criminal Ottoman administration, and pinch at all their misdemeanours. At Damascus, he had his name inscribed in the register of French Algerian subjects; he left this hole to creep into, if aught went hard with him, upon the side of the Dowla; and in trouble any that can claim their protection in Turkish countries, are very nimble to run to the foreign consuls.

The nomads have an ill opinion of Turkish Haj government, seeing the tyrannical and brutish behaviour of these pretended rulers, their paymasters. All townsmen contemn them again as the most abject of banded robbers. If any nomad be taken in a fault, the military command "Away with this Beduwy" is shouted with the voice of the destroying angel "and bind him to the gun-wheel." Mohammed Aly was mad, in his Moorish pride, and of desperate resentment; only the last year he durst contend here in the deserts, with his Haj Pasha. In a ground chamber of the kella are sealed government stores and deposits of the mukowwems' furnitures: with the rest was sent in by the paymaster-Pasha a bag of reals, of the public money. When they came again, the Pasha sent his servant to receive

the silver. The man, as he held it in his hand, imagining this purse to have leaked, for the Arabs are always full of these canine suspicions, began to accuse Mohammed Aly; but the Moor, pulling out his scimitar, cut down the rash unarmed slave, flung him forth by the heels, and with frantic maledictions, shut up the iron door after him. The Pasha sent again, bidding Mohammed Aly come to him and answer for this outrage; but the Syrian Moor, his heart yet boiling, swore desperately he would not go until his humour were satisfied. —"Away and say these words to the Pasha from Mohammed Aly, If Mohammed Saîd have cannon, so have I artillery upon the terrace of this kella,—by God Almighty we will hold out to the last; and let him remember that we are *Moghrâreba!*" This was a furious playing out friends and playing in mischief, but he trusted that his old service would assure him with the robust Pasha; at the worst he would excuse himself, attesting his wounds suffered in the sacred cause of their religion; and after all he could complain "Wellah, his head went not all times well, and that he was a Moghreby," that is one of choleric nature and a generous rashness: at the very worst he could defy them, proving that he was a stranger born and a French subject. His artillery (and such is wont to be the worth of an Arabic boast) were two very small rust-eaten pieces, which for their rudeness, might have been hammered by some nomad smith: years ago they had been brought from the *Borj*, an antique tower half a mile distant, towards the monuments, and were said to have served in old nomad warfare between Annezy and *Harb* tribesmen.

Before the departure of the Aarab, came their sheykh Motlog enquiring for me; *Wen-hu, wen-hu,* 'where is he, this *dowlâny* or government man?' He bounced my door up, and I saw a swarthy Beduin that stood to gaze lowering and strangely on one whom he took to be *gomâny*, an enemy. Mohammed Aly had said to them that I was a Sîr Amîn, some secretary sent down upon a government errand. This was a short illusion, for as the Moslems pray openly and Khalîl was not seen to pray, it was soon said that I could not be of the religion. Mohammed Aly was a hater of every other than his own belief and very jealous of the growing despotism in the world of the perilous Nasâra;—thus they muse with a ferocious gloom over the decay of the militant Islam. Yet he could regard me pleasantly, as a philosopher, in whom was an indulgent natural opinion in all matter of religion.—These were the inhabitants of the kella, a tower seventy feet upon a side, square built. Lurid within are these water-stations, and all that I entered are

of one fashion of building. In the midst is the well-court, and about it the stable, the forage and store chambers. Stairs lead upon the gallery which runs round above, whereupon in the north and south sides are the rows of small stone dwelling chambers. Staircases lead from this gallery to the terrace roof, where the garrison may suddenly run up in any need to the defence of the kella.

This tower is built about an ancient well, the *Bîr en-Nâga* where the miraculous she-camel had been watered; it is the only water that a religious man may drink, in the opinion of their doctors, in "the subverted country:" but by leaking of the cesspool, I fear this well is an occasion of grave vesical diseases. The *bîr*, as the other ancient wells that remain in the plain, is lined with dry-built masonry, twenty-six feet deep to the ground water, which comes up warm and reeking in a winter morning, at a temperature of 66 Fahr.;—I never found well water not lukewarm in Arabia! The *Ullema* teach that men's prayers may hardly rise to Heaven from the soil of Medáin Sâlih, and the most perfect of them carry their water over from the last stages, that even of the naga's well they refuse to drink. The kella birket without to the southward, measures eighteen by twenty-two paces; the depth is three fathoms. Two mules from Damascus wrought singly, turning the rude mill-machine of the well, four and four hours daily; but that was so badly devised, that nearly a third part of the drawn water as it came up in the buckets, which are hoops of chipwood like corn measures, was spilled back again; and good part of that which flows out is lost, for all the birket floor leaked or the whole might be filled in ten or twelve days. For the renewing of the well-gear of this and the next kellas stores are brought down here in every Haj from Damascus.

It is remarkable that all the haj-road kellas are said to have been built by Nasâra, nearly to Medina; Christian masons a few years before repaired this tower of Medáin Sâlih; I was not then the first Christian man seen within these distant kella walls: they were remembered to have been quiet and hospitable persons. The kella foundations are of stones without mortar laid upon the weak loamy bottom; the walls above are rude courses of stones raised in clay; the work is only pointed with mortar. Stone for burning lime must be fetched upon the backs of hired Beduin camels from *Jebel Iss*, which is a sandstone mountain overlaid with limestone in a wady of the same name, two journeys distant under the *Harreyry* or little Harra, below el-Ally. This is not that greater *W. el Iss* of antiquity, wherein are seen many springs with *dôm* palms and the ruins

of villages, which descends from the *Jeheyna* country, beginning a long journey above *Yánba*, and goes out in the *W. el-Humth* or *W. Jizzl.*

In Damascus I had heard of the pleasant site of this kella with its garden of palms. Here were three grown female trees, with one male stem which made them fruitful. In the orchard plot closed with a clay wall, Haj Nejm passed his holiday hours in this immense Beduin wilderness, and raised his salads, his leeks and other pot-herbs to give a savour to his Arab messes. The tower stands solitary half a mile before the mountain Ethlib, almost in the midst of the valley-plain of Medáin. This is Hijr of the koran, el-Héjr of the Beduins. The place is Ἐγρα of Ptolemy's geography; in his time an emporium of the caravan road between el-Yémen and Syria which is since become the derb el-haj. From the kella roof two may be descried of the greatest monuments, and the plain is seen as enclosed by cliffs. Only past Ethlib the plain appears open upon the left hand, with shelves of sand riding upon the short horizon to the south-eastward: it is there the haj road passes. Between us and the solitude of the desert, are the gate Arabs, certain nomad families whose tents were always pitched before the iron door of the kella. They are poor Fej(k)îr households, (which wanting camels cannot follow the wandering camps of their tribesmen,) and a half dozen ragged tents of *Fehját,* a small very poor kindred of *Heteym,* and despised almost as outcasts; they are clients of the Fukara and from ancient times, at the service of the kella, and foragers like the Sweyfly at el-Akhdar, selling their camel loads of harsh knot-grass, to the pilgrimage caravan, for a certain government price, which is set at a real. Of the Fehját, Sweyfly, and the poor Humeydât of Tebûk, is chanted a ribald rime in the Haj "We have companied with the daughters of them for a crown." Another poor sort of haj foragers in these parts are the *Bedówna,* they are also Heteym; their home district is *Jebel Dokhàn* below el-Ally: they are fifty families, sellers here, and at Sawra, of the same tall grass kind, which grows in low sandy places under the desert mountains; the thurrm is not browsed by the small Beduin camels. The Arabs blame this country as *Béled ej-jûa,* 'a land of hunger': households seldom here cook anything, a handful of clotted dates is the most of their commons: also they name it *Béled el-haramîeh,* 'a land of robbers.' This plain is a path of many *ghrazzûs* (ridings on warfare) of hostile tribesmen, so that few days ever pass without alarms.

The *Medáin Sâlih* are, in the koran fable, houses hewn in the rocks of the idolatrous tribe Thamûd of the ancient

Arabians, which were destroyed already, according to their fantastic chronicles, in the days of Jethro, God's messenger to the Midianites. Jethro, in the koran, preaches to his incredulous tribesmen of the judgments that had overtaken other peoples sometime despisers of holy prophets. *Hejra* in Ptolemy and Pliny, is an oasis staple town of *the gold and frankincense caravan road* from Arabia the Happy. In the next generations it must needs decay, as this trade road to the North was disused more and more and at last nearly abandoned for the sea carriage. In Mohammed's time, only five hundred years later, the desolate city had so long passed away that the name was become a marvellous fable. Mohammed going by, in the Mecca caravans, was doubtless moved seeing from the road the archaic hewn architecture of those "desolate places": (no one can consider without emotion the severe and proud lineaments of these solemn ranges of caverns!) also he beheld in them a divine testimony of the popular tradition. The high sententious fantasy of the ignorant Arabs, the same that will not trust the heart of man, is full of infantile credulity in all religious matter; and already the young religionist was rolling the sentiment of a divine mission in his unquiet spirit. In his prophetic life the destruction of Thamûd, joined with the like pretended cases of *Aad,* of Midiân and of the cities of Lot, that had "rejected the apostles of Ullah," is become a capital argument in the koran; words of present persuasion of fear not easily to be answered, since their falsity could only be ascertained by the event. * * *

* * * A week now we had been shut in the kella, and were still weary of our journeys from Syria. Mohammed Aly would not let me go forth alone: but he had spoken with *Zeyd,* a principal Beduin sheykh, who after other days would return and accompany me to the monuments. Haj Nejm said of Medáin, "It is a marvel, that you may view their sûks, and even the nail-holes whereupon were hanged their stuffs over the shop doors, and in many of their shops and shelves, spences and little cellars where they laid up their wares; and, wellah, you may see all full of the bones of *Kôm Thamûd;* they were *kuffàr,* they would not believe in God until they fell down dead men, when the blast was come upon them." The worthy old Moor spoke between a confused simplicity and half an honest thought that there failed something in his argument: "and (said he to the aga) knowest thou a new thing was found of late; certain of the women searching for gunsalt (saltpetre) in the 'houses', have lighted upon some drug-like matter, which cast on the coals yields an

odour of *bakhûr* (frankincense). Wellah, they have sold it for such at el-Ally." He went and fetched us small crumbling pieces, they were brown and whitish; "and see you here, said he, three kinds, *bakhûr*, *aud* and *mubârak*." He cast them in the hearth and there rose a feeble earthy smoke, with mouldy ill-smelling sweetness of incense. Frankincense is no more of Arabia Felix, and yet the perfume is sovereign in the estimation of all Arabians. The most is brought now in the pilgrimage from the Malay Islands to Mecca; and from thence is dispersed throughout the Arabian Peninsula, almost to every household. The odour comforts the religious soul and embalms the brain: that we think the incense-odour religious, is by great likelihood the gentile tradition remaining to us of this old gold and frankincense road. The Arabians cast a morsel in a chafing dish, which is sent round from hand to hand in their coffee drinkings, especially in the oases villages in any festival days: each person, as it comes to him in the turn, hides this under his mantle a moment, to make his clothing well smelling; then he snuffs the sweet reek once or twice, and hands down the perfume dish to his neighbour.

The Beduins had departed. We sat one of these evenings gathered in the small coffee chamber (which is upon the gallery above), about the winter fire of dry acacia timber, when between the clatter of the coffee pestle we thought we heard one hailing under the loop-hole! all listened;—an hollow voice called wearily to us. Mohammed Aly shouted down to him in Turkish, which he had learned in his soldier's life: he was answered in the same language. "Ah," said the aga withdrawing his head, "it is some poor hajjy; up Hasan, and thou run down Mohammed, open the door:" and they hastened with a religious willingness to let the hapless pilgrim in. They led up to us a poor man of a good presence, somewhat entered in years; he was almost naked and trembled in the night's cold. It was a Turkish derwish who had walked hither upon his feet from his place in Asia Minor, it might be a distance of six hundred miles; but though robust, his human sufferance was too little for the long way. He had sickened a little after Maan, and the Haj breaking up from Medowwara, left this weary wight still slumbering in the wilderness; and he had since trudged through the deserts those two hundred miles, on the traces of the caravan, relieved only at the kellas! The lone and broken wayfarer could no more overtake the hajjâj, which removed continually before him by forced marches. Mohammed Aly brought him an Aleppo felt cloth, in which the poor derwish who had been stripped by Aarab only three hours before Medâin, might wrap himself from the cold.

Kindly they all now received him and, while his supper was being made ready, they bade him be comforted, saying, The next year, and it pleased Ullah, he might fulfil the sacred pilgrimage; now he might remain with them, and they would find him, in these two and a half months, until the Haj coming again. But he would not! He had left his home to be very unfortunate in strange countries; he should not see the two blissful cities, he was never to return. The palmer sat at our coffee fire with a devout thankfulness and an honest humility. Restored to the fraternity of mankind, he showed himself to be a poor man of very innocent and gentle manners. When we were glad again, one of the gate-nomads, taking up the music of the desert, opened his lips to make us mirth, sternly braying his Beduin song to the grave chord of the rabeyby. This was *Wady* of the Fejîr Beduins, a comely figure in the firelight company, of a black visage. He had lived a year at Damascus of late, and was become a town-made cozening villain, under the natural semblance of worth. Of sheykhly blood and noble easy countenance, he seemed to be a child of fortune, but the wretch had not camels; his tent stood therefore continually pitched before the kella: more than the flies, he haunted the tower coffee chamber, where, rolling his great white eyeballs, he fawned hour by hour with all his white teeth upon Mohammed Aly, assenting with *Ullah Akhbar!* "God most high," to all the sapient saws of this great one of the kella.

Lapped in his cloth, the poor derwish sat a day over, in this sweetness of reposing from his past fatigues. The third morrow come, the last of the customary hospitality, they were already weary of him; Mohammed Aly, putting a bundle of meal in his hand and a little water-skin upon his shoulders, brought him forth, and showing the direction bade him follow as he could the footprints of the caravan, and God-speed. Infinite are the miseries of the Haj; religion is a promise of good things to come, to poor folk, and many among them are half destitute persons. This pain, the words of that fatal Arabian, professing himself to be the Messenger of Ullah, have imposed upon ten thousands every year of afflicted mankind! * * *

* * * Beduins soon came in who had seen our derwish slowly travelling upon the lower haj road: clear was the weather, the winter's sun made hot mid-days, but the season was too chill for such a weary man to lie abroad by night. Weeks after other Beduins arrived from Medina, and we enquired if they had seen aught of our derwish? They hearing how the man was clad, answered "Ay, billah, we saw him lying dead, and the felt was under him; it was by the way-side, by Sawra, (not far

down,) almost in sight of the kella." Sorry were his benefactors, that he whom they lately dismissed alive lay now a dead carcase in the wilderness; themselves might so mishap another day in the great deserts. All voices cried at once, "He perished for thirst!" They supposed he had poured out his water-skin, which must hang wearily on his feeble neck in the hot noons. The sight was not new to the nomads, of wretched passengers fallen down dying upon the pilgrim way and abandoned; they oftentimes (Beduins have said it in my hearing) see the hyenas stand by glaring and gaping to devour them, as ever the breath should be gone out of the warm body. They pass by:—in Beduins is no pious thought of unpaid charity to bury strangers. —Mohammed Aly told me there is no Haj in which some fail not and are left behind to die. They suffer most between the Harameyn, "where, O Khalîl! the mountains stand walled up to heaven upon either hand!" In the stagnant air there is no covert from the torment of the naked sun: as the breathless *simûm* blows upon them they fall grovelling and are suffocated. There is water by the way, even where the heat is greatest, but the cursed Beduins will not suffer the wayfaring man to drink, except they may have new and new gifts from the Turkish pashas: there is no remedy, nor past this valley of death, is yet an end of mortal evils. The camping ground at Mecca lies too far from the place, the swarm of poor strangers must seek them hired dwelling chambers in the holy city: thus many are commonly stivéd together in a very narrow room. The most arriving feeble from great journeys, with ill humours increased in their bodies, new and horrible disorders must needs breed among them:—from the Mecca pilgrimage has gone forth many a general pestilence, to the furthest of mankind!

Enormous indeed has been the event of Mohammed's religious faction. The old Semitic currencies in religion were uttered new under that bastard stamp of the (expedite, factious, and liberal) Arabian spirit, and digested to an easy sober rule of human life, (a pleasant carnal congruity looking not above men's possibility). Are not Mohammed's saws to-day the mother belief of a tenth part of mankind? What had the world been? if the tongue had not wagged, of this fatal Ishmaelite! Even a thin-witted religion that can array an human multitude, is a main power in the history of the unjust world. Perilous every bond which can unite many of the human millions, for living and dying! Islam and the commonwealth of Jews are as great secret conspiracies, friends only of themselves and to all without of crude iniquitous heart, unfaithful, implacable.—But the pre-Islamic idolatrous religion of the kaaba was cause that the soon ripe Mawmetry rotted not soon again.

The heart of their dispersed religion is always Mecca, from whence the Moslems of so many lands every year return fanaticised. From how far countries do they assemble to the sacred festival; the pleasant contagion of the Arab's religion has spread nearly as far as the pestilence :—a battle gained and it had overflowed into Europe. The nations of Islam, of a barbarous fox-like understanding, and persuaded in their religion, that "knowledge is only of the koran," cannot now come upon any way that is good.

Other days passed, Mohammed Aly saying every evening "on the morrow he would accompany me to the monuments." These were Turkish promises, I had to deal with one who in his heart already devoured the Nasrâny: in Syria he had admired that curious cupidity of certain Frankish passengers in the purchasing of "antiquities." "What wilt thou give me, said he, to see the monuments? and remember, I only am thy protection in this wilderness. There be some in the kella, that would kill thee except I forbade them: by Almighty God, I tell thee the truth." I said 'That he set the price of his services, and I would deliver him a bill upon Damascus:'—but distant promises will hardly be accepted by any Arab, their world is so faithless and they themselves make little reckoning of the most solemn engagements.

Now came *Zeyd*, a sheykh of the Fejîr Beduins, riding upon a dromedary from the desert, with his gunbearer seated behind him, and the sheykh's young son riding upon his led mare. Zeyd had been to town in Damascus and learned all the craft of the Ottoman manners, to creep by bribes into official men's favours. Two years before when his mare foaled, and it was not a filly, (they hardly esteem the male worth camel-milk,) this nomad fox bestowed his sterile colt upon the Moorish wolf Mohammed Aly; the kellâjy had ridden down on this now strong young stallion from Syria. Zeyd had seen nothing again but glozing proffers: now was this occasion of the Nasrâny, and they both looked that I should pay the shot between them. "Give Zeyd ten pound, and Zeyd will mount thee, Khalîl, upon his mare, and convey thee round to all the monuments." The furthest were not two miles from the tower, and the most are within a mile's distance. Zeyd pretended there was I know not what to see besides 'at *Bîr el-Ghrannem*, where we must have taken a *rafîk* of *Billî* Aarab.' Only certain it is that they reckon all that to the overthrown country of el-Héjr which lies between Mûbrak en-Nâga and Bîr el-Ghrannem, which is thirty miles nearly; and by the old trade-

road, along, there are ruins of villages down even to el-Medina. But the nomads say with one voice, there are not anywhere in these parts *byût* or *bébàn*, that is, chambers in the rock, like to those of el-Héjr or Medáin Sâlih.

Zeyd had been busy riding round to his tribesmen's tents and had bound them all with the formula, *Jîrak* "I am thy neighbour." If I refused Zeyd, I might hire none of them. The lot had fallen, that we should be companions for a long time to come. Zeyd was a swarthy nearly black sheykh of the desert, of mid stature and middle age, with a hunger-bitten stern visage. So dark a colour is not well seen by the Arabs, who in these uplands are less darkish-brown than ruddy. They think it resembles the ignoble blood of slave races; and therefore even crisp and ringed hair is a deformity in their eyes. We may remember in the Canticles, the paramour excuses the swarthiness of her beautiful looks, "I am black but comely, ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the booths of the Beduw, as the tent-cloths of Solomon;" she magnifies the ruddy whiteness of her beloved. Dark, the privation of light, is the hue of death (*mawt el-aswad*), and, by similitude, of calamity and evil; the wicked man's heart is accounted black (*kalb el-aswad*). According to this fantasy of theirs, the Judge of all the earth in the last judgment hour will hold an Arabian expedite manner of audit, not staying to parley with every soul in the sea of generations, for the leprosy of evil desert rising in their visages, shall appear manifestly in wicked persons as an horrible blackness. In the gospel speech, the sheep shall be sundered from the goats,—wherein is some comparison of colour—and the just shall shine forth as the sunlight. The Arabs say of an unspotted human life, *kalb-hu abiâth*, white is his heart: we in likewise say *candid*. Zeyd uttered his voice in the deepest tones that I have heard of human throat; such a male light Beduin figure some master painter might have portrayed for an Ishmaelite of the desert. Hollow his cheeks, his eyes looked austerely, from the lawless land of famine, where his most nourishment was to drink coffee from the morning, and tobacco; and where the chiefest Beduin virtue is *es-subbor*, a courageous forbearing and abiding of hunger. "Aha wellah, (said Zeyd,) *el-Aarab fàsidîn* the nomads are dissolute and so are the Dowla": the blight was in his own heart; this Beduish philosopher looked far out upon all human things with a tolerant incredulity. A sheykh among his tribesmen of principal birth, he had yet no honourable estimation; his hospitality was miserable, and that is a reproach to the nomad dwellers in the empty desert. His was a high and liberal understanding

becoming a *mejlis* man who had sat in that perfect school of the parliament of the tribe, from his youth, nothing in Zeyd was barbarous and uncivil; his carriage was that haughty grace of the wild creatures. In him I have not seen any spark of fanatical ill-humour. He could speak with me smilingly of his intolerant countrymen; for himself he could well imagine that sufficient is Ullah to the governance of the world, without fond man's meddling. This manly man was not of the adventurous brave, or rather he would put nothing rashly in peril. *Mesquîn* was his policy at home, which resembled a sordid avarice; he was wary as a Beduin more than very far-sighted. Zeyd's friendship was true in the main, and he was not to be feared as an enemy. Zeyd could be generous where it cost him naught, and of his sheykhly indolent prudence, he was not hasty to meddle in any unprofitable matter.

Zeyd (that was his desert guile) had brought five mouths to the kella: this hospitality was burdensome to his hosts, and Mohammed Aly, who thought the jest turned against him, came on the morrow to my chamber with a grave countenance. He asked me 'Did I know that all this corn must be carried down upon camels' backs from Damascus?' I said, not knowing their crafty drifts, that I had not called them;—and he aloud, "Agree together or else do not detain him, Khalîl; this is a sheykh of Aarab, knowest thou not that every Beduin's heart is with his household, and he has no rest in absence, because of the cattle which he has left in the open wilderness?" I asked, were it not best, before other words, that I see the monuments? 'It was reasonable,' he said, 'and Zeyd should bring me to the next bébàn.'—"And Khalîl! it is an unheard-of thing, any Christian to be seen in these countries," (almost at the door of the holy places). I answered, laying my hand upon the rude stones of the kella building, "But these courses witness for me, raised by Christian men's hands."—"That is well spoken, and we are all here become thy friends: Moslem or Nasrâny, Khalîl is now as one of us; wellah, we would not so suffer another. But go now with Zeyd, and afterward we will make an accord with him, and if not I may send you out myself to see the monuments with some of the kella."

We came in half a mile by those ancient wells, now a watering place of the country Beduins. They are deep as the well in the kella, ten or twelve feet large at the mouth; the brinks are laid square upon a side, as if they had been platforms of the old wheel-work of irrigation. The well-lining of rude stone courses, without mortar, is deeply scored, (who may look upon the like without emotion?) by the soft cords of many nomad

generations. Now I had sight at little distance, of a first monument, and another hewn above, like the head of some vast frontispice, where yet is but a blind door, little entering into the rock, without chamber. This ambitious sculpture, seventy feet wide, is called *Kasr el-Bint*, "the maiden's bower." It is not, as they pretend, inaccessible; for ascending some ancient steps, entailed in the further end of the cliff, my unshod companions have climbed over all the rocky brow. I saw that tall nightmare frontispice below, of a crystalline symmetry and solemnity, and battled with the strange half-pinnacles of the Petra monuments; also this rock is the same yellow-grey soft sandstone with gritty veins and small quartz pebbles. *Kasr*, in the plural *kassûr*, has commonly the sense in Arabia of 'stable habitation', whether clay or stone, and opposite to *beyt shaar*, the hair-cloth booth, or removable house, of the nomads. Thus, even the cottages of clay, seen about outlying seed-grounds in the wilderness, and not continually inhabited, are named kassûr At *Hâyil* and *er-Riâth* the prince's residence is named el-Kasr, as it were "the castle." Kasr is also in some desert villages, a cluster of houses, enclosed in one court wall; thus they say of the village *Semîra* "she is three kassûr." Any strong building for defence and security, (such holds are very common in Arabia,) is called gella, for kella. Borj (πύργ-), tower of defence, manifestly a foreign word, I have not heard in Nejd Arabia.

Backward from the Borj rock, we arrived under a principal monument; in the face I saw a table and inscription, and a bird! which are proper to the Héjr frontispice; the width of sculptured architecture with cornices and columns is twenty-two feet.—I mused what might be the sleeping riddle of those strange crawling letters which I had come so far to seek! The whole is wrought in the rock; a bay has been quarried in the soft cliff, and in the midst is sculptured the temple-like monument. The aspect is Corinthian, the stepped pinnacles—an Asiatic ornament, but here so strange to European eyes—I have seen used in their clay house-building at Hâyil. Flat side-pilasters are as the limbs of this body of architecture; the chapiters of a singular severe design, hollowed and square at once, are as all those before seen at Petra. In the midst of this counterfeited temple-face, is sculptured a stately porch, with the ornaments of architecture. Entering, I found but a rough-hewn cavernous chamber, not high, not responding to the dignity of the frontispice: (we are in a sepulchre). I saw in this dim room certain long mural niches or *loculi;* all the floor lies full of driven sand. I thought then, with the help of a

telescope, I might transcribe the epigraph, faintly appearing in the sun; but the plague of flies at every moment filled my eyes: such clouds of them, said the Arabs, were because no rain had fallen here in the last years.

Sultry was that mid-day winter sun, glancing from the sand, and stagnant the air, under the sun-beaten monuments; these loathsome insects were swarming in the odour of the ancient sepulchres. Zeyd would no further, he said the sun was too hot, he was already weary. We returned through the Borj rocks; and in that passage I saw a few more monuments, which are also remarkable among the frontispices at el-Héjr: and lying nigh the caravan camp and the kella they are those first visited by any curious hajjies. Under the porch of one of them and over the doorway are sculptured as supporters, some four-footed beast; the like are seen in none other. The side pedestal ornaments upon another are like griffons; these also are singular. The tablet is here, and in some other, adorned with a fretwork flower (perhaps pomegranate) of six petals. Over a third doorway the effigy of a bird is slenderly sculptured upon the tablet, in low relief, the head yet remaining. Every other sculptured bird of these monuments we see wrought in high natural relief, standing upon a pedestal, sculptured upon the frontispice wall, which springs from the ridge of the pediment: but among them all, not a head remains; whether it be they were wasted by idle stone-casts of the generations of herdsmen, or the long course of the weather. Having now entered many, I perceived that all the monument chambers were sepulchral. The mural loculi in the low hewn walls of these rudely four-square rooms, are made as shallow shelves, in length, as they might have been measured to the human body, from the child to the grown person; yet their shallowness is such, that they could not serve, I suppose, to the receipt of the dead. In the rock floors are seen grave-pits, sunken side by side, full of men's bones, and bones are strewed upon the sanded floors. A loathsome mummy odour, in certain monuments, is heavy in the nostrils; we thought our cloaks smelled villanously when we had stayed within but few minutes. In another of these monuments, *Beyt es-Sheykh,* I saw the sand floor full of rotten clouts, shivering in every wind, and taking them up, I found them to be those dry bones' grave-clothes!

"Khalîl," said Mohammed Aly, "I counsel thee to give Zeyd three hundred piastres." I consented, but the sheykh had no mind to be satisfied with less than a thousand. If I had yielded then to their fantastic cupidity, the rumour would have raised

the country and made my future travels most dangerous. But Zeyd departing, I put a little earnest gold into his hand, that he might not return home scorned; and he promised to come for me at the time of the returning Haj, to carry me to dwell with him among the Beduw: Zeyd hoped that my vaccinating skill might be profitable to himself. The aga had another thought, he coveted my gun, which was an English cavalry carbine: a high value is set in these unquiet countries on all good weapons. "And so you give me this, Khalîl, I will send you every day with some of the kella till you have seen all you would of the monuments; and I will send you, to see more of these things, to el-Ally: and, further, would you to Ibn Rashîd, I will procure even to send you thither."

I went out next with some of the kella to the Kasr el-Bint *bébàn.* The bébàn 'row of doors', are ranges of frontispices upon both sides round of this long crag; the bird is seen upon not a few of them and the epitaph. These are some of the most stately architectural caverns at el-Héjr, the floors are full of men's bones; but not all of them. Showing me a tall monument, "This (said my companions), is the beyt of the father of the bint, and look, Khalîl! here is another, the beyt of the sheykh's bondman, where they all perished together." In this last I saw the most strewed bones: they bade me admire in them the giant stature of Kôm Thamûd. I saw them to be ordinary; but they see in matter of religion less as men with waking eyes than dreaming. Bare rock floors are found in some chambers; the loculi are not found in all. Near the old hewn stair, in the end of the crag, is a double irregular chamber, and this only might seem not sepulchral; yet upon the party wall is a rude sepulchral inscription.

We crossed then to visit the middle rocks (I distinguish them in such manner for clearness), where are many more frontispices and their caverns, but less stately (here are no sculptured eagles, the stone also is softer, the cliff is lower), hewn in all the face of the crag about. I found here an epitaph tablet above a door, banked up with blown sand, so that a man might reach to it with his hands. Amongst them is seen an inconsiderable monument abandoned in the beginning, where only the head of the niche and the upper parts are wrought out. From thence we came to that lofty frontispice within view from the kella, *Beyt es-Sâny*, 'the smith's house.' They showed me 'the smith's blood,' which is but a stain of iron-rust, high upon the battlements. 'This sâny, say the nomads, dishonoured the *bint* or maiden daughter of the sheykh of *The Cities.* Seeing her grow great with child, the sheykh, her father, was moved to take cruel

vengeance; then the valiant smith sallied with his spear to meet them, and in the floor of the sheykh's bondman (that we have seen full of human bones), they all fell down slain.' The porch is simple, and that is marred, as it were with nail-holes, those which Haj Nejm had mentioned; the like we may see about the doorways of some few other monuments. [Mr. James Fergusson tells me that such holes might be made for pins by which wooden cornices have been fastened in a few frontispices, where the stone was faulty.]

We visited then the western rocks, *K'ssûr* or *Kassûr B'theyny;* —this is a name as well of all the Héjr monuments, "save only the Beyt es-Sâny." There are many more frontispices in the irregular cliff face and bays of this crag, of the same factitious hewn architecture, not a few with eagles, some are without epitaphs; in some are seen epitaph tablets yet unwritten. Certain frontispices are seen here nearly wasted away and effaced by the weather.

The crags full of these monuments are "the Cities of Sâlih." We were now five hours abroad: my companions, armed with their long matchlocks, hardly suffered me to linger in any place a breathing-while, saying "It is more than thou canst think a perilous neighbourhood; from any of these rocks and chambers there might start upon us hostile Beduins." The life of the Arabians is full of suspicion; they turned their heads with continual apprehension, gazing everywhere about them: also Haj Nejm having once shed the blood of the Wélad Aly, was ever in dread to be overtaken without his kella. In this plain-bottom where we passed, between cliffs and monuments, are seen beds of strewed potsherds and broken glass. We took up also certain small copper pieces called by the Beduins *himmarît* (perhaps *Himyariát*) of rusted ancient money. Silver pieces and gold are only seldom found by the Aarab in ground where the camels have wallowed. A villager of el-Ally thirty years before found in a stone pot, nearly a bushel of old silver coinage. Also two W. Aly tribesmen, one of whom I knew, had found another such treasure in late years. Of the himmarît, some not fully corroded show a stamped Athenian owl, grossly imitated from the Greek moneys; they are Himyaric. Potsherds and broken glass, nearly indestructible matter, are found upon all the ancient sites in Arabia: none here now-a-days use these brittle wares, but only wood and copper-tinned vessels. Arabia was then more civil with great trading roads of the ancient world! Arabia of our days has the aspect of a decayed country. All nations trafficked for gold and the sacred incense, to Arabia the Happy: to-day the round world has no need of the daughter of Arabia; she is forsaken and desolate.

Little remains of the old civil generations of el-Héjr, the caravan city; her clay-built streets are again the blown dust in the wilderness. Their story is written for us only in the crabbed scrawlings upon many a wild crag of this sinister neighbourhood, and in the engraved titles of their funeral monuments, now solitary rocks, which the fearful passenger admires, in these desolate mountains. The plots of potsherds may mark old inhabited sites, perhaps a cluster of villages: it is an ordinary manner of Semitic settlements in the Oasis countries that they are founded upon veins of ground-water. A sûk perhaps and these suburbs was Hejra emporium, with palm groves walled about.

By the way, returning to the kella, is a low crag full of obscure caverns, and without ornament. In this passage I had viewed nearly all the birds which are proper to the frontispices of Medáin Sâlih. The Arabs say, it is some kind of sea-fowl. The Syrian pilgrims liken them to the falcon; they are of massy work as in gross grained sand-rock, in which nothing can be finely sculptured. The pediments bear commonly some globular and channeled side ornaments, which are solid, and they are sculptured in the rock.

In other days, I visited the monuments at leisure, and arrived at the last outstanding. The most sumptuous is that, they call *Beyt Akhreymát*. Between the mural cornices there is sculptured an upper rank of four bastard pilasters. There is no bird but only the pedestal; instead of the channeled urns, there are here pediment side-ornaments of beasts, perhaps hounds or griffons. The bay of the monument (wherein are seen certain shallow loculi, like those found in the walls of the sepulchral chambers) is not hewn down fully to the ground; so that the heels of the great side pilasters are left growing to the foot of the rock, for the better lasting and defence of this weak sculptured sandstone. The spurious imitating art is seen thus in strange alliance with the chaotic eternity of nature. About the doorway are certain mouldings, barbarously added to the architecture. This goodly work appeared to me not perfectly dressed to the architectural symmetry; there are few frontispices, which are laboured with the tool to a perfect smoothfacedness. The antique craft-masters (not unlikely hired from Petra,) were of a people of clay builders; their work in these temple-tombs was imitation: (we saw the like in the South Arabian trade-money). They were Semites, expeditious more than curious, and naturally imperfect workmen.—The interpretation of the inscriptions has confirmed these conjectures.

We were come last to the *Mahál el-Mejlis* or senate house, here the face of a single crag is hewn to a vast monument more than forty feet wide, of a solemn agreeable simplicity. The great side pilasters are in pairs, which is not seen in any other ; notwithstanding this magnificence, the massy frontispice had remained unperfected. Who was the author of this beginning who lies nearly alone in his huge sepulchral vanity? for all the chamber within is but a little rude cell with one or two grave-places. And doubtless this was his name engrossed in the vast title plate, a single line of such magnitude as there is none other, with deeply engraved cursive characters [now read by the learned interpreters, *For Hail Son of Douna* (and) *his descendants*]. The titles could not be read in Mohammed's time, or the prophet without prophecy had not uttered his folly of these caverns, or could not have escaped derision. The unfinished portal with eagle and side ornaments, is left as it was struck out in the block. The great pilasters are not chiselled fully down to the ground ; the wild reef yet remains before the monument, channeled into blocks nearly ready to be removed,—in which is seen the manner to quarry of those ancient stone cutters. Showing me the blocks my rude companions said, "These were benches of the town councillors."

The covercles of the sepulchres and the doors of the "desolate mansions," have surely been wooden in this country, (where also is no stone for flags) and it is likely they were of acacia or tamarisk timber; which doubtless have been long since consumed at the cheerful watch-fires of the nomads : moreover there should hinder them no religion of the dead in idolatry. Notwithstanding the imitating (Roman) magnificence of these merchants to the Sabeans, there is not a marble plate in all their monuments, nor any strewn marble fragment is seen upon the Héjr plain. It sufficed them to "write with an iron pen for ever" upon the soft sand-rock of these Arabian mountains A mortise is seen in the jambs of all doorways, as it might be to receive the bolt of a wooden lock. The frontispices are often over-scored with the idle wasms of the ancient tribesmen I mused to see how often they resemble the infantile Himyaric letters.

CHAPTER III

MEDÁIN SÂLIH AND THE INSCRIPTIONS

Having viewed all the architectural chambers in those few crags of the plain; my companions led me to see the *Diwán*, which only of all the Héjr monuments is in the mount Ethlib, in a passage beyond a white sand-drift in face of the kella. Only this *Liwàn* or Diwán, 'hall or council chamber,' of all the hewn monuments at el-Héjr (besides some few and obscure caverns,) is plainly not sepulchral. The Diwán alone is lofty and large, well hewn within, with cornice and pilasters, and dressed to the square and plummet, yet a little obliquely. The Diwán alone is an open chamber: the front is of excellent simplicity, a pair of pilasters to the width of the hewn chamber, open as the nomad tent. The architrave is fallen with the fore-part of the flat ceiling. The hall, which is ten paces large and deep eleven, and high as half the depth; looks northward. In the passage, which is fifty paces long, the sun never shines, a wind breathes there continually, even in summer: this was a cool site to be chosen in a sultry country. Deep sand lies drifted in the Diwán floor: the Aarab digging under the walls for "gun-salt" (the cavern is a noon shelter of the nomad flocks,) find no bones, neither is there any appearance of burials. The site resembles the beginning of the Sîk at Wady Mûsa, in which is the Khazna Pharôun; in both I have seen, but here much more, the same strange forms of little plinths and tablets. The plinths are single, or two or three unevenly standing together, or there is a single plinth branching above into two heads; a few have the sculptured emblems about them of the great funeral monuments: we cannot doubt that their significance is religious. There is a Nabatean legend lightly entailed in the rock above one of them. [It is now interpreted *This is the mesgeda* (beth-el or kneeling stone) *made to Aera, great god* This shows them to have been idol-stones.]

We see scored upon the walls, within, a few names of old

Mohammedan passengers, some line or two of Nabatean inscriptions, and the beginning of a word or name of happy augury ΕΥΤΥ- ; these Greek letters only I have found at Medáin Sâlih. Also there are chalked up certain uncouth outlines in shepherd's ruddle, *ghrerra,* (such as they use to mark flocks in Syria,) which are ascribed to the B. Helál. Upon the two cliffs of the passage are many Nabatean inscriptions. Higher this strait rises among the shelves of the mountain, which is full of like clefts,—it is the nature of this sandstone. From thence is a little hewn conduit led down in the rocky side (so in the Sîk), as it were for rain-water, ending in a small cistern-chamber above the Diwán ; it might be a provision for the public hall or temple. Hereabout are four or five obscure hewn caverns in the soft rock. Two of the Fehját accompanied me armed, with Mohammed and Abd el-Kâder from the kella ; whilst we were busy, the kella lads were missing, they, having seen strange riders in the plain, had run to put themselves in safety. Only the Fehjies remained with me ; when I said to them, Will you also run away ? the elder poor man answered with great heart, "I am an *Antary* and this is an Antary (of the children of Antar), we will not forsake thee !" (The hero Antar was of these countries, he lived little before Mohammed.) No Beduins were likely to molest the poor and despised Fehjies.

Fourteen days after the Haj passing, came *el-nejjàb,* the haj dromedary post, from Medina ; he carried but a small budget with him of all the hajjies' letters, for Damascus. Postmaster of the wilderness was a W. Aly sheykh, afterward of my acquaintance : he hired this Sherarát tribesman to be his post-rider to Syria. The man counted eleven or twelve night stations in his journey thither, which are but waterings and desolate sites in the desert: *el-Jinny, Jeraida, Ghrurrub, Ageyly, W. el-Howga, Moghreyra, Howsa, Bayir.* A signal gun is fired at Damascus when the haj post is come in. The day following the light mail bag is sealed again for the Harameyn. For a piece of money the poor man also carried my letters with him to Syria.

Many were the days to pass within the kella : almost every third day came Beduins, and those of the garrison entertained them with arms in their hands ; in other days there were alarms of ghrazzûs seen or of strange footsteps found in the plain, and the iron door was shut. Not many Beduw are admitted at once into the tower, and then the iron door is barred upon their companions without. Besides Fejîr there came to us Moahîb, nomads of the neighbouring Harra, and

even Beduins of Bíllî; all sought coffee, a night's lodging and their supper in the kella. The Bíllî country is the rugged breadth of the *Tehâma*, beyond the Harra. They pronounced *gîm* as the Egyptians. Three men of Bíllî arriving late in an evening drank ardently a first draught from the coffee-room buckets of night-chilled water, and "Ullah be praised! sighed they, as they were satisfied, wellah we be come over the Harra and have not drunken these two days!" They arrived now driving a few sheep in discharge of a *khûwa*, or debt for "brotherhood," to the Fukara, for safe conduct of late, which was but to come in to traffic in the Haj market. Said Mohammed Aly, "Mark well the hostile and necessitous life of the Beduw! is it to such wild wretches thou wilt another day trust thy life? See in what manner they hope to live,—by devouring one another! It is not hard for them to march without drinking, and they eat, by the way, only, if they may find aught. The Beduins are *sheyatîn* (of demon-kind;) what will thy life be amongst them, which, wellah, we ourselves of the city could not endure!"

How might this largess of the kella hospitality be continually maintained? "It is all at our own and not at the government cost," quoth the aga. The Aarab suppose there is certain money given out of the Haj chest to the purpose; but it seems to be only of wages spared between the aga and the tower-warden, who are of a counsel together to hire but half the paid strength of the garrison. To the victualling of the haj-road kella there was formerly counted 18 camel loads (three tons nearly) of Syrian wheat, with 30 cwt. of caravan biscuit (*ozmát*), and 30 of *bórghrol*, which is bruised, parboiled wheaten grain, and sun-dried (the household diet of Syria), with 40 lbs. of samn. But the old allowances had been now reduced, by the reformed administration, to the year's rations (in wheat only) of ten men (*nefer*), and to each a salary of 1000 piastres, or £8 sterling; but the warden received for two nefers: thus the cost of a kella to the Syrian government may be £220 English money by the year. There is no tower-warden on the road who has not learned Turkish arts; and with less pay they have found means to thrive with thankful mind. The warden, who is pay-master for ten, hires but five hands, nor these all at the full money. The Pasha will never call for the muster of his ten merry men; they each help other to win and swallow the public good between them: all is well enough if only the kella be not lost, and that the caravan find water there.—How may a kella, nearly unfurnished of defence, be maintained in the land of Ishmael? How but by making the Beduw their allies, in the

sacrament of the bread and salt: and if thus one man's wages be spent in twelve months, for coffee and corn and samn, the warden shall yet fare well enough;—the two mules' rations of barley were also embezzled. But I have heard the old man Nejm complain, that all the fat was licked from his beard by Mohammed Aly.

Betwixt Wady Zerka in the north and Hedîeh midway from Medáin upon the derb to Medina, are eleven or twelve inhabited kellas, manned (in the register) by one hundred and twenty nefers, said Mohammed Aly; this were ten for a kella, but afterward he allowed that only seventy kept them. Thus they are six-men garrisons, but some are less; that which is paid out for the other fifty in the roll, (it may be some £1300,) is swallowed by the confederate officiality. In former times five hundred nefers were keepers of these twelve towers, or forty to a kella; afterward the garrisons were twenty-five men to a kella, all Damascenes of the Medân. But the Syrians bred in happier country were of too soft a spirit, they shut their iron doors, as soon as the Haj was gone by, ten months, till they saw the new returning pilgrimage: with easy wages and well provided, they were content to suffer from year to year this ship-bound life in the desert. The towers below Maan were manned by Kurds, sturdy northern men of an outlandish speech and heavy-handed humour: but a strange nation could have no long footing in Arabia. After the Emir Abd el-Kâder's seating himself at Damascus and the gathering to him there of the Moorish emigration, Moghrâreba began to be enrolled for the haj road. And thenceforth being twenty or twenty-five men in a tower, the iron doors stood all daylights open. The valorous Moorish Arabs are well accepted by the Arabians, who repute them an "old Hejâz folk, and nephews of the Beny Helál." The adventurous Moors in garrison even made raids on unfriendly Beduw, and returned to their kellas with booty of small cattle and camels.

These are the principal tribes of Beduin neighbours: Bîllî (singular *Belûwy*) over the Harra; next to them at the north Howeytát (sing. Howeyty): south of them Jeheyna, an ancient tribe (in the gentile vulg. plur. *Jehîn*), nomads and villagers, their country is from Yánba to the derb el-haj. Some fendies (divisions) of them are *el-Kleybát* (upon the road between Sawra and Sujwa), *Aroa, G'dah, Merowín, Zubbián, Grûn* and about Yánba, *Beny Ibrahîm, Sieyda, Seràserra.* Above Medina on the derb el-haj were the *Saadîn* (sing. *Saadànny*) of Harb; westward is *Bishr* and some fendies of Heteym towards Kheybar. The successions of nomad tribes which have possessed el-Héjr

since the Beny Helál, or fabled ancient heroic Aarab of Nejd, were they say the Sherarát, (also reckoned to the B. Helál)—these then occupied the Harra, where the *dubbûs*, or club-stick, their cattle mark, remains scored upon the vulcanic rocks —after them are named the *Beny Saîd*, then the *Duffîr*, *sheykh Ibn Sweyd* (now in the borders of Mesopotamia), whom the Beny Sókhr expelled ; the Fukara and Moahîb (now a very small tribe) drove out the B. Sókhr from the *Jau*. The Moahîb reckon their generations in this country, thirteen : a sheykh of theirs told me upon his fingers his twelve home-born ancestors this is nearly four centuries. Where any nomad tribe has dwelt, they leave the wild rocks full of their idle wasms ; these are the Beduins' only records and they remain for centuries of years. * * *

(Doughty explores the neighbourhood. Medáin Sâlih, el-Ally, and el-Khreyby, and their ruins. He lodges in el-Ally, but returns to Medáin Sâlih to finish his task of impressing the epitaphs.)

* * * Upon the morrow I asked of Mohammed Aly to further me in all that he might ; the time was short to accomplish the enterprise of Medâin Sâlih. I did not stick to speak frankly ; but I thought he made me cats'-eyes. " You cannot have forgotten that you made me certain promises ! "—" I will give you the gun again." This was in my chamber ; he stood up, and his fury rising, much to my astonishment, he went to his own, came again with the carbine, turned the back and left me. I set the gun again, with a friendly word, in the door of his chamber,—" Out ! " cried the savage wretch, in that leaping up and laying hold upon my mantle : then as we were on the gallery the Moorish villain suddenly struck me with the flat hand and all his mad force in the face, there wanted little of my falling to the yard below. He shouted also with savage voice, " Dost thou not know me yet ? " He went forward to the kahwa, and I followed him, seeing some Beduins were sitting there ;—the nomads, who observe the religion of the desert, abhor the

homely outrage. I said to them, "*Ya rubbâ*, O fellowship, ye are witnesses of this man's misdoing." The nomads looked coldly on aghast; it is damnable among them, a man to do his guest violence, who is a guest of Ullah. Mohammed Aly, trembling and frantic, leaping up then in his place, struck me again in the doorway, with all his tiger's force; as he heaped blows I seized his two wrists and held them fast. "Now, I said, have done, or else I am a strong man." He struggled, the red cap fell off his Turk's head, and his stomach rising afresh at this new indignity, he broke from me. The sickly captain of ruffian troopers for a short strife had the brawns of a butcher, and I think three peaceable men might not hold him. As for the kella guard, who did not greatly love Mohammed Aly, they stood aloof with Haj Nejm as men in doubt, seeing that if my blood were spilt, this might be required of them by the Pasha. The nomads thought by mild words to appease him, there durst no man put in his arm, betwixt the aga and the Nasrâny. "—Aha! by Ullah! shouted the demon or ogre, now I will murder thee." Had any blade or pistol been then by his belt, it is likely he had done nothing less; but snatching my beard with canine rage, the ruffian plucked me hither and thither, which is a most vile outrage. By this the mad fit abating in his sick body, and somewhat confused as he marked men's sober looks about him, and to see the Nasrâny bleeding, who by the Pasha had been committed to him upon his head, he hastily re-entered the kahwa, where I left them. The better of the kella crew were become well affected towards me, even the generous coxcomb of Haj Hasan was moved to see me mishandled: but at a mischief they were all old homicides, and this aga was their paymaster, though he embezzled some part of their salary, besides he was of their Moorish nation and religion. If M. Aly came with fury upon me again, my life being endangered, I must needs take to the defence of my pistol, in which, unknown to them, were closed the lives of six murderous Arabs, who, as hounds, had all then fallen upon a stranger. and their life had been for my life. As we waken sometime of an horrid dream, I might yet break through this extreme mischief, to the desert; but my life had been too dearly purchased, when I must wander forth, a manslayer, without way, in the hostile wilderness. All the fatigues of this journey from Syria I saw now likely to be lost, for I could not suffer further this dastardly violence. The mule M. Aly came by and marking me sit peaceably reading at the door of my chamber, with a new gall he bade me quit those quarters, and remove with my baggage to the *liwàn*. This is an open arch-chamber to the north in Damascus wise; there

is made the coffee-hearth in summer, but now it was deadly cold in the winter night at this altitude. He gave my chamber to another, and I must exchange to his cell on the chill side, which was near over the cesspool and open to its mephitic emanations when the wind lay to the kella. After this M. Aly sent the young Mohammed to require again, as *rahn*, a pledge, the gun which had been left in my doorway. I carried the gun to M. Aly: he sat now in his chamber, chopfallen and staring on the ground.

At half-afternoon I went over to the kahwa; Haj Nejm and M. Aly sat there. I must ascertain how the matter stood; whether I could live longer with them in the kella, or it were better for me to withdraw to el-Ally. I spread my *bîuruldi*, a circular passport, before them, from a former governor of Syria. —"Ah! I have thirty such firmâns at home."—"Are you not servitors of the Dowlat es-Sultàn?"—"I regard nothing, nor fear creature; we are Moghrâreba, to-day here, to-morrow yonder; what to us is the Dowla of *Stambûl* or of *Mambûl?*"—"And would you strike me at Damascus?"—"By the mighty God men are all days stricken and slain too at es-Shem. Ha! Englishman, or ha! Frenchman, ha! Dowla, will you make me remember these names in land of the Aarab?"—"At least you reverence es-Sèyid, (Abd-el Kâder)—and if another day I should tell him this!"—"In the Sèyid is *namûs* (the sting of anger) more than in myself: who has namûs more than the Sèyid? eigh, Haj Nejm? wellah, at es-Shem there is no more than the Sèyid and Mohammed Aly (himself). I have (his mad boast) seven hundred guns there!"—"You struck me; now tell me wherefore, I have not to my knowledge offended you in anything."—"Wellah, I had flung thee down from the gallery, but I feared Ullah: and there is none who would ever enquire of thy death. Your own consul expressly renounced before our Wàly (governor of Syria) all charge concerning thee, and said, taking his *bernéta* in his hand, you were to him nothing more than this old hat."—"Such a consul might be called another day to justify himself."—"Well, it is true, and this I have understood, Haj Nejm, that he passed for a *khanzîr* (an animal not eaten by the Turks) among our Pashas at es-Shem, and I make therefore no account of him:—also by this time the nejjàb has delivered Khalîl's letters in Damascus.—It is known there now that you are here, and your life will be required of us." Haj Nejm said, "Ay, and this is one of those, for whose blood is destroyed a city of Islam." (Jidda bombarded and Syria under the rod were yet a bitter memory in their lives.) "Mark you, I said, Haj Nejm, that this man is not very well in his understanding." M. Aly began now in half savage manner to make his excuses; 'Servitor had

he been of the Dowla these thirty years, he had wounds in his body; and M. Aly was a good man, that knew all men.'—"Enough, enough between you!" cries Haj Nejm, who would reconcile us; and M. Aly, half doting-religious and humane ruffian, named me already *habîb*, 'a beloved'! We drank round and parted in the form of friends.—Later I came to know the first cause of this trouble, which was that unlucky Kheybary elf of Dâhir's, whom I had, with an imprudent humanity, led in to repose an hour and drink coffee in the kella: once out of my hearing, although I had paid his wages at el-Ally, he clamoured for a new shirt-cloth from the aga. This incensed the Turkish brains of M. Aly, who thought he had received too little from me:—more than all had driven him to this excess (he pretended) that I had called the wild nomads to be my witnesses. When afterwards some Beduins asked him wherefore he had done this: 'That Khalîl, he answered, with a lie, had struck off his red bonnet;—and wellah the Nasrâny's grasp had so wrung his delicate wrists that he could not hold them to heaven in his prayers for many a day afterward;' also the dastardly villain boasted to those unwilling hearers that 'he had plucked Khalîl's beard.'

This storm abated, with no worse hap, they of the kella were all minded to favour me; and on the morrow early, leaving one to drive the well-machine, every man, with Haj Nejm, and Mohammed Aly upon his horse, accompanied the Nasrâny among the monuments, they having not broken their fasts, until the sun was setting; and in the days after, there went out some of them each morning with me. Of Haj Nejm I now bought a tamarisk beam, that had been a make-shift well-shaft, fetched from el-Ally: the old man hacked notches in my timber for climbing, and the ladder-post was borne out between two men's shoulders to the bébàn, and flitted from one to other as the work required. I went abroad with large sheets of bibulous paper, water, and a painter's brush and sponge; and they rearing the timber at a frontispice, where I would, I climbed, and laboured standing insecurely at the beam head, or upon the pediment, to impress the inscription. The moist paper yielded a faithful stamp (in which may be seen every grain of sand) of the stony tablet and the letters. Haj Nejm would then accompany us to shore the beam himself, (that I should not take a fall,) having, he said, always a misgiving. In few days I impressed all the inscriptions that were not too high in the frontispices. We went forward, whilst the former sheets hanged a-drying in their title plates, to attempt other. In returning over the wilderness it was a new sight to us all, to see the stern sandstone monuments hewn in an antique rank under the mountain cliff, stand thus

billeted in the sun with the butterfly panes of white paper; —but I knew that to those light sheets they had rendered, at length, their strange old enigma! The epitaphs are some quite undecayed, some are wasted in the long course of the weather. Our work fortunately ended, there remained more than a half score of the inscription tablets which were too high for me.

Our going abroad was broken in the next days by the happy fortune of rain in Arabia. A bluish haze covered the skirts of the Harra, the troubled sky thundered; as the falling drops overtook us, the Arabs, hastily folding their matchlocks under their large mantles, ran towards the kella. Chill gusts blew out under lowering clouds, the showers fell, and it rained still at nightfall. The Arabs said then, "The Lord be praised, there will be plenty of samn this year." On the morrow it rained yet, and from the kella tower we saw the droughty desert standing full of plashes; the seyl of the Héjr plain did not flow for all this; I found there but few pools of the sweet rain-water. "—If only, they said now, the Lord shield us from locusts!" which their old musing men foretold would return that year: they think the eggs of former years revive in the earth after heavy showers. Samn, the riches of the desert, was now after so long drought hardly a pint for a *real* or crown, at el-Ally.

But what of the sculptured bird in those frontispices of the sumptuous charnel houses? It was an ancient opinion of the idolatrous Arabs, that the departing spirit flitted from man's brain-pan as a wandering fowl, complaining thenceforward in deadly thirst her unavenged wrong; friends therefore to assuage the friend's soul-bird, poured upon the grave their pious libations of wine. The bird is called "a green fowl", it is named by others an owl or eagle. The eagle's life is a thousand years, in Semitic tradition. In Syria I have found Greek Christians who established it with that scripture, "he shall renew his youth as an eagle." Always the monumental bird is sculptured as rising to flight, her wings are in part or fully displayed.

In the table of the pediment of a very few monuments, especially in the Kasr el-Bint rocks, is sculptured an effigy (commonly wasted) of the human face. Standing high upon the ladder beam, it fortuned me to light upon one of them which only has remained uninjured; the lower sculptured cornices impending, it could not be wholly discerned from the ground. I found this head such as a comic mask, flat-nosed, and with a thin border of beard about a sun-like visage. This sepulchral image is grinning with all his teeth, and shooting out the tongue. The hair of his head is drawn out above either ear like a long "horn" or hair-lock of the Beduins. Seeing this *larva*, one

might murmur again the words of Isaiah, "Against whom makest thou a wide mouth, and drawest out the tongue?" I called my companions, who mounted after me; and looking on the old stony mocker, they scoffed again, and came down with loud laughter and wondering.

The Semitic East is a land of sepulchres; Syria, a limestone country, is full of tombs, hewn, it may be said, under every hill side. Now they are stables for herdsmen, and open dens of wild creatures. "Kings and counsellors of the earth built them desolate places"; but Isaiah mocked in his time those "habitations of the dead."—These are lands of the faith of the resurrection. Palmyra, Petra, Hejra, in the ways of the desert countries, were all less oases of husbandmen than great caravan stations. In all is seen much sumptuousness of sepulchres; clay buildings served for their short lives and squared stones and columns were for the life of the State. The care of sepulture, the ambitious mind of man's mortality, to lead eternity captive, was beyond measure in the religions of antiquity, which were without humility. The Medáin funeral chambers all together are not, I think, an hundred. An hundred monuments of well-faring families in several generations betoken no great city. Of such we might conjecture an old Arabian population of eight thousand souls; a town such as *Aneyza* at this day, the metropolis of Nejd.

Under the new religion the deceased is wound in a shirt-cloth of calico, (it is the same whether he were a prince or the poorest person, whether villager or one of the restless Beduw,) his corse is laid in the shallow pit of droughty earth, and the friends will set him up a head-stone of the blocks of the desert. Ezekiel sees the burying in hell of the ancient mighty nations: hell, the grave-hole, is the deep of the earth, the dead-kingdom: the graves are disposed (as we see at Medáin Sâlih) in the sides of the pit about a funeral bed (which is here the floor in the midst). We read like words in Isaiah, "Babel shall be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." To bury in the sides of the pit was a superstitious usage of the ancient Arabians, it might be for the dread of the hyena. In what manner were the dead laid in the grave at el-Héjr? We have found frankincense or spice-matter, the shreds of winding cloths, and lappets, as of leathern shrouds, in certain monuments: in the most floors lies only deep sand-drift, the bones are not seen in all; and the chamber floor in a few of them is but plain and bare rock. It is not unlikely that they buried the dead nearly as did the Jews about these times with odours, and the corse was swathed in one or several kinds of linen (I

find three, finer and grosser webbed, brown-stained and smelling of the drugs of the embalmers) and sewed in some inner leather painted red, and an outer hide, which for the thickness may be goat or else camel-leather, whose welts are seamed with leathern thongs and smeared with asphalte. I saw no mummy flesh, nor hair. In peaceable country the monuments might be one by one explored at leisure. I never went thither alone, but I adventured my life.

In my dealings with Arabs I have commonly despised their pusillanimous prudence. When I told Mohammed Aly that those kassûr chambers were sepulchres, he smiled, though an arrow shot through his barbarous Scriptures, and he could forgive me, seeing me altogether a natural philosopher in religion. "*Yaw!*" said he, with a pleasant stare; and he had seen himself the rocks plainly full of tombs in many parts of Syria: my word reported seemed afterward to persuade also the Syrian Jurdy and Haj officers, though their Mohammedan hearts despised a Christian man's unbelief. * * *

* * * It was time that my task should be done, and it was well-nigh ended. The Haj were already marching upward from the Harameyn, and the Jurdy descending from Syria, to meet them, here, at the merkez of Medáin. And now the friendly nomads drew hither from their dîras to be dealers in the Haj market. Hostile Beduins hovered upon the borders to waylay them, and our alarms were in these days continual. As fresh traces of a foray of sixteen, habalîs, had been seen in the plain, not a mile from the kella, a messenger was sent up in haste to the kella shepherd Doolan, and his daughter, keeping those few sheep and goats of the garrison in the mountains. He returned the next evening, and the poor man came to my chamber, bringing me a present of fresh sorrel, now newly springing after the late showers; a herb pleasant to these date-eaters for its grateful sourness. Their mountain lodging was that cold cavern where in our hunting we had rested out the night. There they milked their goats upon sorrel, which milk-meat and wild salads had been all their sustenance; but I have learned by experience that it may well suffice in the desert. Seeing the skin of my face broken, he enquired quickly how I came by the hurt. When I answered "That ogre!" showing him with my finger the door of Mohammed Aly's chamber; said the son of Antar between his teeth: "Akhs! the Lord do so unto him,

the tyrant that is yonder man; the Lord cut him off!" Doolan himself and the other gate Arabs dwelt here under the savage tyranny of the Moghrebies, in daily awe of their own lives: besides, they lived ever in little quietness themselves, as wretches that had oft-days nothing left to put under their teeth, and men can only live, they think, by devouring one another. One day I heard a strife among the women; soon angry, they filled the air with loud clamouring, every one reviled her neighbour. Their husbands rated them, and cried "Peace!" the askars shouted (from the walls of the kella), "Hush Hareem the Lord curse you!" The young askar-lad Mohammed sallied forth with a stick and flew bravely upon them, and one after another he drubbed them soundly; the men of the tents looking on, and so it stilled their tongues none caring to see his wife corrected.

When I came gipsying again to el-Héjr, after midsummer, with the Fukara Arabs, *eth-Therryeh,* elder son of the sheykh, always of friendly humour towards me, learning here of Mohammed Aly's outrage, enquired of me in his father's tent 'what thought I of the person.' I answered immediately, in the booths of the freeborn, "He is a cursed one or else a madman;" eth-Therryeh assented, and the prudent sheykh his father consented with a nod. Zeyd said another while, "*Kubbak* (he cast thee off) like a sucked lemon peel and deceived me; very God confound Mohammed Aly!" M. Aly, whether repenting of his former aggression, which I might visit upon him at Damascus, or out of good will towards me, commended me now with a zeal, to all nomads who touched at the kella, and later to the servants of Ibn Rashîd that arrived from Hâyil and Teyma, and warmly at length to the returning Pasha himself. So Mohammed Aly, disposing all these to favour me, furthered the beginning of my travels in Arabia. * * *

(*Doughty describes incidents of life in the kella.*)

APPENDICES TO CHAPTER III

I.—The Nabatean Inscriptions upon the Monuments discovered by Mr. Doughty at Medáin Sâlih: translated by M. Ernest Renan (*Membre de l'Institut*).

[From the vol published by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, "Documents Épigraphiques recueillis dans le nord de l'Arabie par M. Charles Doughty."

* * *

* * * Quatre ou cinq groupes de faits, qui se rattachaient mal les uns aux autres, se trouvent ainsi réunis et expliqués. La paléographie sémitique en tirera les plus grandes lumières. Nos vingt-deux textes nabatéens, en effet, s'étagent, avec des dates précises, dans un espace d'environ quatre-vingts ans. On peut donc suivre la marche de l'écriture araméenne pendant près d'un siècle, et la voir, presque d'année en année, prendre un caractère de plus en plus cursif. L'écriture de nos monuments est comme le point central d'où l'on découvre le mieux l'affinité du vieil araméen, du caractère carré des Juifs, du palmyrénien, du sinaïtique, de l'estranghélo, du coufique, du neskhi.

L'histoire de l'écriture dans l'ancienne Arabie se trouve de la sorte éclairée en presque toutes ses parties. C'est là un progrès considérable, si l'on songe que, il y a soixante-quinze ans, l'illustre Silvestre de Sacy consacrait un de ses plus savants mémoires à prouver qu'on n'écrivait pas en Arabie avant Mahomet.—Ernest Renan.

No. 1.

De l'an 41 de J.-C.

Ceci est le *mesgeda* qu'a fait élever Serouh, fils de Touca, à Aera de Bosra, grand dieu. Dans le mois de nisan de l'an 1 du roi Malchus.

No. 2.

De l'an 2 de J.-C.

C'est ici le caveau que firent faire Camcam, fils de Touallat, fils de Taharam, et Coleibat, sa fille, pour eux, pour leurs enfants et leur descendants, au mois de tebeth de l'année neuvième de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Que Dusarès et Martaba et Allat........., et Menât et Keïs maudissent celui qui vendrait ce

caveau, ou l'achèterait, ou le mettrait en gage, ou le donnerait, ou en tirerait les corps, ou celui qui y enterrerait d'autres que Camcam et sa fille et leurs descendants. Et celui qui ne se conformerait pas à ce qui est ici écrit, qu'il en soit justiciable devant Dusarès et Hobal et Menât, gardiens de ce lieu, et qu'il paye une amende de mille *selaïn*......, à l'exception de celui qui produirait un écrit de Camcam ou de Coleibat, sa fille, ainsi conçu : " Qu'un tel soit admis dans ce caveau."

Wahbélahi, fils de Abdobodat, a fait.

No. 3.

De l'an 40 de J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau qu'a fait faire Mati, le stratège, fils d'Euphronius, l'éparque, pour lui-même et pour ses enfants, et pour Vaal, sa femme, et pour ses fils, dans le mois de nisan de l'année quarante-huitième de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Que personne n'ose ni vendre, ni mettre en gage, ni louer ce caveau-ci.

Wahbélahi, fils de Abdobodat, a fait. A perpétuité.

No. 4.

Date illisible, vers 25 après J.-C.

Ce caveau a été fait construire par Seli, fils de Riswa, pour lui et pour ses fils et pour ses descendants en ligne légitime. Que ce caveau ne soit point vendu, qu'il ne soit point mis en gage, et quiconque fera autrement que ce qui est marqué ici, il sera redevable au dieu Dusarès, notre Seigneur, de mille *selaïn*... Dans le mois de nisan de l'année.........de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Aftah le tailleur de pierre a fait.

No. 5.

Date illisible, au moins pour le premier chiffre, peut-être de l'an 16 après J.-C.

Ce caveau a été fait construire par Teimélahi, fils de Hamlat, pour lui-même, et il a donné ce caveau à Ammah, sa femme, fille de Golhom. En vertu de l'acte de donation qui est dans sa main, elle peut en faire ce qu'elle voudra. En l'année 3 de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple.

No. 6.

Date en partie illisible; de l'an 3, 13, 23 ou 33 de J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau que...et à leurs descendants et à quiconque viendra .... tout

homme qui...et quiconque le mettra en gage.................................... Et quiconque fera autrement que ce qui est écrit, aura sur lui le double de la valeur de tout ce lieu-ci, et la malédiction de Dusarès et de Menât. Dans le mois de nisan de l'an......de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Et quiconque.........dans ce caveau ou changera quelque chose à ce qui est écrit, il aura à payer à Dusarès mille *selaïn*......

Aftah [le tailleur de pierre a fait].

No. 7.

De l'an 3 avant J.-C.

C'est ici le caveau que fit Khaled, fils de Xanten, pour lui et pour Saïd, son fils, et pour les frères quels qu'ils soient de ce dernier, enfants mâles qui naîtraient à Khaled, et pour leurs fils et leurs descendants, par descendance légitime, à perpétuité. Et que soient enterrés dans ce caveau les enfants de Saïd......... Soleimat, fille de Khaled.......................tout homme, hors Saïd et ses frères mâles, et leurs enfants et leurs descendants, qui vendra ce caveau et en écrira une donation ou...............à n'importe qui, excepté celui qui aurait un écrit en forme dans sa main,.................................
....
Celui qui ferait autrement que ceci devra au dieu Dusarès, notre Seigneur, une amende de cinquante *selaïn* d'argent.........notre Seigneur.........Keïs. Dans le mois de nisan de la quatrième année de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Douma et Abdobodat, sculpteurs.

No: 8.

Date illisible ; vers l'époque même de notre ère.

Ceci est le caveau que firent Anam, fils de Gozeiat, et Arsacès, fils de Tateim le stratège...............et Calba, son frère. A Anamou appartiendra le tiers de ce caveau et sépulcre, et à Arsacès les deux autres tiers de ce caveau et sépulcre, et la moitié des niches du côté est et les *loculi* [qui y sont]. A Anemou appartiendra la moitié des niches du côté sud, et les *loculi* qui y sont. (Ces *loculi* appartiendront) à eux et à leurs enfants en ligne légitime. Dans le mois de tebeth de l'année............de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple. Aftah, le tailleur de pierre, a fait.

No. 9.

A l'intérieur d'un caveau ; de l'an 16 de J.-C.

Ce *loculus* a été fait par Tousouh, fils de.................., pour lui, de son vivant, et pour ses filles. Et quiconque le...............ou le tirera hors de la fosse,........................qu'il paye à notre Seigneur Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, ami de son peuple, mille *selaïn*.....; et au

dieu Dusarès, seigneur de tous les dieux. Celui qui.................... la fosse....................la malédiction de Dusarès et de tous les dieux.........Dans le mois de..............de l'année 23 de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, ami de son peuple.

No. 10.

De l'an 77 après J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau de Hoinat, fille d'Abdobodat, pour elle, pour son fils et ses descendants, et pour ceux qui produiront en leur main, de la main de Hoinat, un écrit en cette forme : "Qu'un tel soit enterré en tel caveau."

Ce caveau a appartenu à Abdobodat,..

....

à Hoinat ou Abdobodat, fils de Malikat,..................................... soit Abdobodat, soit Hoinat, soit tous ceux qui.................ce caveau............l'écrit que voici : "Qu'il soit enterré dans ce caveau, à côté d'Abdobodat." Que personne n'ose vendre ce caveau, ni le mettre en gage, ni.................dans ce caveau. Et quiconque fera autrement, qu'il doive à Dusarès et à Menât mille *selaïn* d'argent, et autant à notre Seigneur Dabel, roi des Nabatéens. Dans le mois d'iyyar de l'année deuxième de Dabel, roi des Nabatéens. Dans le mois d'iyyar de l'année deuxième de Dabel, roi des Nabatéens.

No. 11.

De l'an 61 de J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau qu'a fait construire Hoinat, fille de Wahb, pour elle-même, et pour ses enfants et ses descendants, à perpétuité. Et que personne n'ose le vendre, ou le mettre en gage ou écrire............ dans ce caveau-ci, et quiconque fera autrement que ceci, que sa part ....En l'année vingt et unième du roi Malchus, roi des Nabatéens.

No. 12.

Date illisible, antérieure à l'an 40 de notre ère.

Ce caveau a été fait par Maénat et Higr, fils de Amiérah, fils de Wahb, pour eux et leurs enfants et leurs descendants,............ Maénat................une part de ce caveau-ci...............dans le lieu de Higr............une part......Maénat.........il devra au dieu Dusarès mille *selaïn* d'argent....................mille *selaïn*....................... la malédiction de Dusarès. Dans le mois de tisri de l'année............ de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple.

No. 13.

De l'an 6 de J.-C.

Cette fosse...sa fille.............. tous ceux qui y seront enterrés...

dans toutes les fosses qui sont dans ce caveau autres que.............. autre que cette fosse-ci...
....
il devra à Dusarès cent *selaïn*......et à notre Seigneur le roi Hartat tout autant. Dans le mois de thébet de l'année 13 de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple.

No. 14.

De l'an 40 de J.-C.

C'est ici le caveau de Sabou, fils de Moqimou, et de Meikat, son fils,......leurs enfants et leurs descendants légitimes, et de quiconque apportera dans sa main, de la part de Sabou et de Meikat, un écrit ....qu'il y soit enterré,...............enterré............ Sabou..............En l'année quarante-huitième de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple.

No. 15.

An 49 de J.-C.

C'est ici le caveau de Banou, fils de Saïd, pour lui-même et ses enfants et ses descendants et ses *asdaq*. Et que personne n'ait le droit de vendre ou de louer ce caveau. A perpétuité. En l'année neuvième du roi Malchus, roi des Nabatéens. Hono [fils de] Obeidat, sculpteur.

No. 16.

Date illisible, entre 40 et 75 après J.-C.

Caveau destiné à Abda, à Aliël, à Géro, fils de Aut, et à Ahadilou, leur mère, fille de Hamin, et à quiconque produira en sa main un écrit ainsi conçu : "Qu'il soit enterré dans mon tombeau." A eux et à leurs descendants. En l'année neuvième de Malchus.

No. 17.

Non datée.

Ceci est le *loculus* qu'a fait Tahged pour Mesalmana, son frère, et pour Mahmit, sa fille. Qu'on n'ouvre pas sur eux durant l'éternité.

No. 18.

De l'an 17 après J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau et tombeau que fit construire Maénat, fils d'Anban, pour lui-même et ses fils et ses filles et leurs enfants. En l'année vingt-quatrième de Hartat, roi des Nabatéens, aimant son peuple.

No. 19.

De l'an 79 après J.-C.

Ceci est le caveau d'Amlat, fils de Meleikat, pour lui et pour ses enfants après lui. En l'année quatrième de Dabel, roi des Nabatéens.

No. 20.

Date illisible.

C'est ici le caveau de Higr, fils de...........et de.........ilat, pour eux-mêmes et pour leurs enfants et leurs descendants................. En l'année..

No. 21.

Non datée.

Ce caveau est pour Sakinat, fils de Tamrat......et ses fils et ses filles et leurs enfants.

No. 22.

Pour Haïl, fils de Douna, (et) ses descendants.

Il est remarquable que dans cette liste on ne trouve aucun nom grec bien caractérisé. La civilisation nabatéenne avait cependant été pénétrée par la civilisation grecque, comme le prouvent certains noms propres, des mots tels que *στρατηγός*, *ἔπαρχος* et plus encore le style des monuments.

Le caractère des inscriptions de Medaïn-Salih témoigne d'un état social où l'on écrivait beaucoup et où les scribes se livraient à de grands caprices de calligraphie, ainsi que cela eut lieu plus tard pour l'écriture coufique.—E. R.

MEDÁIN SÂLIH.—*Note par M. Philippe Berger, Sous-Bibliothécaire de l'Institut.* [L'ARABIE AVANT MAHOMET D'APRÈS LES INSCRIPTIONS: Conférence faite à la Sorbonne, *Mars* 1885.]—Voici toute une vallée pleine de sépultures de famille: car chacune de ces constructions n'est pas une sépulture particulière; ce sont de véritables caveaux de famille, où les ayants droit sont spécifiés et qui sont entourés de toutes les formalités et de toutes les garanties que nous donnons à nos actes officiels.

Mais alors où étaient les maisons?—Ce problème, qui nous embarrasse, a dû dérouter les Arabes du temps de Mahomet. On conçoit qu'en présence de ces monuments dont ils ne comprenaient plus la signification, ils se soient dit: ce sont les demeures des anciens habi-

tants du pays, d'impies, de géants : les deux choses se touchent ; et que, pénétrant dans l'intérieur et voyant des cadavres, ils les aient pris pour les ossements des infidèles, frappés par le ciel dans leurs demeures. Ils ont dû être confirmés dans cette opinion par l'aspect de ces monuments. Les créneaux qui les surmontent et qui sont un des motifs habituels de l'architecture assyrienne, leur donnent un faux air de fortifications.

Un autre fait qui ressort clairement de ces légendes, c'est qu'à l'époque de Mahomet on ne comprenait plus ces inscriptions, dont on était séparé par cinq cents ans à peine, et *cela nous montre combien l'horizon des Arabes était borné du côté de ses origines.* Qui sait pourtant s'ils n'en ont pas eu encore un vague sentiment, au moins par tradition. Ces inscriptions, qui présentent un singulier mélange d'araméen et d'arabe, commencent par un mot qui n'est pas araméen, qui est arabe : *Dena Kafrâ* "Ceci est le tombeau." Or le même mot signifie en arabe *tombeau* et *impie.* Qui sait si, à une époque déjà éloignée de la dynastie nabatéenne, quand le souvenir de la langue araméenne commençait à se perdre, la confusion ne s'est pas faite entre les deux mots, et si, en répétant machinalement cette formule, les Arabes ne se sont pas dit : Voilà les mécréants écrasés par le ciel dans leurs demeures.

Il est un point sur lequel ils ne s'étaient pas trompés : c'est que ces anciens habitants du pays étaient bien des mécréants et des idolâtres. A l'une des entrées de la vallée de Medaïn-Saleh se trouve une gorge, taillée à pic, comme elles le sont toutes dans cette région. D'un des côtés on voit les restes d'une salle qui est creusée dans le roc ; seulement, au lieu d'être fermée par devant, elle est ouverte sur toute la largeur de la façade. Elle ne présente pas de niches : quelques figures, grossièrement dessinées au trait sur les murs ; rien de plus. C'est la seule construction qui n'ait pas de caractère funéraire. On l'appelle le Divan. Sur la paroi opposée de la gorge, au même niveau et dominant le précipice, on découvre toute une série de niches dans lesquelles se trouvent des pierres dressées, tantôt isolées, tantôt réunies par groupes de deux ou de trois.

La vue de ces petits monuments, dessinés avec soin par M. Doughty, a été pour nous une véritable révélation. Nous avions déjà rencontré des monuments analogues à l'autre extrémite du monde sémitique. Il y a trois ans, on n'en connaissait qu'un exemple : un bas-relief, trouvé en Sicile, et qui représentait un homme en adoration devant une petite triade de pierre. Ce monument isolé était inexplicable ; mais il avait frappé l'attention de M. Renan, quand, quelque temps après (une découverte ne marche jamais seule), M. l'abbé Trihidez en rapporta plusieurs de même genre qui venaient d'Hadrumète, en Tunisie. Ces pierres, accouplées trois par trois, étaient des représentations divines, de véritables triades, il n'y avait pas de doute à avoir. S'il en restait encore, ils sont levés par les découvertes de M. Doughty. Voilà les dieux qu'allaient adorer les habitants de Medaïn-Saleh. Une inscription placée au-dessus d'une de ces niches le dit expressément :

"Ceci est le *mesgeda* qu'a fait élever Serouh, fils de Touca, à Aouda (ou Aera) de Bostra, grand dieu. Dans le mois de Nisan de l'an I du roi Malchus." [*See above*, p 47.]

Une autre niche porte une inscription analogue. Le *mesgeda*, c'est-à-dire la mosquée, n'est donc pas la salle située de l'autre côté du ravin, mais la niche avec la pierre qui est dedans. Voilà le Beth-El devant lequel les Nabatéens allaient se prosterner; cette pierre n'est autre que le dieu Aouda.

* * *

On se demande où est, au milieu de tout cela, l'Arabe des Coréischites et de Mahomet? Il nous apparaît comme un dialecte excessivement restreint, comme la langue d'une toute petite tribu, qui, par suite de circonstances, très locales, est arrivée à un degré de perfection extraordinaire. C'est à l'islamisme qu'elle a dû toute sa fortune.

L'islamisme de même a imposé sa langue avec sa religion à toute l'Arabie, et de là il s'est répandu de proche en proche, sur l'Afrique et sur l'Asie, créant, partout où il s'établit, une puissance qui pénètre tout, mais qui ferme la porte à tout ce qui n'est pas elle. Nulle part l'unité n'a été réalisée d'un façon aussi absolue. De là viennent les obstacles toujours renaissants que l'on trouve à pénétrer dans ces contrées fanatiques et désertes, obstacles si grands qu'on hésite à désirer que d'autres cherchent à les surmonter: le prix en est trop cher. Ils le seront pourtant, car il est une autre puissance que rien n'arrête, *c'est la force intérieure qui pousse l'homme à la recherche de la vérité.*

II.—The Nabatean sculptured Architecture at Medáin Sâlih. Note by M. le Marquis de Vogüé (*Membre de l'Institut*).

Funchal, 24 janvier, 1886.

Vous me demandez, Monsieur, de vous donner mon avis sur le style des monuments que vous avez découverts, au prix de si grands efforts et de si grands dangers. Votre question m'embarrasse un peu: je suis à Madère, séparé, depuis plus d'un an, de mes livres et de mes notes: je ne puis donc écrire que de souvenir: les réflexions que me suggèrent vos dessins n'auront pas le développement que j'aurais aimé à leur donner: je vous les adresse néanmoins, avec l'espoir qu'elles pourront vous être de quelque utilité.

Le principal intérêt du groupe de tombeaux de Médaïn-Salih réside dans ce fait qu'il est daté: il offre donc une base indiscutable pour les rapprochements archéologiques. Tous ces monuments ont été exécutés dans le premier siècle de notre ère, et, pour la plupart, dans la première moitié de ce même siècle. Ils sont d'une remarquable uniformité. On voit qu'ils ont tous été exécutés à la même époque par des artistes de la même école, en possession d'un petit nombre de modèles. On s'étonnerait, à première vue, qu'une région aussi

anciennement habitée ne renfermât pas de monuments de sa longue existence, si le fait n'était pas général. Sa Syrie et la Palestine, malgré la grande antiquité de la civilisation dans ces contrées, ne renferment presque plus de monuments antérieurs à l'époque grecque: à part quelques rares exceptions, les innombrables tombeaux, taillés dans le roc, qui sillonnent toutes les montagnes de ces régions, sont postérieurs à Alexandre, et généralement même postérieurs à Jésus Christ. Telle est du moins mon opinion, et les monuments que vous avez découverts lui apportent une confirmation nouvelle.

La forme générale de ces tombeaux est celle d'une tour à demi évidée dans la surface du rocher: à la base de la tour une porte donne accès dans la chambre sépulcrale. la surface de la tour est coupée par des bandeaux, ou corniches, qui en rompent l'uniformité; le sommet est couronné par une sorte de crénelage à merlons taillés en escalier. Quelques unes des façades de ces tours sont décorées de pilastres: c'est le petit nombre; vos dessins en mentionnent surtout quatre qui méritent de nous arrêter quelque temps: ce sont les monuments provenant l'un du Borj, l'autre de Kasr-el-Bint, reproduits à la page 104 et à la page 105 de votre volume, puis les monuments désignés sous les noms de Beït-Akhraémat (p. 114) et Mahal-el-Mejlis (p. 116). (See *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, vol. i., 1888.)

Le premier est orné de deux pilastres portant une architrave et une corniche; les pilastres devaient avoir des chapiteaux corinthiens: mais ils sont restés inachevés: le tailleur de pierre s'est borné à les dégrossir: il a ménagé, à leur base, des anneaux pour les deux rangées de feuilles d'acanthe;—à leurs angles supérieurs, deux saillies pour les volutes et les feuilles qui les supportent;—au centre de l'abaque, une saillie pour le fleuron. Les moulures de l'architrave sont empruntées à l'art grec; la corniche est au contraire imitée de la corniche égyptienne; quant aux créneaux ou pinnacles, imités des tombeaux de Pétra, ils semblent un souvenir de l'art Assyrien. La porte est décorée dans le même style hybride: les pilastres qui la flanquent sont corinthiens inachevés; l'architrave est imitée du dorique de basse époque; le fronton est imité de l'ionique; des acrotères informes ornent les angles du fronton, que surmonte la figure grossière d'un aigle. Le dessin que vous avez donné (Pl. XLI de la publication de l'Académie), à une plus grande échelle, d'une porte semblable, permet d'en apprécier plus complètement le caractère. Les triglyphes et les rosaces sont du style que l'on appellerait *toscan*, si la date et le lieu n'excluaient toute intervention des architectes romains. Il faut se reporter à Jérusalem, aux tombeaux de la vallée de Josaphat, pour en trouver d'analogues.

Le second tombeau, celui de Kasr-el-Bint, est presque semblable au précédent: l'architrave est plus complète et surmontée d'une frise: mais les détails sont absolument les mêmes: les chapiteaux ne sont qu'ébauchés.

Les monuments dits Mahal-el-Mejlis et Beït-Akhraémat ne diffèrent des deux premiers que par de plusgrandes dimensions et une

plus grande richesse. L'un a quatre pilastres et une succession de bandeaux; l'autre a deux ordres de pilastres et une porte très ornée : mais le style est identiquement le même ; ils sont également inachevés.

La disposition intérieure de ces tombeaux est celle des monuments analogues de Syrie et de Palestine : une chambre sépulcrale, taillée dans le roc, et munie de *loculi* pour recevoir les corps : les *loculi* sont creusés ou dans le sol de la chambre, ou dans les parois latérales, parallèlement à ces parois : on en trouve qui sont superposés trois à trois, de chaque côté d'une grande niche rectangulaire : toutes ces formes se retrouvent en Syrie et Palestine : mais les tombeaux de ces régions renferment en outre deux formes que nous ne voyons pas ici, du moins dans les monuments que vous avez dessinés : c'est la forme dite *arcosolium* si répandue dans la Syrie du Nord, et les *fours* perpendiculaires à la paroi du rocher, si nombreux autour de Jérusalem. Néanmoins tous ces monuments sont de la même famille. Les *loculi* portent, dans les inscriptions de Médaïn-Salih, le nom de *Goukh*, très voisin du mot *Kouk* par lesquels les Juifs les désignent.

Le seul monument non funéraire de ce groupe est celui qui est désigné sous le nom de Liwân. C'est une grotte artificielle, ouverte au dehors par un portique aujourd'hui écroulé, et qui servait de lieu de prière ; les nombreuses stèles votives sculptées sur le rocher ne laissent aucun doute à ce sujet. L'une d'elles est accompagnée d'une inscription où se lit le mot *mesgeda* qui est caractéristique, et qui est devenu le mot arabe *mesjed*, "mosquée." La grotte a été exécutée avec soin : une corniche en fait le tour à l'intérieur ; des pilastres ornent les angles ; le tout est formé d'éléments grecs.

Les détails reproduits sur les planches XXXVIII, XL, XLI de la publication de l'Académie sont aussi empruntés à l'art grec; mais on les dirait imités de monuments de basse époque : les colonnettes accouplées, les arcs placés soit en décharge, soit en porte-à-faux sur des architraves ou des pilastres sont des formes que nous étions habitués à considérer comme l'œuvre des architectes romains : les monuments de Pétra avaient bien déjà ébranlé cette opinion ; mais comme ils ne sont pas datés, la discussion était permise ; tandis qu'à Médaïn Salih la présence des dates défie toute contradiction.

En résumé, les monuments que vous avez découverts confirment ce que l'étude des monuments de Pétra et de Siah, dans le Haouran, ainsi que la numismatique, avaient déjà fait connaître, c'est qu'au point de vue de l'art le royaume Nabatéen était profondément pénétré par la Grèce : à peine les arts antérieurs de l'Asie sont-ils représentés par quelques rares réminiscences. Les artistes étaient nabatéens ; ceux de Siah et de Pétra avaient un véritable talent ; ceux de Médaïn Salih étaient des tailleurs de pierre qui attaquaient le rocher avec vigueur et ampleur, mais ne savaient pas sculpter les détails : pour achever leurs œuvres ils attendirent sans doute de Pétra des sculpteurs qui ne vinrent jamais.

Les modèles grecs imités per ces artistes orientaux renfermaient des formes dites de décadence : il faut donc faire remonter avant

l'ère chrétienne l'origine de ces formes. Enfin, en imitant les monuments grecs, les artistes orientaux en mélangeaient les ordres, associant les triglyphes doriques aux chapiteaux corinthiens, aux frises ioniques, et même à la corniche égyptienne. Ces associations hybrides déjà remarquées dans les tombeaux qui entourent Jérusalem, cessent donc d'être une exception : elles constituent un fait général qui caractérise une région et une époque (la fin de l'ancienne ère et le commencement de la nouvelle) ; la discussion que les monuments de Jérusalem avaient soulevée se trouve ainsi définitivement close, et ce n'est pas un des moindres services rendus par votre courageuse exploration que d'avoir débarrassé la science des théories fantaisistes qui ont un moment égaré certains esprits.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de ma sincère estime et de mes sentiments très distingués.

M. De Vogüé.

CHAPTER IV

RETURN OF THE HAJ

* * * THE Haj was late, and the Beduish multitude, which were come to market without their booths, lay out sheltering under the bushes in these bitter cold nights; their cheerful watch-fires appeared glimpsing up and down in the dark, nigh the camp, in the wilderness. In the watch before midnight shells were shot from the Jurdy cannon east and west over their treasonable heads into the empty waste. Long now and chill at this altitude were the winter nights; the gate Arabs these two months could not sleep past midnight, but lay writhing, with only their poor mantles lapped about them, in the cold sand and groaning for the morning. But especially their women suffer in the ragged tents: some of them, bare of all world's good, have not more than a cotton smock upon their bodies; for where might they find silver to buy any mantle to cover them? Snow falls not in the plain, but some years it whitens the Harra, above 3000 feet height. A dromedary rider, sent down to meet the Haj, brought word that the pilgrims had been delayed, in their camps, by (tropical) rains, betwixt the Harameyn. Now the caravan approaching, it was rumoured they brought the small-pox among them. Beduins of my acquaintance, who cared not to receive it before as a gift, now entreated me to sell them vaccination; and they reproached me when in this busy stir and preparation to depart, I could not hear them.

The same evening we saw flights of locusts, an ill augury of the opening spring season; they would devour the *rabîa.* The people cried, "They come driving from el-Ally." The bird-like insects flitting upon their glassy feeble wings in the southern wind, fell about the camp; these locusts were toasted presently at all watch-fires and eaten. The women on the morrow had gathered great heaps, and were busy singeing them in shallow pits, with a weak fire of herbs; they give up a sickly odour of fried fish oil. Thus cured and a little salt cast in, the locust

meat is stived in leathern sacks, and will keep good a long while: they mingle this, brayed small, with their often only liquid diet of sour buttermilk. Locust powder is not victual to set before guests; and I have seen poor nomads (more often women) a little out of countenance to confess that (to beguile hunger) they were eating this wretchedness. The best is the fat spring locust, and "fretting every green thing," the Aarab account them medicinal. The later broods, *dubba*, born of these, sexless, or imperfect females, finding only a burned-up herbage, are dry and unwholesome. This early locust, toasted, is reckoned a sweetmeat in town and in desert.

In these days whilst we awaited the pilgrimage, so incurious were the weary Damascenes who came with the Jurdy, that only two parties, and they upon account of my being there, went a mile abroad to visit the monuments at Medáin Sâlih. The Jurdy pasha, with the Turkish lieutenant and his troop, Mohammed Aly guiding them, galloped another day to see what they were, for whose sake the Engleysy was come down, so far, from Syria. A lonely Christian in the midst of a stirring multitude of Moslemîn, assembled at el-Héjr, I lived among Syrians, and under that somewhat burdensome jealousy of the tolerant better sort of Arabians. Mohammed Aly also recommended me to every one who might further my adventure in Arabia; from which, notwithstanding, all the friendly and well-disposed persons very heartily dissuaded me: it is not of their easy religious minds to attempt anything untried. 'Whither would I go, said they, to lose myself in lawless land, to be an outlaw, if only for my name of Nasrâny, and far from all succour; where they themselves, that were of the religion and of the tongue, durst not adventure? Khalîl, think better for thyself, and return with us, whilst the way is open, from this hunger-stricken wilderness and consumed by the sun; thou wast not bred, and God calls thee not, to this suffering in a land which only demons, *afarît*, can inhabit; the Beduw are demons, but thou art a Nasrâny,—there every one that seeth thee will kill thee! And if the Lord's singular grace save thy life to the end, yet what fruit shouldst thou have for all those great pains? Other men jeopardy somewhat in hope of winning, but thou wilt adventure all, having no need." And some good hearts of them looked between kindness and wonder upon me, that born to the Frankish living, full of superfluity, I should carelessly think to endure the Aarab's suffering and barren life. And they said, "In a day or two we return to Syria, leave thou this purpose, and go up in our company: and is not Damascus a pleasant city to dwell in?" The like said also the blind Mehsan

he too would honestly dissuade me, a man of the town-life, and a Nasrâny: "Hear," said he, "a friendly counsel; return now, Khalîl, with the Haj to es-Sham: here is only a land of Beduw under no rule, and where thou art named Nasrâny; do not jeopardy thy life: and yet I tell thee, wilt thou needs adventure, the Aarab are good folk, and thou wilt enlarge thy breast (feel thy heart to be free) amongst them." M. Aly answered, "Khalîl is a man too adventurous; there may nothing persuade him." Said a sheykh, "If one go to the Aarab, he should carry his shroud under his arm with him;" others said, "Khalîl, see thou trust not thyself to any of them all; the Beduw are elfin." The Jurdy officers blamed me, saying, "And why cast your life away? you know them not, but we know them; the Beduins are fiends." And the lieutenant said, "Even we which are soldiers cannot pass, but by paying them surra. They are rebels, and (he added as a Turk) deserve to lose their heads. How durst they gainsay the authority of the Sûltân!" They asked me, "What think you of this desert?" "I warrant you (answered M. Aly, the Algerian), if *Fransa* had it, there would be towns and villages." I told them I thought the country would not be worth the pains.

Secretary with the Jurdy was a swarthy Ageyly Arabian, a lettered man of the Wahâby country, and very unlike all those Syrian faces about him. And yet the eyes of his dark visage regarded me with goodwill, without fanatical envy, as a simple Nasrâny traveller in land of the Arabs: he said he would tell me of a wonder in his country where I might come another day. "Write!...*Siddûs*, in *W. Halîfa*, in the dîrat *Umseylmy* (Moseilima) *el-kitthâb* (the false prophet), there is set up a *mîl* (needle, or pillar) with an unknown writing, no man can tell what; but it was of those Nasâra or kafirs which in old time inhabited the land."

It was now ascertained that the Haj brought the small-pox among them. This terrible disease and cholera fever are the destruction of nomad Arabia. In their weakly nourished bodies is only little resistance to any malignant sickness. The pilgrimage caravans, (many from the provinces of Arabia herself,) are as torrents of the cities' infection flowing every year through the waste Peninsula.

The eighth morrow of this long expectation, the Haj, which had journeyed all night, were seen arriving in the plain. The Jurdy troop mounted and galloped with their officers to salute the Pasha. The tent-pitchers came before: in few more minutes they had raised the pilgrims' town of tents, by the Jurdy

camp. The jingles sounded again in our ears, measured to the solemn gait of the colossal bearing camels, of the pageant-like (but now few returning) takhts er-Rûm. The motley multitude of the Haj came riding after. Their straggling trains passed by for half an hour, when the last of the company re-entered their lodgings. Twice every year stands this canvas city of a day, in the Thamudite plain, full of traffic! Cobblers sat at the sûk corners to drive their trade; they had by them raw soles of camels fallen by the way; and with such they clouted shoes for those who fared so far on foot. The Jurdy street of tent-shops was soon enlarged by the new merchants' tents. The price of small commodities is, at this mid-way station, five to eight times the market worth at Damascus. The Jurdy have brought down Syrian olives, leeks and cheese and caravan biscuit. The Jurdy baker was busy with his fire-pit of sticks in the earth and his girdle pans, *tannûr*, to make fine white flat bread, for the pennies of the poor pilgrims. The refreshing sweet and sour lemons and helw dates, from el-Ally, I saw very soon sold out. The merchants upon camels from Damascus opened their bales in the tents and set out coffee-cups, iron ware, precious carpets (like gardens of fresh colours and soft as the spring meadows,)—fairings for great sheykhs! and clothing stuffs for the poor Beduw. The returning Haj tradesmen bring up merchandise from Mecca; now in their tent stalls I saw heaps of coffee from el-Yémen (Arabia the Happy).

In little outlying tents I found spices set to sale from the Malay islands, India or Mecca perfumes, and trifles in porcelain from the China Seas; all brought by the Mohammedan pilgrims, assembling to the Holy Fair, of many strange distant nations. The keeper of one of them cried to the Beduins, "Come up and buy, *ya Aarab!*" women who went by, seeking for some drugs and spicery, answered again very soberly, "What hast thou, young man?" When they murmured at his price, "How is this? (exclaimed the seller) do ye take me for one that could defraud you, a man come up from beholding the temple of Ullah!"—Then, seeing me, he stayed in his talk to salute me! the fellow made me all the false smiling excuses in the world in the name of the Persian Mohammed Aga, because he was not come this way again (as his feigned promise had been to me, to convey me to es-Shem), but gone about by sea to Bagdad. The Persian feared in his conscience, I might another day accuse him at Damascus. There I afterwards saw him again, when I had returned in peace from Arabia; but so many world's waves were gone over my head, that when he spoke to me in the market-place I remembered him not, only of the cankered visage there

lingered some uneasy remembrance; he might be sure that I intended no unkindness "Ah! (he said then to my companion, a Damascene) what have I suffered for your friend because I conveyed him to Medáin Sâlih, at Maan and all along the road! What happened to me then at el-Medina! Wellah! I would not undertake the like again;—no, not for five times the money. At Medina I was examined before their council, day by day, and they regarded not my solemn oaths, but would compel me to acknowledge where I had hidden the Nasrâny. I was never in such trouble in my life."

Poor Beduins flitted up and down in the street of tent-shops, to sell their few pints of samn for silver, and hoping to have therefore a new mantle this year and a *shâmy* (Damascus ware) shirt-cloth. The pilgrims who have journeyed through the night are now reposing in the tents, and the pleasant water-pipe and the cup are made ready at a hundred coffee fires: but the large white faces of girded Damascenes, their heavy foreheads wound round with solemn turbans, their citizen clothing and superfluous slops, are now quaint to the eye disused a while in the wilderness. Great press of their waterers was about the birket, to fill the girbies and draw for the multitude of cattle. The kella cistern was already green and fermenting. Even the nomads (who are not wont to find good water), refused to drink; it was become to us abominable by the nasty ablutions to prayerward of the odious Alowna, who made no conscience to go down and wash their bodies in the public water.

In this great company I met with a swarthy Beduwy of the Murra Aarab, a tribe far in the south, by Wady Dauâsir. The man was going up in the Haj caravan to Syria! when I asked him of his country, he answered me with that common sorry saying of the Beduins, *Ma biha kheyr*, "little or no good to find in her." He would say, "an open soil without villages, land of dearth and hunger." *Béled biha kheyr*, "a good land," they use to say of a country whose inhabitants do eat and are satisfied.

I had been in friendly wise commended by the Jurdy officers, and praised by Mohammed Aly to the Pasha; but I did not think it well so early in the busy day to visit him, who of my coming to Medáin Sâlih had formerly conceived a grave displeasure. From M. Aly, both in his better mind and in his angry moments, I had heard all that matter. In the December night of the Haj departure from Medáin, the Turkish Sîr Amîn and Mohammed Saîd Pasha had sent, before they removed, to call again M. Aly. "Wellah, they said to him, hast thou

not hidden the Nasrâny, to send him secretly to Medina and Mecca?" "God is my witness, no your lordships, but this man certainly has adventured hither only to see Medáin Sâlih: trust me he shall not pass a step further: in any case I shall know how to let him; but I go to bring him before you: he shall answer for himself." "No," said the Pasha, "I will not see his face, and I have a dignity to keep." (It might be when I visited him in Damascus, I had not observed to call the old portly embezzler of public moneys "Your Magnificence!") Said the Sîr Amîn (of Stambûl), "Hearken, kellâjy; if this Engleysy should follow us but one footstep further to Medina, thou art to bring me the dog's head." [Englishmen, who help these barbarians at Constantinople that cannot be taught, they would murder you secretly, and let hounds live, at Medina and Mecca!] The Pasha said to Mohammed Aly, "Let him remain with you in the kella, and you are to send him round to all the monuments, that no more Franks come hither hereafter. Look to it, that no evil befall this man: for wellah we will require his life at thy hand." *Sîr Amîn:* "By Almighty God, except we find him alive at our coming again, we will hang thee, Mohammed Aly, above the door of thine own kella." Sore adread are they of late to be called in question for the life of European citizens.—M. Aly looked stoutly upon it, and answered to their beards, that 'he would obey his orders, but by High God, he was a Moghreby, and not to be put in awe by living creature.' Now I must ask a boon of the Pasha, namely, that he would commend me to the wild Beduins of the road. When the caravan removed in the morning, I should go forth to wander with the Aarab in the immense wilderness. The Jurdy officers had dissuaded Zeyd, so had even the Pasha himself; but Zeyd hoped to win silver, and they had no power at all with a free Beduin.

Some Algerian derwishes were evening guests at the kella. Willingly they allowed to me—I might seem to them a Moslem stranger,—that they had both liberty of religion, and justice, under their Christian rulers. There were also Moorish askars come in from the kellas to the southward; for here they draw their stipends, which upon the haj way are paid for the year beforehand, although all other men's wages of the Ottoman Dowla be as much or more in arrear:—which of them would otherwise remain cut off, in the midst of great deserts, waiting for his pay? that were much the same to them as if they should never receive it. Merry were these men of the settled countries, used to stout hackneys, to look upon the lean and scald gift-

mare of the Nejd prince. 'A beggarly scorn, to send this carrion, not worth thirty crown pieces; and the Pasha would not accept her!' Some Beduins who were present boasted her worth to be thirty camels. A Syrian said, "A month at Shem, and she will seem better than now. A mare another year, lean as a faggot, sent by this Beduin emir. Ibn Rashîd or what you call him, grew in the Pasha's stable, with plenty of corn and green provender, to be big—ay as this coffee-chamber!" The best brood-mares of pure blood are valued in the Aarab tribes, where they are few, at twenty-five camels, that is £130 at least, or at most £150 sterling; and the worst at five camels, which is the price of the best thelûls. The Beduin prince's yearly gift of a mare to Mohammed Saîd was a sop in the mouth of the great Syrian pasha. The Pasha at his coming down again with the next year's pilgrimage sends his messenger from hence to Hâyil, bearer of counter-gifts for the Arabian emir. These are revolver pistols, rifle-guns, telescopes, and the like Western wares from Stambûl.

Upon the morrow at eight, when the signal gun was fired, the Haj caravan set forward, and I rode after them with Zeyd, upon a young camel he had bought me for thirty reals. In departing he asked Mohammed Aly to remember him at Damascus (for his gift-foal), and bring him down, in the next Haj, at least, a furred winter cloak [the town guise: Syrian Aarab wear a warm jerkin of sheep skins; Sinai Beduins a gazelle or other skin hanging from the neck, which they shift round their bodies as the wind blows]. Little the other answered again; they were both deceivers, and we saw him no more. We journeyed through the Héjr plain, full of little sand-hillocks blown about *rimth* bushes. A Wélad Aly tribesman reviling me as we rode (neighbours to Medina, they have I know not what ill savour of the town, with their nomad fanatical malignity,) said he, "Wouldst thou bring upon us the Muscôv? O thou enemy! (he levelled his matchlock;) but know that thus we will do with them, we have many guns like this and every Beduwy in battle is worth, wellah, ten Muscovies." I said to him, "By my faith, one of them I can think were a match for many idle vaunters of you weleds; I am no enemy, simpleton: there is no nation in all the world which envies you your sand deserts. I am of the part of the Sûltàn, and against those Muscôv, if they came hither." We alighted a moment, to let the caravan pass upward before Mubrak en-Nâga. It was a mirth to hear the solemn loud hooting and pistol firing of the devout hajjies. For the Beduw,

ignorant of the koran mythology, here (as said) is but "The thronging place": it might be such in former times when the pilgrimage was a multitude. As we rode I saw that the east cliff was full of antique scored inscriptions: but I could not now alight to transcribe them. Looking here from the height of my camel, I thought I saw the caravan much diminished; hardly two-third parts returned of the Haj which had gone down to Mecca: there was not a Persian fur cap amongst them. The holy visitation accomplished, many go home by sea; a few have died in the way. With the Haj returning from Mecca, are brought the African slaves, for all the north-west of the Mohammedan world, but gazing all day up and down, I could not count five among them.

Seeing that some Beduins who marched with us had stopped their nostrils, I enquired the cause. The men told me "they had never been inoculated, and they doubted sore to smell the Haj." Nomads living always in an incorrupt atmosphere, are very imaginative of all odours. In entering towns, where they are sensible of diverse strange, pungent and ungrateful airs, it is common to see them breathe with a sort of loathing, through a lap of their kerchiefs. Sultry was that afternoon, and we were thirsty. A poor derwish, who went by on foot, hearing one say "water," laid hand, with a pleasant look, upon the bridle of my camel, and lifting his little girby he said heartily, "Drink of this, O pilgrim, and refresh thyself." Seeing but foul rotten water in the leathern bag and discoloured, I gave him his own again; but he would not hear my excuses. It seemed by his looks he thought the rider on the camel had ill requited his religious gentleness, for all charity is rare in the struggle of the haj road. A moment he gazed in anger, his merit lost; and passing on wearily might guess the man who would not drink water with other pilgrims to be no right Moslem.

The ascending Haj came to their camping-ground before sunset. We alighted and I went to commit my large roll of inscriptions, impressed at Medáin Sâlih, to Mohammed Tâhir; he laid my commission in his camel-chests, and promised with good humour to deliver them at Damascus to the British Consulate:—and very honourably he did so, indeed. I enquired if there were any political tidings in Medina. He said thus: 'The Powers had exhibited certain requisitions to the Porte, threatening if they were not satisfied to make common cause against the Sûltàn.'—"And England?"—"Ay, and Inghilterra! Ha now! who can tell how the world will go?" There was standing by a young Turkish officer of the Haj soldiery,

and he said to me, "We know that the Frenjies talk these many years of dividing the Empire of the Sooltân: but what says the Sooltân? 'Well, and it must be so, *hŷ yellah*, let them come, one or all together and unto whom it shall please the Lord, to them be the victory!'" He said this in a young man's melancholy, as if the divine decree were about to go forth and they must march soon to put all upon that final adventure. —The most fanatic and wild Mohammedan region lay before me, where the name of Nasrâny is only wont to be said as an injury; how might I have passage amongst a frenetic and sanguinary population, and not be taken for a spy, one of their imagined hereditary enemies? Because their political talk was full of solecisms, I judged the truth might be less, and thought not now to return from this enterprise. Was this a year of the jehâd? yet another time I might have no list to travel in Arabia. The two officers turning at unawares looked to read in my looks how I received and did digest this news of their dying religion, whether with no secret exultation? foreseeing the Christian triumph to be nearly ready in the world: but when they marked evidently that I was not glad of their sorrow, but pensive, this lifted me to the height of their good opinion.

I awaited Zeyd; when we alighted the guileful Beduin would lead, he said, our camels to pasture; and then we could go together to find the Pasha. He eluded me till nightfall, when weary and fasting since yesterday, I returned through the sentinels to the fires of my Beduin company: there I found Zeyd, who sat sipping coffee. He made me place, and with smiles dissembled out the matter. Later, re-entering the Haj menzil, I went alone to visit the Pasha; but stumbling at the cords of his pavilion, for the lights were out, I understood from the watchman that the great man was already at rest. I saw there the empty bearing-frame, standing without, of the Mahmal camel; and next to the great tent was made a small pole-and-curtain court, "for an apartment of the hareem." I came then to the military surgeon, whom they call *el-jábbar*, or the bone-setter; he had promised to read me a lesson in the art of medicine. I found him a worthy person, and his few instructions of one hour availed me long afterwards; for I had lost my book of pharmacy. I said the names over of my drugs, and wrote down the simple usage of each of them, from his lips. At his desire I had brought him, for a patient of his, a little laudanum powder; he was too weary himself to open his field-chests. I enquired 'what to do if having given any one many doses of that medicine to keep by him, he in ignorance swallowed them

all together, *wa yuskut el-kalb ;*' I would have said, " and his heart ceased to beat," but all for weariness I pronounced simple *k*, (not *ḳ* with a guggle in the throat,) for *heart* mis-saying, " and the *dog*, is silenced." My false word tumbled to the mind of the pleasant hakîm: after the first smiles, stroking down a russet beard, the algebrist composed his rising mirth, which he held over (I am in dread) till the morrow, when he should be sitting at the pasha's dish. In this there enters a young derwish of the Medân, a giant of stature, and who had very often seen me, a Frenjy, pacing in that open quarter of Damascus. He came in to ask men's alms, some biscuit for his supper; and, having eyes seven feet above his heels, he stood gazing to see one so like me sitting there in the Haj, and in this array. " Biscuits (ozmât) are dear," quoth the charitable surgeon, " but to-morrow and the day after they will be at better price, then I will buy, and so come thou to me." Carried upon camels, the price of all provisions in the caravan sûk, is after every march enhanced or diminished as the Haj is nearer the midst or the ends of their journey. Ozmât were sold at Medáin for seven times their worth at Damascus.

Challenged civilly by the sentinels, I passed out of the camp to the Arabs' firelight, and came again to our Beduin bush; where in the pure sand, with their camel-saddles piled against the wind, we had our night's shelter. In this company sat a devout Fejîry, who had been to the Harameyn and now returned with the pilgrimage; he was busily kneading a barley cake, when upon a sudden, a clear great meteor sliding under the stars, with luminous train, casting a broad blue gleam, drooped and brake before our eyes. " Eigh! (sighed the man full of the religious sight of Mecca) these things, my God, be past understanding, of Thy wonderful works! " Then having raked the cake under the ashes, and his fingers still cloyed, he rose quickly, seeing a nâga staling, and ran to take water in the hollow of his hands and rinsed them:—their cattle's excrement is pure in the opinion of the nomads. Then I understood the perpetual penury of waters in yonder desert land, where we should come on the morrow. I found with our Beduins some Kasîm men; who, leaving the Syrian Haj service, would go this way home, more than three hundred miles, upon their feet, by Teyma and Jebel Shammar. They told me if ever I went to their country, I might thrive there by my medicines. " But wherefore, said they, proclaim thyself Nasrâny? this thou mayest do at Damascus, but not in Nejd, where the people having no notice of the world, it will endanger thee." And as we drank round, they bade me call myself a " Misslim", and in

my heart be still of what opinion I would, (this indulgence is permitted in the koran to any persecuted Moslemîn)—words not far from wisdom; and I have often felt the iniquitous fortune of travelling thus, an outlawed man (and in their sight worthy of death), only for a name, in Arabia. It had cost me little or naught, to confess Konfuchu or Socrates to be apostles of Ullah; but I could not find it in my life to confess the barbaric prophet of Mecca and enter, under the yoke, into their solemn fools' paradise.

At the first gunfire, before dawn, the Beduins charged their camels and departed. I saw by the stars our course lay much over to the eastward. Because the Aarab are full of all guile which may profit them, I had then almost a doubt of my company, until the light breaking I espied the B. Sókhr haj-carriers, coming on disorderly with their wild Beduin canticles; the main body of the caravan, far in the rear, was not yet in sight; I saw also the old wheel-ruts of the Jurdy cannon, and knew thereby certainly, that we were in the road. But for more surety, I dismounted to walk; and took an oath of Zeyd, who yesterday had not kept touch, to ride with me before the Pasha. Bye and bye we had sight of the Pasha, riding far in front, with his officers and a few soldiery; it was near Shuk el-Ajûz. I mounted then with Zeyd on his thelûl, (my camel was sick,) and we rode to them at a round trot. Zeyd greeted with the noble Beduin simplicity in his deep stern tones, and as a landlord in his own country, "Peace be with thee." Mohammed Saîd, hearing the Beduish voice behind him, said only "Ho!" again, without turning, but looking aside under the sun, he saw and knew me; and immediately with good humour he said to my Beduin companion,—"I commit him to thee, and (laying the right hand over his heart,) have thou a care of him as of mine own eye." So he said to me, "Have you ended all at Medâin Sâlih? The epigraphs, are what? believe you there be any in your countries able to read them? And what of the houses? have you not said they were no houses, but sepulchres?—But have you not found any treasure?—Good bye." I delayed yet, I spoke to the Pasha of the sick camel which Zeyd had bought for me: so he said to Zeyd, "Hearken! thou shalt restore the camel to his owner, and require the money again;—and (he said to me) if this Beduwy do not so I myself will require it of him at Damascus.—(To Zeyd) Where be now your Aarab?"—"About a day eastward of this, and the face of them is toward Teyma." The Pasha asked me anew, "And where are you going?"—"To Teyma, to Hâyil, I hope also to Kheybar." The Pasha drew a breath; he misliked my visiting

Kheybar, which is in the circuit of Medina: he answered, "But it is very difficult." Here Mohammed Tâhir, who came on riding with the Pasha, said friendly, "He has the vaccination with him, and that will be for his security among the Aarab; I saw it myself." He added, "Are all your inscriptions together in the roll which you have committed to me?" I answered immediately, "All are there, and I trust in God to show them one day to your worships at Damascus." The Pasha answered gravely, *Insha 'lla*, 'if the Lord will,' doubtless his thought was that I might very hardly return from this Arabian adventure.—Afterwards Zeyd, reporting the Pasha's discourse in the nomad tents, put in my mouth so many Beduin *billahs* ('by-Gods'), and never uttered, that I listened to him as one who dreams.

Departing from them, we rode aside from the haj-road, and went to fill our girby at a pool of sweet rain-water. Then entering eastward in the wild sandstone upland *Borj Selmàn*, we found before us an infinite swarm of locusts, flying together and alighting under all the desert bushes, it is their breeding-time; the natural office accomplished, it seems they bye and bye perish. As we went fasting, Zeyd found a few wild leeks and small tubers, *thunma* or *sbeydy*, which baked are not unlike the potato. He plucked also the twigs of a pleasant-tasting salad bush, *thalûk*, and wild sorrel, and offered me to eat; and taking from his saddle-bags a piece of a barley-cake, he broke and divided it between us. "This, he said, is of our surra; canst thou eat Beduins' bread, eigh Khalîl?" The upland through which we passed, that they call the Borj Selmàn (an ancient name from the heroic time of the Beny Helál), is a waste land-breadth of gravel and sand, full of sandstone crags. This, said Zeyd, showing me the wild earth with his swarthy hand, is the land of the Beduw. He watched to see if the townling were discouraged, in viewing only their empty desert before him. And he said, "Hear, O Khalîl; so thou wilt live here with us, thy silver may be sent down to thee year by year with the Haj, and we will give thee a maiden to wife: if any children be born to thee, when thou wouldst go from hence, they shall be as mine own, billah, and remain with me."—Also of his stock he would give me a camel.

CHAPTER V

THE NOMAD LIFE IN THE DESERT

We journeyed taking turns to walk and ride, and as Zeyd would changing our mantles, till the late afternoon; he doubted then if we might come to the Aarab in this daylight. They often removing, Zeyd could not tell their camping-ground within a dozen or score miles. One of the last night's Ageylies went along with us; armed with a hammer, he drove my sick camel forward. As we looked for our Aarab we were suddenly in sight of the slow wavering bulks of camels feeding dispersedly under the horizon; the sun nigh setting, they were driven in towards the Beduin camp, *menzil*, another hour distant. Come to the herdsmen, we alighted and sat down, and one of the lads receiving our bowl, ran under his nâgas to milk for us. This is *kheyr Ullah* ("the Lord's bounty"), not to be withheld from any wayfaring man, even though the pocr owners should go supperless themselves. A little after, my companions enquired, if I felt the worse; "because, said they, strangers commonly feel a pain after their first drinking camel-milk." This somewhat harsh thin milk runs presently to hard curds in the stomach.

In approaching the Beduin tents I held back, with the Ageyly, observing the desert courtesy, whilst our host Zeyd preceded us. We found his to be a small summer or "flitting-tent" which they call *héjra*, "built" (thus they speak) upon the desert sand. Poor and low it seemed, unbecoming a great sheykh, and there was no gay carpet spread within: here was not the welfaring which I had known hitherto, of the northern Beduins. Zeyd led me in with his stern smiling; and, a little to my surprise, I must step after him into the woman's apartment. These sometime emigrated Beduins, have no suspicion of Nasrânies, whom they have seen in the north, and heard them reputed honest folk, more than the Moslemîn. There he presented me to his young wife: "Khalîl (said he), here is thy new 'aunt' (*ammatak*,—

hostess); and, *Hirfa*, this is Khalîl; and see thou take good care of him." Before the morning the absent tribesmen had returned from the haj market; the nomads lodged yet one day in the Borj Selmàn: the third morrow we removed. The height of this country is nearly 4500 feet.

The removing of the camp of the Aarab, and driving the cattle with them from one to another pasture ground, is called *ráhla.* In their yesterday's mejlis they have determined whither and how early; or was it left in the sheykh's hand, those in the neighbour booths watch when the day is light, to see if the sheykh's hareem yet strike his tent; and, seeing this, it is the ráhla. The Beduish housewives hasten then to pluck up the tent-pegs, and their booths fall; the tent-cloth is rolled up, the tent-poles are gathered together and bound in a faggot: so they drag out the household stuff, (bestowed in worsted sacks of their own weaving,) to load upon the burden-camels. As neighbours see them and the next neighbours see those, all booths are presently cast in the wide dispersed menzil. The herdsmen now drive forward; the hareem [plur. of *horma*, woman] mount with their baggage; the men, with only their arms, sword or matchlock, hanging at the saddle-tree behind them, and the long lances in their hands, ride forth upon their thelûls, they follow with the sheykh:—and this is the march of the nomad village. But if the sheykh's tent remain standing and it is already an hour past sun-rising, when their cattle should be dismissed to pasture, the people begin to say, "Let the beasts go feed then, there will be no ráhla to-day."

This dawn, about the 16th February, was blustering and chill in that high country. *Shîl*, 'load now!' cried Zeyd; and Hirfa, shivering and sighing, made up their household gear. Sheykhly husbands help not their feeble housewives to truss the baggage; it were an indignity even in the women's eyes. The men sit on, warming themselves over any blazing sticks they have gathered, till the latest moment, and commonly Zeyd made coffee. The bearing-camels are led in and couched between the burdens; only the herdsman helps Hirfa to charge them upon the rude pack-saddles, *hadàj*, a wooden frame of desert acacia timber, the labour of some nomad sâny or Solubby. The underset pad of old tent-cloth, *wittr*, is stuffed with some dry herbage, and all is girded under the camel's belly with a simple cord. Zeyd called to help lift the loads, for they were over-heavy, did it grudgingly, murmuring, 'Was a sheykh a porter to bear burdens?' I also helped them to stay up the weighty half-loads in the sides of the saddles until both were laid even and coupled. Zeyd was a lordling in no contemptible

tribe. Such a sheykh should not in men's sight put the hand to any drudgery; he leaves it to his hind. A great sheykh may take upon him part care of his own mare, in the menzil, whilst the hinds are all day herding in the field; yet having led her to the well, if there be any, by, of the common tribesmen the sheykh will call him to draw her water. Nevertheless sheykhs' sons whilst they are children, and later as young men armed, are much abroad with the tribes' cattle and companions with the herdsmen. I have seen Zeyd go out with a grass-hook to cut his mare's forage and bring again a mantle-full on his back, and murmuring, with woe in his black visage, it was Selím his son's duty: and the boy, oftentimes disobedient, he upbraided, calling him his life's torment, *Sheytàn*, only never menacing him, for that were far from a Beduin father's mind.

We removed hardly ten miles, and pitched four hours to the eastward of Dàr el-Hamra. The hareem busily "build" their tents; but the men, as they have alighted, are idle, that when not herding or riding in a foray sit all day at home only lazing and lording. 'The *jowwár* (Bed. housewives), say they, are for the labour of the household and to be under discipline" Zeyd, with a footcast in the sand-bank where we had taken shelter from the gusty wind till the *beyts* were standing, had made an hearth; then he kneeled with the Beduin cheerfulness to kindle our gipsy fire. Selím gathered sticks, and we sat down to warm ourselves and roast locusts.

Here we lodged two days, and removed anew five hours eastward through the same sandy moorland, with mild weather, and pitched in the camping-ground *el-Antarîeh*. Sweet and light in these high deserts is the uncorrupt air, but the water is scant and infected with camel urine. Hirfa doled out to me, at Zeyd's commandment, hardly an ounce or two of the precious water every morning, that I might wash "as the townspeople." She thought it unthrift to pour out water thus when all day the thirsty tribesmen have not enough to drink. Many times between their waterings, there is not a pint of water left in the greatest sheykhs' tents; and when the good-man bids his housewife fill the bowl to make his guests' coffee, it is answered from their side, "We have no water." Too much of a great sheykh's provision is consumed by his mare; the horse, of all cattle in the desert, is most impatient of thirst. Zeyd used oftentimes this fair excuse, (being miserable even in the poor dispense of coffee,) "There is no water." Motlog the great sheykh coming one of these mornings to visit me, enquired first, "Hast thou drunk coffee?"— 'Not to-day, they say *there is no water*."— 'What! he asked, has not Zeyd made you coffee this morning?"

for even poorer sheykhs will not fail to serve the morrow's cup, each one to his own fellowship. Motlog knew his cousin Zeyd, and smiled, saying, "What is this, Zeyd has no water! but, Khalîl, come over to us, and I will make thee coffee." He led me to his tent, which was not far off, where, sitting at the hearth, and being himself the sheykh of his tribe, he roasted, brayed and boiled, and prepared this cup of hospitality for the Christian stranger. In that place it chanced Zeyd to lose a camel, which had been frayed by wolves. He mounted his mare at the morrow's light, and rode forth with the long shivering horseman's lance upon his shoulder to follow her traces. The day after Zeyd returned to us, driving in his lost beast: he had found her near Birket Moaddam.

After three days the Aarab removed south-eastward twelve miles, and pitched at the camping ground *Khussherkîsh.* It was now the 22nd February, and we found here the rabîa, or new spring of sweet blossoming herbage; the most was of wild rape kind, pimpernel and sorrel, *humsîs.* The rabîa is the yearly refreshment, nay, the life, of the nomads' cattle. Delightful to the eye, in the desert land, was that poor faery garden of blossoms. When the Beduins saw me pensive, to admire the divine architecture of those living jewels, they thought it but childish fondness in the stranger. If I did but ask the names of the simples it was roughly answered, "The name of them all is *el-usshb,* 'the spring forage,' very good for our small cattle and camels." This high droughty country is plain for some days' journeys; mostly sand soil and sandstone gravel, without furrows of seyls or wadies; it is an upland, which in the light Arabian rains never runs down with water. * * *

* * * The camels now feeding of the sappy rabîa were *jezzîn* or 'not drinking.' In good spring years they are in these dîras almost two and a half months jezzîn, and not driven to the watering. Then the force of life is spent of the herb lately so fresh upon the earth, and withering under the sun it is dried up. If, after some shower, the great drinkless cattle find rain-water lodged in any hollow rocks, I have seen them slow to put down their heavy long necks; so they snuff to it, and bathing but the borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head again as it were with loathing. The nomads' camels are strong and frolic in these fat weeks of the spring pasture. Now it is they lay up flesh, and grease in their humps,

for the languor of the desert summer and the long year. Driven home full-bellied at sunset, they come hugely bouncing in before their herdsmen: the householders, going forth from the booths, lure to them as they run lurching by, with loud *Wolloo-wolloo-wolloo*, and to stay them *Wòh-ho, wòh-ho, wòh-ho!* they chide any that strikes a tent-cord with *hutch!* The camels are couched every troop beside, about, and the more of them before the booth of their household; there all night they lie ruckling and chawing their huge cuds till the light of the morrow. The Aarab say that their camels never sleep; the weary brute may stretch down his long neck upon the ground, closing awhile his great liquid eyes; but after a space he will right again the great languid carcase and fall to chawing. In this fresh season they rise to graze anew in the moonlight, and roam from the booths of the slumbering Aarab; but fearful by nature, they stray not then very far off. Sometimes wakening after midnight and seeing our camels strayed, I went out to bring them in; but the Beduins said, "Sleep on, Khalîl, there is no cause; let them go feeding as they will." They would see them pasture now all they can; but not seldom they are bereaved thus of their cattle by prowling night-robbers. Camels, the only substance of the nomads, are the occasion of all their contending. "*Neshîl*, we load, say they, upon them, and we drink halîb, the milk, of them." The cows go twelve months with young; now was their time of calving, which falls at the beginning of the rabîa. The nomad year is divided in this sort; *er-rabîa*, springtime of three months; *el-gáyth*, midsummer, three months; *es-sferry*, fall of the year, three months; *es-shitá* (pronounce *és-sh'tá*), winter. To be a ready man in this kind of lore, is clerkship with the Beduw, and to have a wayfarer's knowledge of the stars. When they found good pasture the Beduins encamped, and we lodged upon that ground mostly till the third or fourth morrow. The nomads dwelling, the day over, in any place, they say "el-Aarab *umjemmîn*" (*j* for *k* guttural), or the camp is standing. The herdsmen bring word of the pasture about them, and as the sheykhs determine in the mejlis the people will remove again, it was commonly to twelve or thirteen miles distance; and now their "face was toward" Teyma.

If the ráhla be short the Beduw march at leisure, the while their beasts feed under them. The sheykhs are riding together in advance, and the hareem come riding in their trains of baggage-camels; if aught be amiss the herdsmen are nigh at hand to help them: neighbours will dismount to help neighbours and even a stranger. The great and small cattle are driven

along with their households. You shall see housewives dismount, and gossips walk on together barefoot (all go here unshod,) and spinning beside their slow-pacing camels. But say the Beduin husbands, "We would have the hareem ride always and not weary themselves, for their tasks are many at home." The Fukara women alighted an hour before noon, in the march, to milk their few ewes and goats. Every family and kindred are seen wayfaring by themselves with their cattle. The Aarab thus wandering are dispersed widely; and in the vast uneven ground (the most plain indeed but full of crags), although many hundreds be on foot together, commonly we see only those which go next about us. The Beduins coming near a stead where they will encamp, Zeyd returned to us; and where he thought good there struck down the heel of his tall horseman's lance *shelfa* or *romhh*, stepping it in some sandy desert bush: this is the standard of Zeyd's fellowship,—they that encamp with him, and are called his people. Hirfa makes her camel kneel; she will "build" the booth there: the rest of Zeyd's kindred and clients coming up, they alight, each family going a little apart, to pitch their booths about him. This is "Zeyd's menzil" and the people are Zeyd's Aarab. The bearing-camels they make to kneel under their burdens with the guttural voice, *ikh-kh-kh!* The stiff neck of any reluctant brute is gently stricken down with the driving-stick or an hand is imposed upon his heavy halse; any yet resisting is plucked by the beard; then without more he will fall groaning to his knees. Their loads discharged, and the pack-saddles lifted, with a spurn of the master's foot the bearing-camels rise heavily again and are dismissed to pasture. The housewives spread the tent-cloths, taking out the corner and side-cords; and finding some wild stone for a hammer, they beat down their tent-pegs into the ground, and under-setting the tent-stakes or "pillars" (*am'dàn*) they heave and stretch the tent-cloth: and now their booths are standing. The wife enters, and when she has bestowed her stuff, she brings forth the man's breakfast; that is a bowl of léban, poured from the sour milk-skin, or it is a clot of dates with a bowl of the desert water: for guest-days it is dates and buttermilk with a piece of sweet butter. After that she sits within, rocking upon her knees the *semîla* or sour milk-skin, to make this day's butter.

As Zeyd so is every principal person of these Beduins, the chief of a little menzil by itself: the general encampment is not disposed (as is the custom of the northern Aarab) in any formal circuit. The nomads of these marches pitch up and down in all the "alighting place" at their own pleasure. The Fejîr or

Fukara never wandered in *ferjàn* (*j* for *k* guttural) or nomad hamlets, dispersedly after their kindreds, which is everywhere the nomad manner, for the advantage of pasture; but they journey and encamp always together. And cause was that, with but half-friends, and those mostly outraged upon their borders, or wholly enemies, there were too many reckonings required of them; and their country lies open. Zeyd's Aarab were six booths: a divorced wife's tent, mother of his young and only son, was next him; then the tent of another cast-off housewife, mother of a ward of his, *Settàm,* and by whom he had himself a daughter; and besides these, (Zeyd had no near kinsfolk,) a camel-herd with the old hind his father, of Zeyd's father's time, and the shepherd, with their alliance. Forlorn persons will join themselves to some sheykh's menzil, and there was with us an aged widow, in wretchedness, who played the mother to her dead daughter's fatherless children, a son so deformed that like a beast he crept upon the sand [*ya latîf,* "oh happy sight!" said this most poor and desolate grandam, with religious irony, in her patient sighing]—and an elf-haired girl wonderfully foul-looking. Boothless, they led their lives under the skies of God, the boy was naked as he came into the desert world. The camel upon which they rode was an oblation of the common charity; but what were their daily food only that God knoweth which feedeth all life's creatures. There is no Beduwy so impious that will chide and bite at such, his own tribesfolk, or mock those whom God has so sorely afflicted; nor any may repulse them wheresoever they will alight in the common wilderness soil. Sometimes there stood a stranger's booth among us, of nomad passengers or an household in exile from the neighbour tribesmen: such will come in to pitch by a sheykh of their acquaintance.

Hirfa ever demanded of her husband toward which part should "the house" be built. "Dress the face, Zeyd would answer, to this part," showing her with his hand the south, for if his booth's face be all day turned to the hot sun there will come in fewer young loitering and parasitical fellows that would be his coffee-drinkers. Since the sheukh, or heads, alone receive their tribe's surra, it is not much that they should be to the arms coffee-hosts. I have seen Zeyd avoid as he saw them approach, or even rise ungraciously upon such men's presenting themselves, (the half of every booth, namely the men's side, is at all times open, and any enters there that will, in the free desert,) and they murmuring he tells them, wellah, his affairs do call him forth, adieu, he must away to the mejlis, go they and seek the coffee elsewhere. But were there any sheykh

with them, a coffee lord, Zeyd could not honestly choose but abide and serve them with coffee; and if he be absent himself, yet any sheykhly man coming to a sheykh's tent, coffee must be made for him, except he gently protest, "billah, he would not drink." Hirfa, a sheykh's daughter and his nigh kinswoman, was a faithful make to Zeyd in all his sparing policy.

Our menzil now standing, the men step over to Zeyd's coffee-fire, if the sheykh be not gone forth to the mejlis to drink his mid-day cup there. A few gathered sticks are flung down beside the hearth: with flint and steel one stoops and strikes fire in tinder, he blows and cherishes those seeds of the cheerful flame in some dry camel-dung, sets the burning sherd under dry straws, and powders over more dry camel-dung. As the fire kindles, the sheykh reaches for his *dellàl*, coffee-pots, which are carried in the *fatya*, coffee-gear basket; this people of a nomad life bestow each thing of theirs in a proper *beyt*, it would otherwise be lost in their daily removing. One rises to go fill up the pots at the water-skins, or a bowl of water is handed over the curtain from the woman's side; the pot at the fire, Hirfa reaches over her little palm-full of green coffee-berries. We sit in a half ring about the hearth; there come in perhaps some acquaintance or tribesmen straying between the next menzils. Zeyd prepared coffee at the hours; afterward, when he saw in me little liking of his coffee-water, he went to drink the cup abroad; if he went not to the mejlis, he has hidden himself two or three hours' like an owl, or they would say as a dog, in my little close tent, although intolerably heated through the thin canvas in the mid-day sun. It was a mirth to see Zeyd lie and swelter, and in a trouble of mind bid us report to all comers that 'Zeyd was from home': and where his elvish tribesmen were merry as beggars to detect him. *Mukkarîn el-Beduw!* "the nomads (say the settled Arabs) are full of wily evasions."

The sheykhs and principal persons assemble at the great sheykh's or another chief tent, when they have alighted upon any new camping-ground; there they drink coffee, the most holding yet the camel-stick, *mishaab*, *mehján* or *bakhorra*, as a sceptre, (a usage of the ancient world,) in their hands. The few first questions among them are commonly of the new dispositions of their several menzils: as, "*Rahŷel!* (the sheykh's brother), *fen ahl-ak?* where be thy people (pitched)?—*Eth-Therrŷeh* (the sheykh's son), *fen ahl-ak?*—*Mehsan* (a good simple man, and who had married Zeyd's only sister,)—*Khálaf* and the rest, where be your menzils?—Zeyd is not here! who has seen Zeyd? —and *Mijwel*, where are his Aarab?" for every new march displaces these nomads, and few booths in the shortness of the

desert horizon are anywhere in sight. You see the Beduins silent whilst coffee is being made ready, for all their common talk has been uttered an hundred times already, and some sit beating the time away and for pastime limning with their driving-sticks in the idle sand. They walk about with these gay sticks, in the daytime: but where menzils are far asunder, or after nightfall, they carry the sword in their hands: the sword is suspended with a cord from the shoulder. The best metal is the Ajamy, a little bent with a simple crossed hilt (beautiful is the form), wound about with metal wire; next to the Persian they reckon the Indian blade, *el-Hindy*.

In nomad ears this word, Aarab, signifies "the people". Beduin passengers when they meet with herdsmen in the desert enquire, *Fen el-Aarab?* "where is the folk?" Of the multitude of nomad tribes east and west, they say in plural wise, *el-Arbân*. This other word, Beduin, received into all our languages, is in the Arabian speech Bedûwy, that is to say inhabitant of the waste, (*bâdia*,) in the plural *Bedaùwy* (*aù* dipth.), but commonly *él-Bèduw*. As we sit, the little cup, of a few black drops, is served twice round. When they have swallowed those boiling sips of coffee-water, and any little news has been related among them, the men rise one after other to go home over the hot sand: all are barefoot, and very rarely any of those Aarab has a pair of sandals. So every one is come again to his own, they say the mid-day prayers; and when they have breakfasted, they will mostly slumber out the sultry mid-day hours in their housewife's closed apartment. I have asked an honest wife, "How may your lubbers slug out these long days till evening?" and she answered, demurely smiling, "How, sir, but in solace with the hareem!"

The héjra, or small flitting-tent, laid out by the housewife, with its cords stretched to the pins upon the ground, before the am'dàn or props be set up under, is in this form: to every pair of cords, is a pair of stakes; there are three stakes to every pair of cords in the waist of the tent. Greater booths are stayed by more pairs of waist-cords, and stand upon taller staves. The Aarab tent, which they call the *beyt* [pl. *byût*] *es-shaar*, "abode, booth, or house of hair," that is of black worsted or hair-cloth, has, with its pent roof, somewhat the form of a cottage. The tent-stuff, strong and rude, is defended by a list sewed under at the heads of the am'dàn, and may last out, they say, a generation, only wearing thinner; but when their roof-cloth is thread-bare it is a feeble shelter, thrilled by the darting beams of the Arabian sun, and casting only a grey shadow. The Arabian tent strains strongly upon all the staves

and in good holding ground, may resist the boisterous blasts which happen at the crises of the year, especially in some deep mountainous valleys. Even in weak sand the tents are seldom overblown. Yet the cords, *tunb el-beyt,* which are worsted-twist of the women's spinning, oft-times burst: who therefore (as greater sheykhs) can spend silver, will have them of hempen purchased in the town. In all the road tribes they every year receive rope, with certain clothing and utensils, on account of their haj surra. The tent-stuff is seamed of narrow lengths of the housewives' rude worsted weaving; the yarn is their own spinning, of the mingled wool of the sheep and camels' and goats' hair together. Thus it is that the cloth is blackish: we read in the Hebrew Scripture, "Black as the tents of Kedar." Good webster-wives weave in white borders made of their sheep's wool, or else of their gross-spun cotton yarn (the cotton wool is purchased from Medina or the sea coast).

When the tent-cloth is stretched upon the stakes, to this roof they hang the tent-curtains, often one long skirt-cloth which becomes the walling of the nomad booth: the selvedges are broached together with wooden skewers. The booth front is commonly left open, to the half at least we have seen, for the *mukaad* or men's sitting-room: the other which is the women's and household side, is sometimes seen closed (when they would not be espied, whether sleeping or cooking) with a fore-cloth; the woman's part is always separated from the men's apartment by a hanging, commonly not much more than breast or neck high, at the waist poles of the tent. The mukaad is never fenced in front with a tent-cloth, only in rain they incline the am'dàn and draw down the tent eaves lower. The nomad tents are thus very ill lodging, and the Beduins, clothed no better than the dead, suffer in cold and stormy weather. In winter they sometimes load the back-cloth ground-hem with great stones, and fence their open front at the men's side with dry bushes. The tent side-cloths can be shifted according to the wind and sun: thus the back of the Beduin booth may become in a moment the new front. A good housewife will bethink herself to unpin and shift the curtain, that her husband's guests may have shadow and the air, or shelter.

Upon the side of the hareem, that is the household apartment, is stored all their husbandry. At the woman's curtain stand the few tent-cloth sacks of their poor baggage, *él-gush:* in these is bestowed their corn and rice if they have any; certain lumps of rock-salt, for they will eat nothing insipid; also the housewife's thrift of wool and her spun yarn,—to be a good wool-wife is honourable among Aarab women; and some fathoms perhaps of

new calico. There may be with the rest a root of *er'n* or tan wood, the scarlet chips are steeped in water, and in two or three days, between ráhlas, they cure therein their goat-skins for girbies and semîlies, besides the leather for watering-buckets, watering-troughs, and other nomad gear. The poorest wife will have some box, (commonly a fairing from the town,) in which are laid up her few household medicines, her comb and her mirror, *mèrguba*, her poor inherited ornaments, the ear-rings and nose-ring of silver or even golden (from the former generations); and with these any small things of her husband's, (no pockets are made in their clothing,) which she has in her keeping. But if her good-man be of substance, a sheykh of surra, for his bundle of reals and her few precious things she has a locked coffer painted with vermilion from Medina, which in the ráhla is trussed (also a mark of sheykhly estate) upon her bearing-camel.— Like to this I have mused, might be that ark of things sacred to the public religion, which was in the nomad life of B. Israel.

Commonly the housewife's key of her box is seen as a glittering pendant, upon her veil backward; and hangs, with her thimble and pincers, (to pluck the thorns out of their bare soles,) by a gay scarlet lace, from the circlet of the head-band. Their clotted dates, if they have any, are stived in heavy pokes of camel-hide, that in the ráhla are seen fluttering upon the bearing-cattle with long thongs of leather. This apparel of fringes and tassels is always to the Semitic humour; of the like we read in Moses, and see them in the antique Jewish sculptures. Of their old camel sack-leather, moisty with the juice of the dates, they cut the best sandals. The full-bellied sweating water-skins are laid, not to fret at the ground, upon fresh sprays of broom or other green in the desert; amongst all stands the great brazen pot, *jidda*, tinned within by the nomad smith, or by the artificer in their market village. They boil in it their butter, (when they have any, to make samn,) and their few household messes; they seethe the guest-meal therein in the day of hospitality.

The Aarab *byût shaar* are thus tents of haircloth made housewise. The "houses of hair" accord with that sorry landscape! Tent is the Semitic house: their clay house is built in like manner; a public hall for the men and guests, and an inner woman's and household apartment. Like to this was Moses' adorned house of the nomad God in the wilderness. Also the firmament, in the Hebrew prophet, is a tabernacle of the one household of God's creation. These flitting-houses in

the wilderness, dwelt in by robbers, are also sanctuaries of "God's guests," *theûf Ullah*, the passengers and who they be that haply alight before them. Perilous rovers in the field, the herdsmen of the desert are kings at home, fathers of hospitality to all that seek to them for the night's harbour. "Be we not all, say the poor nomads, *guests of Ullah?*" Has God given unto them, God's guest shall partake with them thereof: if they will not for God render His own, it should not go well with them. The guest entered, and sitting down amongst them, they observe an honourable silence, asking no untimely questions, (such is school and nurture of the desert,) until he have eaten or drunk somewhat at the least, and by "the bread and salt" there is peace established between them, for a time (that is counted two nights and the day in the midst, whilst their food is in him). Such is the golden world and the "assurance of Ullah" in the midst of the wilderness: travelled Beduins are amazed to see the sordid inhospitality of the towns;—but where it were impossible that the nomad custom should hold.

Zeyd told us one day his old chance at Damascus (the tribe was then in the North); and how he had disputed in this sense with a government man (Dowlâny) of late, some Haj officer, *Whether were nigher unto God the life of townsfolk or of the Aarab.—Officer:* "Some of you neither pray nor fast, the Beduw are incessantly riding in forays; ye are manslayers for a little booty, and violent reavers of other men's goods. God wot, and though your mouths confess the Prophet, ye be little better than the *kuffâr* (heathen,—Jews and Christians). Ye discern not betwixt the *halàl* and the *harrâm*; but we, knowing the good and the evil, are the better Moslemîn." *Zeyd:* "All this I can grant; but hearken! a stranger alighting at a Beduin booth, we welcome him, and are busy to serve him and we prepare the guest-supper; and when he has eaten, in the same place he sleeps, in the assurance of Ullah, and with the morning light he rises up refreshed to hold on his journey. But ha! when I came to es-Sham, riding upon my thelûl, it was an evening (at the supping hour), and passing weary and hungry by the sûk, I alighted before some door where I thought to take my night-lodging. As I knocked, one cries within, *Min?* Who? who? I answered '*Thaif!* (a guest) and O thou behind the door, open quickly!' But the voice said, 'O thou which standest knocking, seek further down the sûk, where is many a house, and there is nothing here; go in peace, good man.' This is the manner with them all, and they are not ashamed, billah! Then, not having tasted food that day (the wayfaring nomad eats not till his alighting), I lay me down in the dust of

your street, slain with hunger and seeking to slumber. This is their dealing with strangers which enter your towns!—And wellah the Dowlâny allowed our life to be nigher unto God, because of the hospitality." So much they hold of this godly human virtue, as wherein a man may be just before the "Bountiful Ullah", and like to a poor player of the Divine Providence. With all this, there lacks not Arabic hospitality in the good city of Damascus; it is little less than I have afterwards seen in the upland Arabian towns. There are worthy sheykhs in the Medân, that village quarter of es-Shem, men of the antique simplicity, which keep nearly the open hospitality of the outlying villages. * * *

* * * The waste circuit of the Fukara begins about Dàr el-Hamra and reaches to Bîr el-Ghrannem: it is not less wide from the derb el-haj eastward to the mountain Birrd, at the border of Nejd. This is as much as certain of our English counties; and they are nearly eight hundred souls. Their tents are two hundred; I have been able to survey them at once, when we were summering later about the wells of el-Héjr Small is these nomads' horizon; few of them know much land beyond their own dîras or out of common ways, as the paths to Hâyil their political or Medina their religious metropolis. In distant forays they must hire a dalîl or land-pilot to ride with them; he is commonly some former exile or guest in that country of which he will now betray the hospitality. Seldom (as in any general migrations) do they come to a knowledge of strange dîras. The whole world they can hardly imagine to be other than their Arabian sun-stricken wilderness, with little water and few palm-villages, with perhaps some populous border city, as Mecca Nomad children have bid me tell them 'how many were the camels of ed-Dowla?' The Ottoman Empire they could only think to be a tribe, whereof they see the Haj descending by them every year. The eldest son of the great W. Aly sheykh, who may live to be the head of that tribe after him, a wooden-headed young man, having enquired of me in which part of the world lay the dîrat of the Engleys, would know further the name of our market village; and said earnestly, "Tell me, Khalîl, the names of the tribes your foemen:" if he heard them he thought he might happen to know them. He could understand that we were kafirs, but not that we should be other than the tribes of Arabs.

And now to speak of Zeyd's household. He had another wife, but she was fled from him—this is common, in their male tyranny of many marriages—and now dwelt in her mother's tribe, the Bishr; they were pasturing nigh before us in this wilderness. Zeyd rode over to his neighbours, and with pleasant promises, which well he knew to forge and feign, he wooed her home again. A sheykh told me she was beautiful, "she has egg-great eyes;" but that, when I saw her, was all her pallid beauty. The returned wife would not pitch with us, where jealous Hirfa was, but 'built" her booth with some kindred in another menzil. Zeyd and Hirfa were next cousins; Hirfa was a sheykh's orphan, whom it seems he had taken partly for her few inherited camels. Hirfa was an undergrown thick Beduin lass, her age might be twenty; the golden youth was faded almost to autumn in her childish face, but not unpleasing; there was a merry wooden laughter always in her mouth, which ended commonly, from the unsatisfied heart, in sighing. 'The woman sighs (says the proverb) who has an ill husband.' Hirfa sighed for motherhood: she had been these two years with an husband and was yet *bint*, as the nomads say, 'in her girlhood'; and she wept inwardly with a Semitic woman's grief. Zeyd and Hirfa were as Isaac and Rebecca; with the Beduin simplicity they sat daily sporting lovingly together before us, for we were all one family and friendly eyes, but oftentimes in the midst Hirfa pouted; then Zeyd would coldly forsake her, and their souls were anew divided. Hirfa in her weary spirit desired some fresh young husband, instead of this palled Zeyd, that she mistrusted could not give her children. Again and again they bade the Christian stranger deliver judgment of their fruitless marriage, whether it had been lawful, as betwixt brothers' children. Hirfa, a testy little body, of her high birth in sheykhs' booths was a *sheykha* among the hareem, and so even by the men regarded; all the principal sheukh were her nigh kinsmen. In the Arabian small tribes and villages there is a perpetual mingling of kindred blood: to-day after so many generations who may think this Semitic race has been impaired thereby?—but truly we see not few brain-sick and cripples amongst them.

Self-minded, a bold-faced wench, mistress Hirfa cast as she should not a pair of eyes upon their herdsman, a likely young man, whom in her husband's absence she wooed openly and in Zeyd's despite; but he was prudent, and faithful to his sheykh's service. Here, and though bordering the jealous Hejâz and the austere Wahâby Nejd, the Fukara women go open-faced, and (where all are kindred) I could never perceive amongst them

any jealousy of the husbands. In this tribe of date-eaters, there was not almost a well-grown man, besides the sheykh Motlog and his sons, nor any comely woman. Zeyd would tame his little wilful wife; and upon a time he corrected her with the rod in the night.

The comedy of Hirfa and Zeyd was become matter of daily raillery in the mejlis of the coffee-drinking sheukh their cousins; where, arriving alone, I might hear them say, "Eigh! here comes Khalîl: *márhabba*, welcome, O Khalîl; make place for Khalîl; pass up, Khalîl, and sit thou here beside me."—"Well met, Khalîl! but where is thine uncle Zeyd to-day?"—"Zeyd is *zahlán*, or melancholy; he lies in this mood wilfully slumbering out the day at home:"—in the lands of the sun, men willingly sleep out their sorrow. "But tell us, knowst thou was Hirfa beat? what news to-day? Khalîl, do you love your uncle?" One said who did not love him (*Khálaf Allàyda*, an exile, of the sheukh of W. Aly), "Zeyd is not a man, who beats his wife; it is a *marra*, woman, that will strike a *marra;* do your people so, Khalîl?" I answered, "Nay, surely; unless it be some ungracious wretch." And he, "It is thus amongst us Beduw, *ayb*, a shame, wellah." The wales of Zeyd's driving-stick were ever in her stubborn little spirit; and at the next alighting from a ráhla, when she had hastily built the booth and Zeyd was walked to the mejlis, leaving all, Hirfa ran back embittered into the wilderness. A devout Beduin of our menzil, he of the meteors, held awhile her two little hands, beseeching her to return to her patience; but, a sheykh's daughter, she would not be held and peevishly she broke from him.

Of a disaffected Beduin wife, such is the public remedy; to show herself to be alienated from her husband, and ready to forsake his wedlock and household, thus putting upon him a common scorn, because he will not dismiss her. There followed after Hirfa, as soon as he heard the tidings, her next kinsman of the mother's side, one that resembled Hirfa as if he had been her brother: she was running like an ostrich alone in the wild desert. An hour passed till he led her home to us, and left her again sorrowful at her own and Zeyd's tent. "Ha, Khalîl," said he, what wilt thou give me now that I have fetched in thine aunt again, who pours thee out léban and water? and (showing me his cutlass), Wellah, I have brought her *bes-seyf* by constraint of the sword." Zeyd, displeased, now ranged some nights to his Bishr wife's booth; and jealous Hirfa, not suffering this new despite, another day, even in the presence of strangers, Zeyd's guests, fled forth in the gall of her heart from the newly pitched tent when the people alighted at a menzil; Zeyd sat

on, as a man aggrieved, only looking after her, but not hindering (in their eyes it had been unseemly, that man's life is free). The fugitive Beduin wife has good leave to run whithersoever she would; she is free as the desert, there is none can detain her. Hirfa hied then to her mother's kindred, and sat down, all sighs, in her aunt's booth; and in what beyt soever a running wife have taken refuge, not her own wedded husband may honestly appear to reclaim his part in her.

The strangers departed, and Zeyd sat by his now desolate booth in long heaviness of mind; but to show any lively resentment, only by occasion of a woman, had been ill nurture and unmanly. He stretched himself upon the sand to sleep out his grief, and slumbered with his head in the scalding sun The nomads make religion, to observe this mildness and forbearance in the household life! "God's peace" is in that parcel of the great and terrible wilderness, which is shadowed by every poor herdsman's booth. Bye and bye I shook him and said, "It is not good so to sleep and swoon in the sun." We went then together to seek coffee at the mejlis, where, some malicious ones smiling at his sadness and new troubled looks, Zeyd complained in his great, now untoned voice, 'that he had no longer an household,—unless it were that Khalîl (their guest) would fetch Hirfa home.' Every tiding is presently wide blown in all the open tents of a nomad menzil, and there is no idle tale that will not ride upon the tongues, light as leaves, of witless Beduins, to drive the empty hours.

The common voice blamed Hirfa's second flight: "How, they said, abandon Zeyd's tent in the presence of guests, and they were strangers!"—"Ha!" there answered an aged mother of our menzil to the old hind her husband, "dost hear, Sâlih? The hareem be good for little now-a-days,—ay, billah! I say they are all corrupted-like; but it be only myself!" Those strangers were certain Howeytât (*Terabîn*) Beduw and merchantmen, from the Syrian seabord desert, under Gaza, and who every spring-time return hither, as camel brokers, among the Aarab. They passing by us in the end of the ráhla, Zeyd had called them from his menzil to alight with him and rest themselves. They sat down on the sand, whilst the tents were building, and he brought them forth the mid-day commons of their wretched country, a bowl of musty dates and another of the foul desert water. They, seeing this hap of the host's renegade wife, as men that could their courtesy, dispatched themselves and rising from the slender breakfast, gave thanks; yet a little with that unhandsome citizens' humility which is not in the easy carriage of the nomads. Bebuins bless the host

and yield their thanks unto God; but these were border countrymen, and had almost the daunted looks of townspeople, in the deep wilderness. They purchase only of the best beasts: although they bid high prices the Aarab are never very willing to sell them. The camel they think is a profitable possession, a camel will bring forth the camel, but money is barren good that passes quite away in the using. Commonly they will sell of their beasts only when they have some present need of reals, and then sooner of the males; but they are the better for carriage.

For robust he-camels of good stature was paid, by the brokers, as much as fifty reals; the half told in the hand, the rest is counted out in calico, which the nomad may readily sell away again, for shirt-cloths, in the desert. This the traders brought from Syria; and, selling here at the price of Teyma, they gain for their risks and charges not above the fourth part. The purchased camels they will sell again in Egypt and Syria. Such brokers travel, most years, through all parts of the upland Arabia, to buy for the border-countries, and thereby the price of camels had been doubled within few years; it is now almost one throughout the northern country: and any need rising in the border lands, as for a war declared with Abyssinia, Arabia might be searched in few weeks by these emissaries, and, an advance offered, there could be brought forth many thousands of camels. But this is very costly carriage in an expedition, since six camels' backs must be set under every ton burden.

The Howeytât asked me what I did there in that Beduin world? I told them I had visited their country, and lodged in their circle-villages of tents, and seen how they plough the wild sand with camels. "To-morrow's dawn (said they, friendly) we ride homeward. Were it not better for thee to return with us?" * * *

* * * I enquired of those dealers, how they hoped to pass safely with their merchandise to Howeytât country, which begins about two hundred and fifty miles from hence at J. Sherra? They told me, "We have taken a *rafîk* from every tribe upon the way thither." The Arabian rafîk, often an enemy, is a paid brother-of-the-road, that for a modest fee takes upon him to quit the convoy from all hostile question and encounter of his own tribesmen. Thus Arabian wayfarers may ride with little dread through hostile marches, and be received even to their enemies' hospitality.

When I understood in our menzil that this is the guest's honourable office, I went the next afternoon to call Hirfa home to Zeyd's household; where else she had been abashed to return of herself and they to seek her. I found Hirfa a little shamefaced, sitting in the midst of her gossips; old wife-folk that had been friends of her dead mother; they were come together to the aunt's booth to comfort her, and there were the young men her cousins. Sad-faced sat the childless young wife, she was playing fondly with a neighbour's babe. 'Khalîl, she said, must fill her great tobacco pipe, galliûn, or she would not hear my words.' The old wives cried out, "Thou art, Khalîl, to fill all our galliûns (they are great tobacco 'bibbers'), and else we will not let Hirfa go." The young men said they would keep Hirfa, and marry her themselves, and not give her again "to that wicked Zeyd."

The tobacco distributed, I took Hirfa by the little Beduish hand (never labouring, they have all these little hands), and bidding her rise, the little peevish housewife answered me, 'But she would not be held, Khalîl must let go her hand.' I said then, "I will bring thee home, hostess, return with me; and else I must alight to pitch my tent by thee, from the next ráhla." *Hirfa:* "That do, Khalîl, and welcome: I and thou will go,—ah! where we shall eat a camel together (she would say a bountiful household), only fill thou again my galliûn." *The Aunt:* "And mine, Khalîl; or Hirfa is ours, ay, and we will not let her go." Having filled the galliûns of them all, I asked if our mistress Hirfa were not now coming. A young cousin said "I am her father, and Hirfa is mine, Khalîl; no! we will not give her more to Zeyd." Said her aunt: "Well, go over, Khalîl; Hirfa follows, and all we (the bevy of old women) accompany her" (to bring her home honourably). Soon after, arriving before my tent-door, they called me out to pay them another dole of tobacco:—And Hirfa sat again in her own beyt.

The woman's lot is here unequal concubinage, and in this necessitous life a weary servitude. The possession in her of parents and tutors has been yielded at some price, (in contempt and constraint of her weaker sex,) to an husband, by whom she may be dismissed in what day he shall have no more pleasure in her. It may be, (though seldom among nomads their will is forced,) that those few flowering years of her youth, with her virginity have been yielded to some man of unlikely age. And his heart is not hers alone; but, if not divided already, she must look to divide her marriage in a time to come with other. And certainly as she withers, which is not long to come, or

having no fair adventure to bear male children, she will as thing unprofitable be cast off; meanwhile all the house-labour is hers, and with his love will be lost. What oneness of hearts can be betwixt these lemans, whose lots are not faithfully joined? Sweet natural love may bud for a moment, but not abide in so uneven ways. Love is a dovelike confidence, and thereto consents not the woman's heart that is wronged.

Few then are the nomad wives whose years can be long happy in marriage! they are few indeed or nearly none that continue in their first husband's household. Such are commonly mothers of many children, or wedded in needy families, so that the house-fathers are not able to maintain another housewife. But substantial and sheykhly persons will have done betimes with these old wives, and pass to new bride-beds, or they were not Moslemîn; and being rich men they spend cheerfully for new wives as they will spend for the seasonable change of clothing. The cast housewife may be taken up by another worthy man, in favour of some old liking, or pass to the new marriage and household service of some poorer person. The woman's joy and her comfort is to be mother of sons, that at least she may remain a matron in her boy's tent, when even his hard father shall have repudiated her. It was thus with *Ghrobny*, Zeyd's young son Selîm's mother. Zeyd, pitying her tears, had found her another husband of poor Khamâla folk, by whom she had now a new babe: but the man dealt unkindly with her; wherefore returning to her young son, she was pitched again as an uncheerful widow to live by Zeyd. A day dawned, and Ghrobny's booth was away! the Arabs stood half laughing and wondering, for it was a poor-spirited creature, that had been a fair woman in her youth, till we understood of Selîm she had loaded upon her camel in the night-time and was stolen away to the Khamâly in a distant menzil. The wretch, the day before, coming hither, had kissed her and vowed like a smooth lover to receive her again. But after two days the poor fond woman, and now little pleasing, returned to us with red eyes, to embrace her child, who had remained in the meanwhile confused with his father; and from the next ráhla, the drivelling and desolate wife alighted as before to encamp by Zeyd.

These Aarab say, "the hareem are twice the men, in number." If that be so, natural reason should teach that a man may have more wives than one; and I can think that the womankind exceed them. From spring months to spring months, nine months in the year, the most nomad women are languishing with hunger: they bear few children; of two at a birth I have heard no mention among them. They are good

mothers, and will suckle the babe very long at their meagre breasts, if they be not again with child. In Zeyd's encampment was a little damsel of four years, not yet weaned; and the mother said, "We have no goats, there is naught in this waste, and what else might I do for my little bint? They wash their babes in camel-urine, and think thus to help them from insects: it is acrid, especially when the cattle have browsed of certain alkaline bushes, as the rimth. And in this water they all comb out their long hair, both men and women, yet sometimes thereby bleaching their locks, so that I have seen young men's braided "horns" grizzled. There is a strange custom, (not only of nomad women, but in the Arabic countries even among Christians, which may seem to remain of the old idolatry among them,) of mothers, their gossips, and even young maidens, visiting married women to kiss with a kind of devotion the *hammam* of the male children.

In all Arabia both men and women, townsfolk, and Beduins, where they may come by it, paint the whites of their eyes blue, with *kahl* or antimony; thus Mohammed Ibn Rashîd has his bird-like eyes painted. Not only would they be more love-looking, in the sight of their women, who have painted them, and that braid their long manly side-locks; but they hold that this sharpens too and will preserve their vision. With long hair shed in the midst, and hanging down at either side in braided horns, and false eyes painted blue, the Arabian man's long head under the coloured kerchief, is in our eyes more than half feminine; and in much they resemble women.

Townswomen of well-faring families, in all the old government of the Wahâby are taught the prayers; and there are some that have learned to read. In the nomad tribes women are seldom seen to pray, except in *ramathán*, the month of bodily abstinence and devotion: they are few which know the prayers; I suppose even the half of the men have not learned them. The Beduwy, in Arabia, passes for as good as a clerk that can say his formal devotion: the nomads which have much praying amongst them, are the more ill-natured. Women pray not as the men, falling upon their faces; but they recite the form of words with folded arms and kneeling. "*El-entha*, the female (mild to labour and bringing forth the pastoral riches) is, of all animals, the better, say the Arabians, save only in mankind." Yet this is not an opinion of all Arabs, for the *hurr*, or dromedary stallion, is preferred for his masculine strength by the Moors or Western Arabs. Upon the human entha the Semites cast all their blame. Hers is, they think, a maleficent nature, and the Aarab complain that "she has seven lives."

The Arabs are contrary to womankind, upon whom they would have God's curse; "some (say the Beduw) are poisoners of husbands, and there are many adulteresses." They, being full of impotent iniquity themselves, too lightly reproach the honest housewives, although not without some cause: but what might not those find to tell all day again of the malignant inconstancy of husbands? The *horma* they would have under subjection: admitted (they say) to an equality, the ineptitude of her evil nature will break forth. They check her all day at home, and let her never be enfranchised from servitude. If the sapient king in Jerusalem found never a good woman; many a better man has found one better than himself. The veil and the jealous lattice are rather of the obscene Mohammedan austerity in the towns: among the mild tent-dwellers in the open wilderness the housewives have a liberty, as where all are kindred; yet their hareem are now seen in the most Arabian tribes half veiled. When some asked me, at Zeyd's coffee-fire, if our hareem went veiled, I answered, "No! they are open-faced, there is no need of face-clouts among honest folk; also I think among you Aarab, they which have their women's faces veiled, are the more dissolute tribes." The Beduins are always glad to hear other tribesmen blamed. It was answered, "Ay, billah, they are corrupted." I asked Zeyd, "Art thou of this opinion?" "Khalîl—he said in his heart, 'Thou thinkest as the kuffâr'—the face of a wife should be seen of no man besides her own husband."

The woman's sex is despised by the old nomad and divine law in Moses; for a female birth the days of her purification are doubled, also the estimation of her babe shall be at the half. Did she utter any vow, it is void if her husband say no. But the Semitic mother of a son is in honour. We read: "Let a man obey his mother and his father," the Semitic scribe writing his mother first. And commonly it is seen amongst rude Arabs, the grown son has a tender regard toward his mother, that she is his dam, before the teeming love even of his fresh young wife. So the mother's love in the tribes is womanly, tender; and naming her sons she will add some loving superstitious saw, as *el-agal Ullah*, "The Lord preserve them!" The nomad hareem are delivered as other mothers, with pangs, after a labour of certain hours. It is a fond opinion that the daughters of the desert are as the wild creatures, that suffer not in child-bearing. But her household and nation is migratory; there is no indolent hope before her of comfort and repose. The herb is consumed daily about them, the thirsty cattle are ever advancing to pasture and water, the people is incessantly re-

moving: in the camping-ground of to-day, they cannot perhaps lie upon the morrow. Their bed is a mantle or tent-cloth spread upon the earth; they live indeed in the necessitous simplicity almost of the wild creatures. The nomad woman has therefore, of custom, of necessity! another courage. Are the Aarab in a journey when her time is come? her family halt, and alighting, they build the booth over her. Are the tribesmen encamped? with certain elder women friends she steals forth to be delivered, apart in the wilderness. The nomads about journeying, when it were peril to be left behind, she is gently lifted and seated as any other sick and infirm person in a nest made of her carpet or her tent-cloth wound down upon the camel pack-saddle, to follow riding with them in the ráhla: and that they pass their lives thus nomads feel little fatigue, but rather take rest in riding. * * *

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN THE WANDERING VILLAGE

THE camels now jezzîn, we wandered without care of great watering places; the people drinking of any small waters of the *suffa,* or ground rock. There are in all this desert mountain soil pit-like places of rock choked with old blown sand. In these sand-pools a water, of the winter rains, is long time preserved, but commonly thick and ill-smelling in the wet sand, and putrefying with rotten fibres of plants and urea of the nomads' cattle, which have been watered here from the beginning. Of such the Aarab (they prefer the thick desert water to pure water) now boiled their daily coffee, which is not then ill-tasting. The worst is that blackish water drawn from pits long forsaken, until they have been voided once; and sooner than drink their water I suffered thirst, and very oft passed the nights half sleepless. Strange are the often forms in this desert of wasted sand-rock, spires, needles, pinnacles, and battled mountains, which are good landmarks. I asked Zeyd, 'Did he know them all?' *Answer:* "From my childhood, I know as good as every great stone upon all our marches," that may be over three or four thousand square miles. Mountain (*jebel* in the settled countries) is commonly *thulla*—"rib," (and dim. *thulleya,*) with the nomads;—we say *coast* almost in like wise. Any tall peak, berg or monticule, serving for a landmark, they call *towîl;* a headland is *khusshm,* "naze, snout;" (khusshm is said in Arabia for man's nose.) Some hilly mountain-coasts are named *huthb; bottîn* in the mouths of the Moahîb Beduins is said of any blunt hilly height. The desert waste is called *khála,* "the land that is empty;" the soil, *béled.* —And such is desert Arabia.

—But to speak now of the nomad inhabitants and how they lead their lives. El-Beduw *ma yetaabun,* "toil not" (say they,) that is not bodily; but their spirits are made weary with incessant apprehension of their enemies, and their flesh with

continual thirst and hunger The necessitous lives of the Aarab may hardly reach to a virtuous mediocrity; they are constrained to be robbers. "The life in the desert is better than any, *if there were not the Beduw,*" is said proverbially by oases' Arabians; the poor Beduins they think to be full of iniquity, *melaun el-weyladeyn,* "of cursed kind, upon both sides, of their father and mother." Pleasant is the sojourn in the wandering village, in this purest earth and air, with the human fellowship, which is all day met at leisure about the cheerful coffee fire, and amidst a thousand new prospects. Here, where we now alighted, is, this day's rest, to-morrow our home will be yonder. The desert day returning from the east, warns the Beduin awake, who rises to his prayers; or it may be, unwitting of the form, he will but murmur toward heaven the supplication of his fearful human nature, and say, "Ah Lord my God!" and, "Oh that this day may be fortunate; give Thou that we see not the evil!" Of daily food they have not half enough, and if any head of the cattle be taken!—how may his household yet live? Bye and bye the herdsman is ready, and his beasts are driven far from his sight.

No sweet chittering of birds greets the coming of the desert light, besides man there is no voice in this waste drought. The Beduins, that lay down in their cloaks upon the sandy mother-earth in the open tents, hardly before the middle night, are already up and bestirring themselves. In every coffee-sheykh's tent, there is new fire blown in the hearth, and he sets on his coffee-pots; then snatching a coal in his fingers, he will lay it in his tobacco-pipe. The few coffee-beans received from his housewife are roasted and brayed; as all is boiling, he sets out the little cups, *fenjeyl* (for *fenjeyn*) which we saw have been made, for the uningenious Arabs, in the West. When, with a pleasant gravity, he has unbuckled his *gutîa* or cup-box, we see the nomad has not above three or four fenjeyns, wrapt in a rusty clout, with which he scours them busily, as if this should make his cups clean The roasted beans are pounded amongst Arabs with a magnanimous rattle—and (as all their labour) rhythmical—in brass of the town, or an old wooden mortar, gaily studded with nails, the work of some nomad smith. The water bubbling in the small dellâl, he casts in his fine coffee powder, *el-bunn,* and withdraws the pot to simmer a moment. From a knot in his kerchief he takes then an head of cloves, a piece of cinnamon or other spice, *bahar,* and braying these, he casts their dust in after. Soon he pours out some hot drops to essay his coffee; if the taste be to his liking, making dexterously a nest of all the cups in his hand

with pleasant clattering, he is ready to pour out for the company, and begins upon his right hand; and first, if such be present, to any considerable sheykh and principal persons. The *fenjeyn kahwa* is but four sips: to fill it up to a guest, as in the northern towns, were among Beduins an injury, and of such bitter meaning, "This drink thou and depart." Then is often seen a contention in courtesy amongst them, especially in any greater assemblies, who shall drink first. Some man that receives the fenjeyn in his turn, will not drink yet,—he proffers it to one sitting in order under him, as to the more honourable: but the other putting off with his hand will answer *ebbeden*, "nay, it shall never be, by Ullah! but do thou drink!" Thus licensed, the humble man is despatched in three sips, and hands up his empty fenjeyn. But if he have much insisted, by this he opens his willingness to be reconciled with one not his friend. That neighbour, seeing the company of coffee-drinkers watching him, may with an honest grace receive the cup, and let it seem not willingly: but an hard man will sometimes rebut the other's gentle proffer.

Some may have taken lower seats than becoming their sheykhly blood, of which the nomads are jealous; entering untimely, they sat down out of order, sooner than trouble all the company. A sheykh, coming late and any business going forward, will often sit far out in the assembly; and show himself a popular person in this kind of honourable humility. The more inward in the booths is the higher place; where also is, with the sheykhs, the seat of a stranger. To sit in the loose circuit without and before the tent, is for the common sort. A tribesman arriving presents himself at that part, or a little lower, where in the eyes of all men his pretension will be well allowed; and in such observances of good nature, is a nomad man's honour among his tribesmen. And this is nigh all that serves the nomad for a conscience, namely, that which men will hold of him. A poor person approaching from behind, stands obscurely, wrapped in his tattered mantle, with grave ceremonial, until those sitting indolently before him in the sand shall vouchsafe to take notice of him: then they rise unwillingly, and giving back enlarge the coffee-circle to receive him. But if there arrive a sheykh, a coffee-host, a richard amongst them of a few cattle, all the coxcomb companions within will hail him with their pleasant adulation, *taad hennéyi*, "Step thou up hither."

The astute Fukara sheukh surpass all men in their coffee-drinking courtesy, and Zeyd himself was more than any large of this gentleman-like imposture: he was full of swaggering

complacence and compliments to an humbler person. With what suavity could he encourage, and gently too compel a man, and rising himself yield him parcel of another man's room! In such fashions Zeyd showed himself a bountiful great man, who indeed was the greatest niggard. The cups are drunk twice about, each one sipping after other's lips without misliking; to the great coffee sheykhs the cup may be filled more times, but this is an adulation of the coffee-server. There are some of the Fukara sheukh so delicate Sybarites, that of those three bitter sips, to draw out all their joyance, twisting, turning and tossing again the cup, they could make ten. The coffee-service ended, the grounds are poured out from the small into the great store-pot that is reserved full of warm water: with the bitter lye, the nomads will make their next bever, and think they spare coffee.

— This of the greater coffee gatherings: but to speak rather of the small daily company in a private sheykh's menzil, drawn together to the clatter of the good man's *surbût* or coffee-pestle. Grave, with levity, is the indolent nomad man's countenance. As many Beduin heads, so many galliûns or tobacco-pipes, with commonly nothing to put in them. Is any man seen to have a little of the coveted leaf, knotted in his kerchief, he durst not deny to divide it with them,—which if he withheld, yet pretending mirth, the rest would have it from him, perforce. If there be none found among them, they sit raking the old filth out of their galliûns and, with sorry cheer, put the coal upon that, which they have mixed with a little powdered dry camel-dung or some sere herbage: thus they taste at least a savour (such sweetness to them) of tobacco, whereof, when they are any while deprived, I have seen them chop their pipe-stems small for the little tobacco moisture which remained in them; and laying a coal upon this drenched wood they "drink" in the fume with a last solace.

The best pipe-heads are those wrought in stone by the hands of the Beduins; the better stone is found two days below Héjr, and by Teyma. Besides they use the *sebîl*, or earthenware bent tube of the Syrian haj market. Their galliûn stem is made of the branch of some wild fig-tree, grown by desert waters, or of plum-tree from the oasis; they bore it with a red-hot iron over the evening watch-fires. Comfortatives of the brain and vital spirits, and stay of importunate hunger, we find the Arabian nomads abandoned to the usage of coffee and tobacco; in both they all observe the same customs and ceremony, which we might imagine therefore, without book, to be come down in their generations from some high antiquity. So much are they

idly given to these tent pleasures, that many Beduins think they may hardly remember themselves of a morning, till they have sipped coffee, and "drunk" upon it a galliûn of tobacco. The coveted solace of the grape, in the veins of their old idol-worshipping fathers, is no more remembered by the Beduin tradition; even their former artillery, the bows and arrows, hardly two centuries laid down, I have found almost out of mind amongst them. We see the Arabian race lasting without change, only less than their eternal deserts; but certain inventions (guns, tobacco, coffee) sprung up in the world, and falling, like their religion, to the national humour, have as hastily prevailed among them. Even the outlying great waste Peninsula is carried by the world's great changes! History shows a marvellous levity of their hundred tribes; part fearing for themselves, and partly in the hope of booty, converting (so they will ever to the stronger), in one generation, from their ancient idols to the new and soon grown faction of Mohammed in religion. * * *

* * * For the Beduins sitting in the coffee-tent of their menzil, when the sun mounts it, is time to go over to the mejlis, "sitting," the congregation or parliament of the tribesmen. There also is the public coffee drinking, held at Motlog's or some other one of the chief sheykhs' worsted "houses"; where the great sheykh and the coffee companions may that morrow be assembled: for where their king bee is found, there will the tribesmen assemble together. The mejlis-seekers wending through the wide encampment, enquire of any they meet, "The mejlis, where? eigh weled! hast thou seen the sheukh sitting?" In this parliament they commune together of the common affairs; they reason of their policy in regard of Ibn Rashîd, the Dowla, the tribes about them. Here is reported what any may have heard of the movement of foemen, or have signs been seen of a ghrazzu: tidings from time to time are brought in of their own or foreign waters; householders tell of the pasture found yesterday by their dispersed herdsmen. Let him speak here who will, the voice of the least is heard among them; he is a tribesman. The mejlis forecast the next journeys of the tribe, whereof a kind of running advice remains in all their minds, which they call *es-shor;* this is often made known to their allies, and is very necessary to any of themselves that are about to take a journey.

This is the council of the elders and the public tribunal: hither the tribesmen bring their causes at all times, and it is

pleaded by the maintainers of both sides with busy clamour; and every one may say his word that will. The sheykh meanwhile takes counsel with the sheukh, elder men and more considerable persons; and judgment is given commonly without partiality and always without bribes. This sentence is final. The loser is mulcted in heads of small cattle or camels, which he must pay anon, or go into exile, before the great sheykh send executors to distrain any beasts of his, to the estimation of the debt. The poor Beduins are very unwilling payers, and often think themselves unable at present: thus, in every tribe, some households may be seen of other tribes' exiles.

Their justice is such, that in the opinion of the next governed countries, the Arabs of the wilderness are the justest of mortals. Seldom the judge and elders err, in these small societies of kindred, where the life of every tribesman lies open from his infancy and his state is to all men well known. Even their suits are expedite, as all the other works of the Arabs. Seldom is a matter not heard and resolved in one sitting. Where the accusation is grave and some are found absent that should be witnesses, their cause is held over to another hearing. The nomad justice is mild where the Hebrew law, in this smelling of the settled countries, is crude. In the desert there is no human forfeit, there is nothing even in homicide, if the next to the blood withhold not their assent, which may not be composed, the guilty paying the amends (rated in heads of cattle). The Hebrew law excised the sores in the commonwealth, and the certainty of retaliation must weigh and prick in the mind of evil-doers. The Beduwy has no more to fear before him than a fine afar off; he may escape all if his evil heart sufficeth him, only going from his own kin into perpetual exile. * * *

* * * As for the head of the tribe, Motlog, he was a personable strong man and well proportioned, of the middle stature, of middle age, and with a comely Jewish visage; and thereto the Arabian honour of a thick black beard, and he looked forth with a manly assurance under that specious brow of his sheykhly moderation. A fair-spoken man, as they be all in fair weather, full of the inborn Beduin arts when his interest was touched. Simple in his manners, he alone went with no gay camel-stick in his hand and never carried a sword; by which politic urbanity, he covered a superfluous insolence of the nobleman, which became him well. When the mejlis assembled numerous at his booth, he, the great sheykh and

host, would sit out with a proud humility among the common people, holding still his looks at the ground; but they were full of unquiet side-glances, as his mind was erect and watching. His authority slumbered, till, there being some just occasion, he ruled with a word the unruly Beduw. A rude son of the desert sat down by me in the mejlis at my first coming, the shepherd of Zeyd's menzil. I asked him in his ear, "Which of them is Motlog?" *Answer:* "Yonder is Motlog!" and he added boisterously, to the stranger, "The man there is our Pasha; for right as the haj pasha, this Motlog governs the Aarab. When he says 'The ráhla!' we all mount and set forth; and where he alights there we pitch our booths.—Oho, thou Motlog! speak I not well to this Nasrâny?—and, Khalîl, if he would, he might cut off the heads, wellah-billah, of us all." Motlog lifted his eyes upon us for a moment with half a smile, and then reverted to himself. The sheykh of a nomad tribe is no tyrant; a great sheykh striking a tribesman he should bruise his own honour: man-striking is a very bestiality, in their sight, at home.

The sheukh (*pl.* of sheykh, an elder) are nobles of the blood, of a common ancestor, the reputed Jid or father of the tribe; the great sheykh's dignity he has of inheritance. Motlog *el-Hameydy* succeeded his father Hameydy, who fell in a foray, and was sheykh of the Fejîr, as all his fathers before him, ascending to the patriarch; and this dignity, which in their sight is a disposition of Providence, there is no man certainly who will gainsay. No commoner, nor any of strange blood, even though he surpassed all men in wealth and sufficiency, can come to be the head of a nomad ashîra, or even to be named of the sheykhly kindred, which, as has been said, are a noble lineage in the tribe. Sheukh match sooner with sheykhs' daughters; and between all the Fejîr was now a certain, so to say, feminine resemblance of voice and manners: the sheykh of the tribe is as well, agîd, of his own right, conductor of the general ghrazzus; his is the fourth part of the booty. If he ride not himself, he will send a son or another of the sheukh, his deputy, it might be Zeyd, who leads for him. I asked Zeyd, "But if the inheriting sheykh doted, or he were a man notoriously insufficient?" Zeyd had not heard of such a chance. "He would be set aside," he answered, "and the next after him would become our sheykh."

The sun setting, the loitering coffee-companions turn again homeward to pray and to their suppers. At first, when the Aarab saw me wander in the cool of the evening, I heard them say "Khalîl goes forth to pray after his religion;" but bye and

bye, since I would not by any feints deceive my hosts, they began to account me a prayerless one of the heathen, living in the world without conscience of Ullah. An hour or two passed, the sheukh companions will *sayer*, "sally" or stray away, again to coffeeward and the evening mejlis, where they will linger on till midnight. For dread they have of treading in the darkness upon serpents, a sheykh may be seen then to draw on some quaint pair of old boots, such as he may have long since purchased at Medina. Arabian Beduins are not wearers of the high red clanking boots, which are a proud token of sheykhly estate in Syria.

The Fukara are of the fanatical tribes; but they are nearly all thus in Arabia. Motlog, the sheykhs and tribesmen, had been displeased with Zeyd that (for his cupidity, so well known to them,) he had brought in a kafir, and none such as those home-bred Nasrânies, which they had seen themselves in Syria, but of a formidable foreign nation and government, (the sheykh heard this from the Jurdy and Haj officers,) to wander amongst them. And yet, even the great sheykh's authority could hardly go between any hospitality of the poorest tribesman among them. But now as they knew me better, they welcomed the Nasrâny with friendly words at all their coffee fires, and I sat every day with Zeyd in the mejlis. Only Zeyd would have me often remember it was only himself, who sheltered me from the murderous wildness of the Beduins. He would not have me venture, even with himself when he went abroad, after the day's light, but sit at home by our tent-fire with Hirfa and the men of our menzil: 'what if some wretch, he said, stabbed me in the darkness, and the doer of it might never be known.' Those of our encampment, with whom I had eaten bread and salt, confirmed Zeyd's words, with many billahs, bidding me not trust to any creature, beside themselves. The Arabs are full of great words; and I did not disquiet myself for their fanatical wild talk. "Wellah!" said Zeyd, "it was never seen before that any Nasrâny should sit in the Beduins' mejlis, or be seen riding aloft upon a camel and to follow the râhla."

My practice in medicine was yet to begin; now, in most unhappy hour, my vaccination failed me! The lymph was purchased of a fawning Christian vaccinator of Damascus: I had more sent to me by the Jurdy; but, exposed in open quills, the virtue was lost even before they could be delivered to me at Medáin Sâlih. I had used the lately learned art with good success in Syrian villages. For the benefit of vaccination, the Beduw would have almost pardoned my misbelief; and I might have lived thereby competently in a country where it is peril of death to be

accounted the bearer of a little silver. No more than a sick camel now remained to me, and little gold in my purse, and I began to think of quitting this tedious soil, where henceforth without a pretext, I must needs appear as a spy intruded among them; and—since it were impossible for me to conform to their barbaric religion—where my neck would be for every lawless and fanatic wretch's knife; and in what part soever I should pass, with great extremities, every soul would curse me.

I was not the first Christian vaccinator in land of the southern Aarab. They had all to tell me of one *Abu Fâris,* who came to them with this craft many years before me: a man of an uplandish Syrian village, part inhabited by Nasâra. He was well remembered among the Aarab: for his sake I can think them, where I came, to have been often less fanatically minded towards me.—And who comes after me may, I confide in God! find the (before reproachful) Christian name respectable over large provinces of the fanatical Peninsula. Abu Fâris led a year of his life with the nomads;—only touching at the towns, for doubt of their less tolerant humanity. Teyma he visited and Hâyil; he was even in Kasîm, and had vaccinated at Aneyza There was after him a second Abu Fâris: he came to the tribes ten years later, also a Nasrâny; his own name was *Sleymàn,* but, professing the art of Abu Fâris, he was called by the nomads Abu Fâris. * * *

* * * The later Abu Fâris was less a man of his meat among the Beduw: when word was brought to the mejlis of the massacre of the Nasâra in Syria, they saw him, between grief and fear, sobbing and sighing before them. When the kind Beduw said, "*Meskîn!* poor man, why will he lament thus? Abu Fâris, take thy heart again, dost thou not believe, also in thy religion, that althing is from Ullah?" he answered them, "Alas I am thinking of my parentage, ah Lord God! and lie they now dead? woe is me, all cruelly murdered!" and half womanized he added, "*Ya rubba,* Aha! this friendly company, will ye now slay me also? *La, la, dakhîlakom,* nay, nay, do it not! I cast myself upon you, I do entreat you;" then abjectly, so that the citizens of the wilderness laughed out, "*Udkhul hareemakom,* I do enter even to your women, that they protect me!" "Wellah, answered the Aarab, the man is *mejnûn,* beside himself. Now look up man! Abu Fâris! How, thou Sleymàn!" And said many magnanimous desert voices, "Hast thou not eaten with us the bread and salt? *bess!* it is enough, *khàlas!* all doubts are ended between

us; as for this doing in es-Sham, we judge not whether it were good or evil; but *henna* (we are) *el-Beduw*, we make no account of the Shwâm (Damascenes). Let no fear be in thee here amongst us, thy friends; *henna el-Beduw, wa eth-thaif azîz*, and the guest is as one dearly beloved."

It was Khálaf Allàyda who had fetched and fathered this Sleymàn the vaccinator, *mujeddir*. They came riding down together upon his thelûl with the Haj from Syria, and the Beduin's share was to be a third in this profitable adventure. I heard the tale from Khálaf's mouth; he had since a mind to have fetched another mujeddir; but the poor man's heart failed him when he saw the Beduwy's gaunt thelûl at his door and only the wilderness before him.—The Aarab had been faithful to Abu Fâris, nor envied they the man's good fortune; every one of them paying gladly the ransom for his life from the horrible sickness, the fourth part of the mejîdy, or a shilling. His year ended, they sent him home in peace, with not a little substance, which he had gathered amongst them: his cattle were driven up before him, by the Beduin herdsmen, to Syria.

The Arabs, until now using inoculation, being once vaccinated, are in no fear of the disease for the rest of their lives. If I said "It is not so sure," they answered, "But it has been approved among hundreds, and whosoever was vaccinated with the *taam* (lymph) of Abu Fâris, when the *jidery* (small-pox) was in again, wellah *ma sâb-hu*, it never attained him." The Aarab are cured in their maladies by the hareem, who have all some little store of drugs, spices and perfumes fetched from Medina, and their grandam's skill of simples, which are not many to find in their desert dîras. The nomads had little expectation of better remedies in the hands of Khalîl, which were dearer "government medicines" and strange among them. They bade me show my drugs to the hareem who, they supposed, should certainly know them. The practice of the poor affectionate women, is not all (in some malignant husbands' surmising) to their health; men too often ascribe their slow and obscure maladies to 'witchcraft of the hareem.' "See, Khalîl, some patient has said, how dead is my body and wasted: I am in doubt of a jealous wife, and that she has given me some cold drink." Poisoning is familiar to the criminal imagination of all the Arabs. They call medicaments *dawwa*, as in the settled countries; and the Beduins give the name to those few herbs and condiments which they put to their food to give a pleasant savour and colour.

Hirfa, as a principal sheykh's daughter, was reputed to be seen in leechcraft. Hirfa one day calling her gossips together,

they sat down before me to see my medicine-box opened. The silly bewildered hareem took my foreign drugs in their hands, one by one; and, smelling to them, they wavered their heads with a wifely gravity. And all these they allowed to be to them unknown, but sure they were they had smelled out *haltîta*, or gum asafœtida, a drug which the Arabs have in sovereign estimation. But what was their wonder to see me make an effervescing drink! Hirfa oftentimes entreated me to show her gossips this marvellous feat of "boiling water without fire". It is strange how, for remedies, the Arabs make no more a nice account of halàl and harrâm; they will take of the unclean and even abominable, saying: "dawwa! it is medicine." These Beduins give the sick to eat of the *rákham* or small white carrion eagle. Upon a day I found a poor woman of our menzil seething asses' dung in the pot; she would give the water to drink with milk, to her sick brother: the Arabs think the ass unclean, but especially the excrement.

Now were I to speak of my medical practice plainly, I think it a desperation to cure the Arabs, and that a perfect physician would hardly be praised amongst them. He is lost whose science is slow, and the honest man of few promises; they will despise his doubts and his tentatives. He who would thrive must resemble them, some glozing Asiatic that can file his tongue to the baseness of those Semitic minds. Their wild impatience looks to see marvels: the right physician, only handling a pulse, they think, should be able to divine a man's state and all his past infirmities; and some specific must he have for every disease, because 'there is a salve in nature for every sore'; yet so knavish are they that for all his skill they would pay him only upon a day which is ever to come. The Arabians are ill nourished, and they think themselves always ailing. The nomads live nearly as the wild creatures, without certain diet, and they drink infected waters. Few have not some visceral infirmities—*el-kibd;* and, the wind breathing upon their nearly naked bodies, they are crazed with all kinds of rheums, *er-rîhh;* a name they give to all obscure, aching diseases. Every sickness they name *wajjá*, "pain, disease;" the patient *wajjân.* * * *

* * * It is said in the towns, "*the Beduwy's mind is in his eyes.*" Negligent and impatient, they judge, as they are passionately persuaded, in the seeing of the moment, and revert to their slumbering indolence. They cannot be persuaded that

a little powder of quinine should be truly sold for a silverling, when their housewives buy their hands full of beggarly drugs at Medina, for a piece of small money. Others imagined the Mudowwy himself had made all the medicines, of some common earths and simples. Where they proved some marvellous effect of a remedy, as morphia (a grave anguish relieved with one drop of the medicine-water), neither could this move them: for all is as nothing, in comparison of God's miracles. Nor enquired they for it again of the man of medicine; since they must pay the second time, if only with the gift of a little rice, or with the promise of a bowl of sour butter-milk. Others, having received my medicines, the elves withheld the price; for all that the Beduin can catch of another man's good is his booty. There were some so ungracious ones that they have stolen away the cups in which, with much pains, I had charitably mixed them medicines; poor losses, but that cannot be repaired in the desert. So said the men at our homely evening fire, "The people come to Khalîl's tent for medicines; and Khalîl, not distinguishing them, will give to all of them in trust: the people *yegôtarun*, go their ways, and he sees them no more, wellah! Khalîl, there is no wit in thee at all for buying and selling."

And were I to wander there again, I would carry with me only a few, that are called quack-salving medicines, of an easy application and like to specific remedies. Who has not made the experience, can hardly think how tedious it is to prepare medicines in the wilderness; in that sun-stricken languishing and indigence of all things and often confusion of the nomad tent, to weigh out grains in the balance, the sand blowing, and there is no pure water: but when the potions are ready and the lotions, your nomad patients will hardly be able to find any phial, *garrôra*, to receive them. After my return a friend said to me, "Your Beduins have a good custom,—I would God we had it here! Let physicians be paid only upon the patients' amendment! A bold man to take upon you an art unlearned!"—"I relieved many, the most part freely; I hurt none; I have deluded no man."

All the Aarab would have hijabs sooner than medicaments, which they find so unprofitable in the hands of their hareem. The Moghrâreba, Moors or "Occidental Arabs," are esteemed in Arabia, the best scriveners of these magical scriptures; and the people suppose them to be of a wonderful subtlety, in the finding of hid treasures. There are hijabs for the relief of several diseases, and against possession of the jan or earth-demons; also hijabs which should preserve life in dangers, as hijabs

written against lead. *Metaab Ibn Rashîd*, prince of Shammar after his brother *Tellâl*, had worn one of this kind of amulets; and his murderous nephews, who thought they might not prevail with common shot, killed him therefore with a silver bullet. The lieutenant of Turkish soldiery at Kheybar told in my hearing, long after, of one who, taken in a revolt at Medina, had been sentenced by the military court to be shot. Brought forth to execution, the bullets which struck the condemned, fell down as from a wall, and he remained unwounded: so one fired a pistol in his bosom, but the lead fell from him. The unhappy man cried out in his suffering, "Sirs! I have no defence against iron!" so they bound him to a cannon's mouth, and at the blast, he perished. The Turk swore to us mighty oaths he was there, he had seen the thing with his eyes; and others said they had known the like, "ay, billah!"—Such are everyday miracles, heard and confirmed and believed in among them. * * *

* * * Pleasant, as the fiery heat of the desert daylight is done, is our homely evening fire. The sun gone down upon a highland steppe of Arabia, whose common altitude is above three thousand feet, the thin dry air is presently refreshed, the sand is soon cold; wherein yet at three fingers' depth is left a sunny warmth of the past day's heat until the new sunrise. After a half hour it is the blue night, and the clear hoary starlight in which there shines the girdle of the milky way, with a marvellous clarity. As the sun is setting, the nomad housewife brings in a truss of sticks and dry bushes, which she has pulled or hoed with a mattock (a tool they have seldom) in the wilderness; she casts down this provision by our hearthside, for the sweet-smelling evening fire. But to Hirfa, his sheykhly young wife, Zeyd had given a little Beduin maid to help her. The housewife has upon her woman's side an hearth apart, which is the cooking-fire. Commonly Hirfa baked then, under the ashes, a bread-cake for the stranger: Zeyd her husband, who is miserable, or for other cause, eats not yet, but only near midnight, as he is come again from the mejlis and would go in to sleep.

At this first evening hour, the Beduw are all *fî ahl-ha*, in their households, to sup of such wretchedness as they may have; there is no more wandering through the wide encampment, and the coming in then of any persons, not strangers,

were an unseemly " ignorance ". The foster-camels lie couched, before the booth of hair: and these Beduins let them lie still an hour, before the milking. The great feeble brutes have wandered all day upon the droughty face of the wilderness; they may hardly crop their fills, in those many hours, of so slender pastures. The mare stands tethered before the booth at the woman's side, where there is not much passage. Such dry wire-grass forage as they find in that waste, is cast down beside her. When the Arabs have eaten their morsel and drunken léban of the flock, the few men of our menzil begin to assemble about the sheykh's hearth, where is some expectation of coffee. The younger or meanest of the company, who is sitting or leaning on his elbow or lies next the faggot, will indolently reach back his hand from time to time for more dry rimth, to cast on the fire, and other sweet resinous twigs, till the flaming light leaps up again in the vast uncheerful darkness. The nomads will not burn the good pasture bushes, *gussha*, even in their enemies' country. It is the bread of the cattle. I have sometimes unwittingly offended them, until I knew the plants, plucking up and giving to the flames some which grew in the soil nigh my hand; then children and women and the men of little understanding blamed me, and said wondering, " It was an heathenish deed."

Glad at the fall of the empty daylight, the householders sit again to make talk, or silent and listless, with the drooping gravity of brute animals. Old men, always weary, and the herdmen, which were all day abroad in the sun, are lying now upon an elbow (this is the right Aarab posture, and which Zeyd would have me learn and use), about the common fire. But the reposing of the common sort at home is to lie heels out backward, about the hearth, as the spokes of a wheel, and flat upon their bellies (which they even think appeases the gnawing of hunger); and a little raising themselves, they discourse staying upon their breasts and two elbows: thus the men of this lean nation will later sleep, spreading only their tattered cloaks under them, upon the wild soil (béled), a posture even reproved by themselves. Béled, we saw in the mouth of the nomads, is the inhabited soil of the open desert and also of the oasis; they say of the dead, " He is under the béled." Dîra, the Beduin circuit, is heard also in some oases for their town settlement.—I asked Zeyd, " Then say ye the béled is our mother ?"— " Ay well, and surely, Khalîl; for out of the ground took God man and all return thither." They asking me of our custom, I said " You are ground-sitters, but we sit high upon stools like the Tûrk."—The legs of chair-sitters to hang all day they

thought an insufferable fatigue. "Khalîl says well," answered Zeyd, who, a sheykh of Aarab, had been in high presence of pashas and government men at Damascus; and he told how he found them sitting in arm-chairs and (they are all cross-leg Orientals) with a leg crossed over the other, a shank or a foot: 'a simple crossed foot is of the under functionaries: but to lap a man's shin, (Zeyd showed us the manner,) he said to be of their principal personages.' The Arabs asked me often, if we sat gathered in this kindly sort about our evening fires? and if neighbours went about to neighbour byût, seeking company of friends and coffee-drinking?

Sitting thus, if there any one rises, the mare snorts softly, looking that it is he who should now bring her delicious bever of warm camel-milk, and gazing after him, she whinnies with pleasance. There is a foster camel to every nomad mare, since they taste no corn, and the harsh desert stalks could not else sustain her: the horse, not ruminating and losing much moisture by the skin, is a creature very impatient of hunger and thirst. His mare is therefore not a little chargeable to a sheykh in the desert, who must burden oftentimes another camel with her provision of water. Twice she will drink, and at the hottest of the summer season, even thrice in a daylight; and a camel-load of girbies may hardly water her over two days. Who has wife or horse, after the ancient proverb, may rue, he shall never be in rest, for such brittle possessions are likely to be always ailing. Yet under that serene climate, where the element is the tent of the world, the Beduw have little other care of their mares; it is unknown in the desert so much as to rub them. They milk first for the mare and then (often in the same vessel) for the nomad household. She stands straining upon her tether, looking toward the pleasant sound of milking: the bowl frothing from the udder is carried to her in the herdsman's hand and she sups through her teeth the sweet warm milk, at a long draught. The milking time of camels is but once in the day, at evening, unless a little be drawn for some sick person or stranger in the morning, or for any wayfaring man in the daytime. The small cattle, *ghrannen* or *dubbush*, are milked at sunset; only in rich spring districts, the housewives may draw their teats again in the morning. The dubbush are milked by their housewives, the milch camels by the men and lads only. Spring is the milky season, when men and beasts, (if the winter rain failed not) fare at the best in the wilderness. With small cattle, it lasts only few weeks from the yeaning till the withering of the year be again upon them, when the herb is dried up; but the camel kine are nearly eleven months in milk.

So needful is the supplement of milk to the desert horses, that when, in the dry summer or at some other low times, the camels are driven wide from the standing menzil to be *azab*, absent certain days, that is in quest of pasture, the mare also is led along with them in her master's troop, to drink the foster milk. But if the sheykh have need of his mare then at home, he will nourish her, as he may, without the wet-nurse, mixing at evening a bowl of *mereesy* or dry milk rubbed in water. Mereesy is the butter-milk of the flock, dried by boiling to the hard shard, and resembles chalk. It is a drink much to thank God for, in lean times, and in the heat of the year, in the wilderness; in the long dead months when there is no milk, it is every day dearer and hard to be come by. Excellent to take upon journeys, mereesy is gipsy drink and no dainty in the border countries; but in the Arabian oases it is much esteemed to use with their unwholesome date diet, which alone were too heating. Mereesy ('that which rubbed between the palms of the hands, can be mingled with water,') or dry milk, is called by many other names in the provinces of Arabia, as *thiràn* and *bùggila, baggl,* in West Nejd; in the South and towards Mecca, *múthir.* Butter is the poor nomad's market ware: with this they can buy somewhat in the towns for their household necessities. Having only mereesy in the saddle-bags and water before us every third day on the road, I have not doubted to set out upon long voyages in the khâla. Mereesy will remain unaltered till the next season; it is good in the second year, only growing harder. The best were to grind it to flour, as they do in Kasîm; and this stirred, with a little sugar, in a bowl of the desert water is a grateful refreshment after the toil and heat of the desert journey.

A pleasure it is to listen to the cheerful musing Beduin talk, a lesson in the travellers' school of mere humanity,—and there is no land so perilous which by humanity he may not pass, for man is of one mind everywhere, ay, and in their kind, even the brute animals of the same foster earth—a timely vacancy of the busy-idle cares which cloud upon us that would live peaceably in the moral desolation of the world. And pleasant those sounds of the spretting milk under the udders in the Arabs' vessels! food for man and health at a draught in a languishing country. The bowl brought in foaming, the children gather to it, and the guest is often bidden to sup with them, with his fingers, the sweet froth, *orghra* or *roghrwa, irtugh:* or this milk poured into the sour milk-skin and shaken there a moment, the housewife serves it forth again to their suppers, with that now gathered sourness which they think the more refreshing.

The nomad's eyes are fixed upon the crude congruity of Nature; even the indolence in them is austere. They speak of the things within their horizon. Those loose "Arabian tales" of the great border-cities, were but profane ninnery to their stern natural judgments. Yet so much they have of the Semitic Oriental vein, without the doting citizen fantasy, that many dream all their lives of hidden treasures; wealth that may fall to them upon a day out of the lap of heaven. Instead of the cities' taling, the Aarab have their braying rhapsodies, which may be heard in every wild nomad hamlet, as those of the Beny Helâl. The Arabs are very credulous of all that is told beyond their knowledge, as of foreign countries. All their speech is homely; they tell of bygone forays and of adventures in their desert lives. You may often hear them in their tale quote the rhythms between wisdom and mirth of the *kasasîd* (riming desert poets without letters); the best are often widely current among the tribes. In every tribe are makers: better than any in this country were the kassâds of Bishr. The *kassâd* recites, and it is a pleasant adulation of the friendly audience to take up his last words in every couplet. In this poetical eloquence I might not very well, or hardly at all, distinguish what they had to say; it is as strange language. The word *shâer*, he that '*feeleth*', a poet, is unused by them; the Beduins knew not the word, Zeyd answered "it is *nadêm*." The Beduin singer draws forth stern and horrid sounds from the rabeyby or viol of one bass string, and delivers his mind, braying forcedly in the nose. It is doubtless a very archaic minstrelsy, in these lands, but a hideous desolation to our ears. It is the hinds, all day in the wilderness with the cattle, who sing most lustily in their evening home-coming to the humanity of the byût. I often asked for a *kasîda* of Abeyd Ibn Rashîd, and have found no singer in this country who was not ready with some of them. The young herdsmen of Zeyd's menzil would chant for the stranger the most evening-times the robust *hadû*, or herding-song. [This word *rabeyby* is perhaps the Spaniard's *rabel*, and that was in Ancient England *revel, rebibel*.] The Beduw make the instrument of any box-frame they may have from the towns: a stick is thrust through, and in this they pierce an eye above for the peg; a kid-skin is stretched upon the hollow box; the hoarse string is plucked from the mare's tail; and setting under a bent twig, for the bridge, their music is ready.

The nomad's fantasy is high, and that is ever clothed in religion. They see but the indigence of the open soil about, full of dangers, and hardly sustaining them, and the firmament above them, habitation of the Divine salvation. These Ish-

maelites have a natural musing conscience of the good and evil, more than other men; but none observe them less in all their dealings with mankind. The civil understanding of the desert citizens is found in their discourse (tempered between mild and a severe manly grace) and liberal behaviour. * * *

* * * The nomads, at leisure and lively minds, have little other than this study to be eloquent. Their utterance is short and with emphasis. There is a perspicuous propriety in their speech, with quick significance. The Arabian town-dwellers contemn this boisterous utterance of the sons of the wilderness; they themselves are fanatic sectators of the old koran reading. Asiatics, the Aarab are smiling speakers. All Beduin talk is one manner of Arabic, but every tribe has a use, *loghra*, and neighbours are ever chiders of their neighbours' tongue. "The speech of them, they will say, is somewhat 'awry,' *awaj*." In the mouth of the Fukara sheykhs, was a lisping of the terminal consonants. The Moahîb talk was open and manly. In that dry serenity of the air, and largely exercised utterance of the many difficult articulations of their language, the human voice, *hess*, is here mostly clear and well-sounding; unless it be in some husk choking throat of heart-sore misery.

There is as well that which is displeasing in their homely talk. The mind is distempered by idleness and malice; they will hardly be at pains to remember suddenly, in speech, their next tribesman's name; and with this is their barbarous meddling curiosity, stickling mistrust one of another and beggarly haggling for any trifle, with glosing caresses, (would they obtain a thing, and which are always in guile,) impudent promises and petulant importunity. And their hypocrite iniquitous words, begetting the like, often end in hideous clamour, which troubling "the peace of Ullah" in the nomad booth, are rebuked by the silent impatience of the rest, of whom the better will then proffer themselves as peace-makers. The herdsmen's tongue is full of infantile raillery and, in sight and hearing of the other sex, of jesting ribaldry: they think it innocent mirth, since it is God that has founded thus our nature. Semites, it is impossible that they should ever blaspheme, in manner of those of our blood, against the Heavenly Providence. Semitic religion is the natural growth of the soil in their Semitic souls; in which is any remiss, farewell life's luck, farewell his worldly estimation: their criminal hearts are capable of all mischief, only not of this enormous desperation to lede the sovereign majesty of Ullah. Out of that religious persuasion of theirs that a man's life should be smitten to death, who

is rebel unto God and despiser of the faith, comes the sharp danger of our travelling among them; where of every ten, there is commonly some one, making religion of his peevish bestiality, who would slay us, (which all men may do religiously and help divine justice). But otherwise they all day take God's name in vain (as it was perhaps in ancient Israel), confirming every light and laughing word with cheerful billahs. The herdsmen's grossness is never out of the Semitic nature, the soul of them is greedy first of their proper subsistence and then of their proper increase. Though Israel is scattered among the most polite nations, who has not noted this humour in them? Little Joseph is a tale-bearer to their father of his brethren's lewd conversation in the field; such are always the Semitic nomads. Palestine, the countries beyond Jordan and Edom, given to the children and nephews of Abraham, spued out the nations which dwelled before in them, and had defiled the land: the Beny Israel are admonished, lest the soil cast out them also. In Moses is remembered the nomad offence of lying with cattle; the people are commanded to put away guiltiness from the land by stoning them: in Arabia that is but a villanous mock, and which the elder sort acknowledge with groans and cursing. The pastoral race being such, Israel must naturally slide back from Moses' religion to the easy and carnal idolatry of the old Canaanites.

To speak of the Arabs at the worst, in one word, the mouth of the Arabs is full of cursing and lies and prayers; their heart is a deceitful labyrinth. We have seen their urbanity; gall and venom is in their least ill-humour; disdainful, cruel, outrageous is their malediction. "Curse Ullah, thy father (that is better than thou), the father of the likes of thee! burn thy father! this is a man fuel for hell-burning! bless thee not God! make thee no partaker of His good! thy house fall upon thee!" I have heard one, in other things a very worthy man, in such form chide his unruly young son: "Ullah rip up that belly in thee! Curse the father (thy body) of that head and belly! Punish that hateful face!" And I have heard one burden another thus; "Curse thee all the angels, curse thee all the Moslemîn, let all the heathen curse thee!" The raging of the tongue is natural to the half-feminine Semitic race. The prophet prayeth against some which disquieted him: "Pour out their blood by the sword, let their children consume with famine, their women be childless and their wives widows: they shall cry out from the houses as the ghrazzu is suddenly upon them. Forgive not, Lord, their trespass, give to them trouble of spirit, destroy them from under the heaven,

and let Thy very curse abide upon them." Another holy man curses to death petulant children. The Aarab confirm all their words by oaths, which are very brittle, and though they say *Wa hyât Ullah*, "As the Lord liveth," or a man swear by himself, *aly lahyaty*, or *Wa hyât dúkny*, "Upon (the honour of) my beard." He will perform such oaths if they cost him nothing, this is if he be not crossed in the mean while, or have become unwilling. If a man swear by his religion, it is often lightly and with mental reservation. For the better assurance of a promise they ask and give the hand; it is a visible pledge. So in Ezekiel, the sheukh of the captivity promise and plight their hands. A Beduin will swear to some true matter Wellâhi, or doubly, which is less to trust, Wellâhi-Billâhi. It is a word he will observe if he may, for nothing can bind them against their own profit; and they may lawfully break through all at an extremity. Another form is Wullah-Bullah, often said in mocking uncertainty and hypocrisy. That is a faithful form of swearing which they call *halif yemîn:* one takes a grass stalk in his fist, and his words are: "*Wa hyât hâtha el-aûd*, By the life of this stem, *wa'r-rubb el-mabûd*, and the adorable Lord." When I have required new wayfaring companions to swear me this at the setting out, and add *inny mâ adeshurak*, "I will not (for any hap) forsake thee," they have answered, "Our lot is one whilst we are in the way, whether to live or die together; and what more can I say, I will conduct thee thither, but I die, and by very God I will not forsake thee." I laid hold on their hands and compelled them, but they swore (to a kafir) unwillingly; and some have afterward betrayed me: when then I reproached them to the heart, they answered me, "Oaths taken to a kafir be not binding!" Magnanimous fortitude in a man, to the despising of death, where his honour is engaged, were in their seeing the hardihood of a madman: where mortal brittleness is fatally overmatched we have a merciful God, and human flesh, they think, may draw back from the unequal contention. * * *

* * * There are certain gestures used among them, which are tokens of great significance. I smooth my beard toward one to admonish him, in his wrongful dealing with me, and have put him in mind of his honour. If I touch his beard, I put him in remembrance of our common humanity and of the witness of God which is above us. Beard is taken in Arabia for human honour, and to pluck it is the highest indignity; of an honest

man they say, *lahyat-hu taîba,* "His is a good beard;" of a vile covetous heart *mâ lihu lahya,* "He has no beard." The suppliant who may bind, as I have heard, a certain knot in the other's kerchief, has saved himself: and were the other the avenger for blood, yet he must forbear for God! Kiss an angry man's forehead, and his rancour will fall; but the adversary must be taken by surprise, or he will put forth stern hostile hands to oppose thee. Surely a very ancient example of the Semitic sacramental gestures is that recorded of Abraham, who bids his steward put the hand under his thigh, to make his oath sure. A simple form of requiring an honourable tolerance and protection is to say; *Ana nuzîlak,* "I have alighted at thy tent," or say where thou fearest treachery, *ana nusik,* and again, *Ana bi wejhak ya sheykh,* "Sir, I am under thy countenance;" more solemnly, and touching him, *Terâny billah ya sheykh; wa bak ana dakhîlak,* which may signify, "By the Lord thou seest me, and I do enter, Sir under thy protection." In my long dangerous wanderings in the Arabian peninsula I have thrice said this one word *dakhîlak:* twice when, forsaken in the deserts, I came to strange tents of Heteym (they are less honourable than Beduins, and had repulsed me); once to the captain of the guard at Hâyil, when I was maltreated by the emir's slaves in the market-place. He immediately drove them from me; and in the former adventure it made that I was received with tolerance. * * *

* * * The Aarab's leave-taking is wonderfully ungracious to the European sense, and austere. The Arab, until now so gentle a companion, will turn his back with stony strange countenance, to leave thee for ever. Also the Arabs speak the last words as they have turned the back; and they pass upon their way not regarding again. This is their national usage, and not of a barbarous inhumanity; nay, it were for thee to speak when any departs company, saying: "Go in peace." You have not eaten together, there was nothing then between you why this must take his leave; all men being in their estimation but simple grains, under the Throne of God, of the common seed of humanity. But the guest will say as he goes forth, and having turned his face, with a frank simplicity, *nesellem aleyk,* "We bid thee peace." The Arabs are little grateful for the gift which is not food, receive they with never so large a hand; "So little! they will say, put to, put to;" but the gentler spirits will cry out soon, *bess! wâjed! keffy!* "enough, there is found, it sufficeth me heartily."

CHAPTER VII

THE NOMADS IN THE DESERT; VISIT TO TEYMA

This was a formidable year for the Fukara: they were in dread of Ibn Rashîd; they feared also that Kheybar would be barred to them,—"Kheybar the patrimony of Annezy," from whence those tribes in the South eat (the date fruit), eight in the twelve months. Besides it was a year of locusts. The tribesmen disputed in the mejlis, "should they go up anew to the Hauran," the land of bread; and that which they call, (nearly as nomad Israel coming from the lower deserts,) "The good Land of the North, where is milk enough;" this is Shàm or High Syria. They would remain as before in the *Niggera* (Batanea,) which is in the marches of their kinsmen the northern half-tribe of W. Aly: they count it fifteen removes, journeying with all their cattle and families, beyond Teyma. They had few years before forsaken their land upon this occasion: the Fejîr in a debate with their sister tribe, the southern W. Aly, had set upon them at Dàr el-Hamra, and taken their camels. Many were slain, and the mishandled kinsmen, appealing to Ibn Rashîd, the Prince gave judgment that satisfaction be made. The Aarab will hardly restore a gotten booty, especially where there is evil meaning between them; and to live without fear of the Emir, they withdrew to a far-off Syrian country, where slenderly clad and not inured to that harsh and longer winter, and what for a contagious fever which happened in the second year, there perished many among them; the most, as it is the weak which go to the wall, were poor Fehját, wretches whom the iniquity of fortune ceases not to pursue until the end of all natural evils.—The Fehját buried, in the north, the half of their grown males, which were twenty persons. There is always living with the northern W. Aly, a body of the Fukara, *el-Kleyb, sheykh Fendy,* which for a blood feud with Bishr, might not inherit in their own country.

The presence of the Nasrâny in land of the Aarab was an enigma to them; they put me to the question with a thousand

sudden demands, which were often checked by the urbanity of the rest. 'At what distance (they enquired), in which part lay my country?' I said, "A thelûl rider might alight among my neighbours, a little before the year's end."—They had not thought the world was so large! So they said, "Khalîl's country lies at very great distance, and can it be he has passed all that great way, only to visit the Aarab! now what can this mean? Tell us by Ullah, Khalîl, art thou not come to spy out the country? For there will no man take upon himself immense fatigues for naught. Khalîl, say it once, what thy purpose is? Art thou not some banished man? comest thou of thine own will, or have other sent thee hither?—Khalîl loves well the Moslemîn, and yet these books of his be what? Also, is he not 'writing' the country as he has 'written up' el-Héjr and el-Ally?" I said, "I was living at Damascus and am a *Sâiehh;* is not the sâiehh a walker about the world?—and who will say him nay! also I wander wilfully."—"Now well! Khalîl is a *Sûwahh;* wander where you list, Khalîl, and keep to the settled countries, there is nothing to hinder; but come not into the wilderness of the Beduw; for there you will be stripped and they will cut thy throat: wellah, in all the desert no man fears to kill a stranger; what then when they know that thou art a Nasrâny!—A sûwahh! eigh! but the Aarab are so ignorant that this will not help thee; a day may come Khalîl, the end of all this rashness, when some one will murder thee miserably!"—*Sâiehh* in the Mohammedan countries is God's wanderer, who, not looking back to his worldly interest, betakes himself to the contemplative life's pilgrimage. They would not hold me for a derwish. "Nay, said they, derawîsh are of small or no regard; but Khalîl was a care to the Dowla." Also they had word I was some rich man in Damascus. How then, they wondered, could I forsake Damascus, *jinnat ed-dinnea,* "the world's garden or paradise," to dwell in the waste land of the Aarab!—It is always a melancholy fantasy of the upland Arabians, who have seen or heard anything of the plentiful border provinces, to complain of their own extreme country. The Southern Arabs lead their lives in long disease of hunger and nakedness: to see good days in the northern land, which is watered with seasonable rains and is wet with the dew of heaven, they think should be a wonderful sweetness. The "garden" of all is Damascus, the Arabs' belly-cheer "paradise"; for there is great cheap of all that can ease a poor man, which is food and raiment. And such, as Semites, is all they intend, in their word of Damascus, "the garden or paradise."

I passed for a seeker of treasure with some who had seen me sitting under the great acacia, which they believe to be possessed

by the jan, at el-Héjr; now they said to me, "Didst thou take up anything, Khalîl, tell us boldly?" and a neighbour whispered in my ear, "Tell thy counsel to me only, good Khalîl, and I will keep it close."—"There is no lore, I answered, to find treasures; your finders are I know not what ignorant sots, and so are all that believe in their imposture."—"God wot it may be so; Khalîl is an honest-speaking man;—but in roaming up and down, you lighted upon naught? Hearken! we grant you are disinterested—have patience! and say only, if you find a thing will you not give some of it to your uncle Zeyd?"—"The whole, I promise you."—"Wellah, in Khalîl's talk is sincerity, but what does he, always asking of the Aarab an hundred vain questions?—Though thou shouldst know, O Khalîl, the name of all our camping grounds and of every jebel, what were all this worth when thou art at home, in a far country? If thou be'st no spy, how can the Aarab think thee a man of good understanding?" In other times and places whilst I was yet a stranger little known among them, the Beduin people did not always speak so mildly, many murmured and several tribesmen have cruelly threatened that 'could it be known, I came about spying the land, they would cast me, billah, on a fire, with my books, and burn all together.' In such case, they might break the cobweb customs of hospitality: the treacherous enemy is led forth, and drawn to the hindward of the tent there they cut his throat. Many times good Beduin friends predicted to me this sharp ending of my incurable imprudence, when leaving their friendly tribes I should pass through strange dîras: but as I lingered long in the country, I afterward came almost nowhither, where some fair report was not already wafted before me. "Friends, I have said, I am come to you in no disguises; I have hidden nothing from you; I have always acknowledged myself a Nasrâny, which was a name infamous among you." And they: "Well, but the war with those of your kindred and the Sooltân!—Is he not killing up the Nasâra like sheep flocks? so God gave him the victory!—say this, Khalîl, *Ullah Tunsur es-Sooltân.*"

As we hearken to strange tales, so they would ask me of the far Nasarene country; were we *ahl tîn*, 'a people dwelling in clay (houses),' or else *ahl byût shaar*, 'wandering Aarab dwelling in houses of hair'? When I answered, "We have no other nomad folk, than a few gipsies;"—"it is plain (they said) that Khalîl's Arabs are *hâthir*," or settled on the land: and they enquired which were our cattle. It was marvels to them, that in all our béled was not one camel.—"Lord! upon what beasts do they carry?"—"Ours is a land of horses, which are many there as your camels; with a kind of labouring horses

we plough the fallows: besides, we have the swiftest running horses, of stature as your thelûls." There lives not an Arab who does not believe, next to his creed, that the stock of horses is only of the Arabs, and namely, the five strains, educated in Arabia. 'And to which of these (they would know) reckoned we our horses?' It perplexed and displeased them that our béled should be full of horses:—'had Ullah given horses also to the Nasâra!'—"Listen! (said Zeyd, who loved well to show his sharp wit,—the child's vanity not dead in the saturnine grown man,) and I can declare Khalîl's words; it is that we have seen also in es-Sham: Khalîl's coursers be all *kudsh*, or pack-horses." When I answered, 'he was mistaken;' they cried me down; "Khalîl, in other things we grant you may know more than we, but of horses thou canst have no knowledge, for they are of the Aarab." The Fejîr are reckoned a tribe of horsemen, yet all their mares were not a score: Beduins of tribes in which were very few horses I have found mistrustful of their own blunt judgment; they supposed also I might tell them many subtle skills from a far country.

They enquired of our ghrazzus, and what number of fighting men could we send to the field. Hearing from my mouth that many times all the Haj were but a small army of our great nations, they gasped for fear, thinking that el-Islam was lost, and "wherefore, they asked quickly, being such multitudes, did we not foray upon them (as they would have overridden us):—Ah God! (they cried), help Thou the Moslemîn!" "Comfort yourselves, I answered, that we, being the stronger, make no unjust wars: ours is a religion of peace; the weak may live in quietness for us."—"It is good that God has given you this mind, to the welfare of el-Islam, yet one Moslem (they confided) should be able to drive before him an hundred of the Nasâra." I told them we had made the great war of *Krîm* (the Crimea) for the Sûltàn and their sake; in which were fallen the flower of our young men, and that women yet weep for them in our land." They enquired coldly, "Were your dead two or three hundred, or not so many?" When I said their number might be 60,000, (and they believing I could not lie,) as men confounded they cried, "Ah Lord God! is not that more than all the men together in these parts?" (there may not be so many grown males in the nomad tribes of upland Arabia!) "And have your people any great towns, Khalîl?"—"Great indeed, so that all the Beduw gathered out of your deserts might hardly more than fill some one great city."—"God (they exclaimed) is almighty! but have we not heard of Khalîl's people, is it not of them that is said *el-Engreys akhuâl es-Sûltàn* (the English are

uncles of the Sûltân on the mother's side); the Sûltâns do well to ally in their friendly Christian blood,"—which always they esteem above their own. They say in Arabia, "the Nasâra never ail anything in their lives, nor suffer in their flesh, but only in the agony of dying; their head aching, it is a sign to them that they are nigh their end; the flesh of the Nasâra is better than ours." Beduins have curiously observed me in their camps, waiting to see the truth of their opinion fulfilled, if at any time I sat wearily with the head in my hand; some would then say, "Eigh! what ails thee? does thy head ache? —it is likely that he will die, poor Khalîl!"

And our béled, "a land without palms," this was as a fable to them.—"There are no dates! How then do your people live, or what sweetness taste they! Yet Khalil may say sooth: companions, have we not found the like in the North? Which of us saw any palms at Damascus? Khalîl's folk may have honey there, and sugar;—(the sweet and the fat comfort the health of the ill dieted under these climates.) We too have seen the north country; all that grows out of the soil is there, and that oil of a tree which is better than samn." These hungry Beduins being in the Hauran, where they had corn enough, yet so longed in the autumn for the new date berries, that it drew them home to their hungry desert, only "to eat of their own palms at Kheybar." The nomads think they cannot be in health, except they taste this seasonable sweetmeat; although they reckon it not wholesome diet.

The Beduw very often asked me "Beyond how many floods lies the land of the Nasâra?" They heard say we dwelt behind seven floods; other said, "It is three, and if you will not believe this, ask Khalîl." Ullah bring thee home, Khalîl! and being come again to thy house, if the Lord will, in peace, thou wilt have much to relate of the Aarab's land? and wilt thou not receive some large reward? for else, we think, thou wouldst never adventure to pass by this wilderness, wherein even we, the Beduw, are all our lives in danger of robbers: thou art alone, and if thou wast made away, there is none would avenge thee. There is not, Khalîl, a man of us all which sit here, that meeting thee abroad in the khâla, had not slain thee. Thy camel bags, they say, are full of money, but, billah, were it only for the beast which is under thee; and lucky were he that should possess them. *The stranger is for the wolf!* you heard not this proverb in your own country?"—"By God (one cries), I had killed Khalîl!"—"And I" (said another).—"Wellah, I had waylaid him (says another); I think I see Khalîl come riding, and I with my matchlock am hidden behind some crag or bush;

he had never seen it:—*deh!* Khalîl tumbles shot through the body and his camel and the gear had been all mine: and were it not lawful, what think ye, mates? to have killed him, a God's adversary? This had been the end of Khalîl." I said, "God give thee a punishment, and I might happen to prevent thee." —"Wellah (answered the rest), we had not spared him neither; but beware thou, the Beduw are all robbers. Khalîl! the stronger eat the weaker in this miserable soil, where men only live by devouring one another. But we are Zeyd's Aarab, and have this carefulness of thee for Zeyd's sake, and for the bread and salt: so thou mayest trust us, and beside us, we warn thee, by Ullah, that thou trust not in any man. Thou wilt hardly receive instruction, more than one possessed by the jan; and we dread for thee every morrow lest we should hear of thy death; the people will say, 'Khalîl was slain to-day,'—but we all wash our hands of it, by Ullah! The Aarab are against thee, a Nasrâny, and they say, 'He is spying the country:' and only we are thy friends which know thee better. Khalîl may trust to the Dowla, but this is a land under no rule, save only of the Lord above us. We but waste breath, companions; and if God have blinded this man, let him alone; he may die if he will, for who can persuade the foolhardy?" When I told them that far from looking for any reward, I thought, were I come home, I might hardly purchase, at need, the livelihood of a day with all this extreme adventure, they answered, 'Were the Nasâra inhospitable?'

The Arab travels with his rafîk, they wondered therefore how I came unaccompanied: "Khalîl, where is thy companion, that each might help other?" They wondered hearing that all ours was peaceable land, and that we carried no arms, in our own country. "Khalîl, be there no Beduins at all, in the land of the Nasâra?" I told them of the Lapland nomads in the cold height of the north, their round hoop-tents of skins, and clothing of the same: some bid me name them, and held that "they had heard such a name." "What are their cattle in so cold a béled? the winter snow lying the more months of the year, it were unfit for camels!"—"You will not believe me: their beasts are a kind of gazelles, big as asses, and upon their heads stand wide branching horns, with whose tines they dig in the snow to a wort, which is their daily pasture. Their winter's night, betwixt the sunsetting and the sunrising, is three months; and midsummer is a long daylight, over their heads, of equal length. There I have seen the eye of the sun a spear's height above the face of the earth at midnight." Some thought it a fabulous tale that I told in scorn of them

"We believe him rather," said other. Nothing in this tale seemed so quaint to them, as that of those beasts' branching horns, which I showed them in the sand with my camel-stick; for it is the nature of horns, as they see any, to be simple. They asked, "Should not such be of buffalo kind?" But of that strange coming and going of the sun, the herdsmen's mirth rising, "How, laughed they, should those Aarab say their prayers? would it be enough to say them there but once, in a three-months' winter night!"

"And are your settled countries so populous? tell us, wellah, Khalîl, have you many villages? an hundred?"—"Hundreds, friends, and thousands: look up! I can think as many as these stars shining above us:" a word which drew from them long sighing eighs! of apprehension and *glucks!* upon their Beduish tongues, of admiration. Meteors are seen to glance at every few moments in the luminous Arabian night. I asked, "What say the Aarab of these flitting stars?" *Answer:* "They go to tumble upon the heads of the heathen, O Khalîl! fall there none upon the Nasâra? Ullah shortly confound all the kuffâr!" Zeyd said with a sober countenance, "Your towns-folk know better than we, but ye be also uncunning in many things, which the Aarab ken.—Khalîl now, I durst say, could not tell the names of the stars yonder," and pointing here and there, Zeyd said over a few names of greater stars and constellations, in what sort the author of Job in his old nomad-wise, "The Bear, Orion and the Pleiades." I asked, "How name you this glorious girdle of the heavens?"—"*El-Mujjir;*" and they smiled at our homely name, "The Milky Way." I told them, This we see in our glasses to be a cloud of stars; all our lore is not to call a few stars by their names. Our star-gazing men have numbered the stars, and set upon every one a certain name, and by "art-Indian," they may reckon from a hundred ages before our births or after our deaths, all the courses of the host of heaven.—But those wandering stars stedfastly shining, are like to this earth, we may see seas and lands in them." Some of the younger sort asked then, "Were there Aarab in them?—and the moon is what, Khalîl?"

There is a proverb which says, "Misfortunes never come single;" my vaccination had failed, and now *Abán*, my camel, failed me. Abán (to every beast of their cattle is a several name, as these are of camels: *Areymîsh, Ghrallàb, er-Rahîfa, ed-Dònnebil, Dánna, el-Màs, Aitha, Atsha*) was a strong young he-camel and rising in value; but Zeyd had it in his double mind to persuade me otherwise, hoping in the end to usurp it himself.

Upon a morrow the unhappy brute was led home, and then we saw the under-jaw bleeding miserably, it was hanging broken. It happened that a great coffee company was assembled at Zeyd's, from the sunrise, and now they all rose to see this chance. The groaning camel was made to kneel; some bound the limbs, and with strength of their arms careened and laid his great bulk upon the side; and whoso were expert of these camel-masters searched the hurt. Zeyd laid his searing irons in the embers ready for firing, which is seldom spared in any practice of their desert surgery. All hearkened to the opinion of a nomad smith, which kindred of men are as well the desert farriers and, skilled in handling tools, oftentimes their surgeons. This sâny cured the broken jaw with splints, which he lapped about with rags daubed with rice cinder and red earth. The camel, said he, being fed by hand, might be whole in forty days. The like accident, I heard it said among them, had happened once in their memories to a tribesman's camel, and the beast had been cured in this manner; but I felt in my heart that it might never be. The wound was presently full of flies, and the dressing, never unbound, bred worms in so great heat; the dead bone blackened, and in few days fell away of itself. My watch also failed me, by which I made account of distances: from thenceforth I have used cross-reckonings of camel journeys.

It was March; already the summer entered with breathless heat, and in face of these contradictions of fortune, I thought to depart out of the desert country. I would return to el-Ally, and there await some rice-caravan returning to Wejh, from whence by any of the small Arab hoys, upon which they use to ship camels, I might sail for Egypt. But Zeyd and Motlog bade me have patience, until after the spring season; when the tribe in their journeys should again approach the Héjr country, from which we were already very far divided. 'The forsaken deserts behind us being now infested by habalîs, I should not find any willing, and they moreover would suffer none to accompany me.' The habalîs, 'desert fiends,' are dreaded by the nomad tribesmen, as the Beduw themselves among settled country and oasis folk. Commonly the habalîs are some young miscreants that, having hardly any head of cattle at home, will desperately cast themselves upon every cruel hazard: yet others are strenuous solitary men, whose unquiet mettle moves them from slothing in the tent's shadow to prowl as the wolf in the wilderness. These outlaws, enduring intolerable hardships, are often of an heathenish cruelty, it is pretended they willingly leave none alive. Nearly always footmen, they are more hardly perceived, lurking under crag or bush.

The waste (sand-plain) landscape of these mountain solitudes is overgrown with rare pasture bushes. The desert bushes, heaped about the roots with sand, grow as out of little hillocks. The bushes dying, the heaps which were under them remain almost everlastingly, and they are infinite up and down in all the wilderness: in some is the quantity of two or three or more wagon loads. These nomads bury in them their superfluous carriage of dates every year, as their camels come up overloaded with the summer gathering from Kheybar: that they may find their own again they observe well the landmarks. Some sheykhs will leave their winter beyt thus committed to the sand of the desert: in the hot months, with scarcity of pasture, and when the cattle are least patient of thirst, if they would not have them lean they must lessen their burdens. These nomad deposits lying months in the dry ground are not spoiled; and there is none of their tribesmen that will ever disturb them: the householder shall be sure to find his own again where he buried it. The nomad tribes have all this manner of the summer deposit; some leave their cumber in the villages with their hosts, and such trust is (in nearly all men's hands) inviolable. The Moahîb have a secret cave known to none living but themselves, in their desolate Harra; there they lay up, as in a sanctuary, what they will, and a poor tribesman may leave his pound of samn.—Passing through a valley apart from the common resort in the solitudes of Sinai, I saw a new Beduin mantlè, hanging on a thorn. My nomad camel-driver went to take it down, and turning it in his hand "Ay billah (said he), a good new cloak enough!" and hanged it on the bough again: such goods of tribesmen are, as it were, committed to God. So we came to some of those Sinai stone cottages, which they call 'Nasarene houses' (they would say, of the antique people of the land, before the Moslemîn), in which they used to leave their heavy quern-stones; and there are certain locked barns of the few traffickers bringing in corn from Gaza, among the Beduw. We entered one of them, and as I was looking at something of their gear, my companion, with altered looks, bade me put it up again; as if even the handling were sacrilege. Sheykhs receiving surra of the haj road, have also their stores of heavy stuff and utensils in the kellas, as those of the Fejîr at Medáin; and I heard they paid a fee to Haj Nejm, one real for every camel load. The sand upon all this high inland is not laid in any ripples (as that at the Red Sea border, rippled, in this latitude, from the north); here are no strong or prevailing winds.

As we went by to the mejlis, "Yonder (said Zeyd) I shall show thee some of a people of antiquity." This was a family which then arrived of poor wanderers, *Solubba.* I admired the full-faced shining flesh-beauty of their ragged children, and have always remarked the like as well of the Heteym nomads. These alien and outcast kindreds are of fairer looks than the hunger-bitten Beduw. The Heteym, rich in small cattle, have food enough in the desert, and the Solubba of their hunting and gipsy labour: for they are tinkers of kettles and menders of arms, in the Beduin menzils. They batter out upon the anvil hatchets, *jedûm*, (with which shepherds lop down the sweet acacia boughs, to feed their flocks,) and grass-hooks for cutting forage, and steels for striking fire with the flint, and the like. They are besides woodworkers, in the desert acacia timber, of rude saddle-trees for the burden-camels, and of the thelûl saddle-frames, of pulley reels (*máhal*) for drawing at any deeper wells of the desert, also of rude milk vessels, and other such husbandry: besides, they are cattle surgeons, and in all their trade (only ruder of skill) like the smiths' caste or *Sunna.* The Solubba obey the precept of their patriarch, who forbade them to be cattle-keepers, and bade them live of their hunting in the wilderness, and alight before the Beduin booths, that they might become their guests, and to labour as smiths in the tribes for their living. Having no milch beasts, whereso they ask it at a Beduin tent, the housewife will pour out lében from her semîla, but it is in their own bowl, to the poor Solubba: for Beduins, otherwise little nice, will not willingly drink after Solubbies, that might have eaten of some *futîs*, or the thing that is dead of itself. Also the Beduw say of them, "they eat of vile insects and worms:" the last is fable, they eat no such vermin. Rashly the evil tongue of the Beduw rates them as 'kuffâr', because only few Solubbies can say the formal prayers, the Beduins are themselves not better esteemed in the towns. The Solubba show a good humble zeal for the country religion in which they were born, and have no notice of any other; they are tolerant and, in their wretched manner, humane, as they themselves are despised and oppressed persons.

In summer, when the Beduw have no more milk, loading their light tents and household stuff, with what they have gained, upon asses, which are their only cattle, they forsake the Aarab encampment, and hold on their journey through the wide khála. The Solubby household go then to settle themselves remotely, upon a good well of water, in some unfrequented wilderness, where there is game. They only (of all men) are free of the Arabian deserts to travel whithersoever

they would; paying to all men a petty tribute, they are molested by none of them. Home-born, yet have they no citizenship in the Peninsula. No Beduwy, they say, will rob a Solubby, although he met him alone, in the deep of the wilderness, and with the skin of an ostrich in his hand, that is worth a thelûl. But the wayfaring Beduwy would be well content to espy, pitched upon some lone watering, the booth of a Solubby, and hope to eat there of his hunter's pot; and the poor Solubby will make the man good cheer of his venison. They ride even hunting upon ass-back. It is also on these weak brutes, which must drink every second day, (but otherwise the ass is hardly less than the camel a beast of the desert,) that they journey with their families through great waterless regions, where the Beduwy upon his swift and puissant thelûl, three days patient of thirst, may not lightly pass. This dispersed kindred of desert men in Arabia, outgo the herdsmen Beduw in all land-craft, as much as these go before the tardy oases villagers. The Solubba (in all else ignorant wretches,) have inherited a land-lore from sire to son, of the least finding-places of water. They wander upon the immense face of Arabia, from the height of Syria to el-Yémen, beyond *et-Tâif*, and I know not how much further! —and for things within their rat-like understanding, Arabians tell me, it were of them that a man may best enquire.

They must be masters in hunting, that can nourish themselves in a dead land; and where other men may hardly see a footprint of venison, there oftentimes, the poor Solubbies are seething sweet flesh of gazelles and bedûn, and, in certain sand districts, of the antelope; everywhere they know their quarries' paths and flight. It is the Beduw who tell these wonders of them; they say, "the S'lubba are like herdsmen of the wild game, for when they see a troop they can break them and choose of them as it were a flock, and say, 'These will we have to-day, as for those other heads there, we can take them after to-morrow'."—It is human to magnify, and find a pleasant wonder, this kind of large speaking is a magnanimity of the Arabs; but out of doubt, the Solubba are admirable wayfarers and hardy men, keen, as living of their two hands, and the best sighted of them are very excellent hunters. The Solubba or *Slèyb*, besides this proper name of their nation, have some other which are epithets. West of Hâyil they are more often called *el-Khlûa* or *Kheluîy*, "the desolate," because they dwell apart from the *Kabâil*, having no cattle nor fellowship;—a word which the Beduw say of themselves, when in a journey, finding no menzil of the Aarab, they must lie down to sleep "solitaries" in the empty khâla. They are called as well in the despiteful

tongue of this country, Kilâb el-Khála, 'hounds of the wilderness.' *El-Ghrúnemy* is the name of another kindred of the Slèyb in East Nejd; and it is said, they marry not with the former. The Arabians commonly suppose them all to be come of some old kafir kind, or Nasâra. * * *

* * * Wandering and encamping, we had approached Teyma; and now being hardly a journey distant, some of our people would go a-marketing thither, and Zeyd with them, to buy provisions: I should ride also in the company with Zeyd. We set out upon the morrow, a ragged fellowship, mostly Fehját, of thirty men and their camels. We passed soon from the sandy highlands to a most sterile waste of rising grounds and hollows, a rocky floor, and shingle of ironstone. This is that extreme barrenness of the desert which lies about Teyma, without blade or bush. We passed a deep ground, *M'hai*, and rode there by obscure signs of some ancient settlement, *Jerèyda*, where are seen a few old circles of flag-stones, pitched edgewise, of eight or nine yards over, seeming such as might have fenced winter tents of the antique Aarab, sheltered in this hollow. In the Moallakát, or elect poems of ancient Arabia, is some mention of round tents, but the booths of all the Arab nomads are now foursquare only. The company hailed me, "See here! Khalîl, a village of the *Auellín*, those of old time."—"And what ancients were these?"—"Some say the Sherarát, others the *Beny Kelàb* or *Chelb*, and theirs, billah, was the Borj Selmàn and the ground *Umsheyrifa*." Zeyd added: "This was of the *Ahl Theyma* (not Teyma), and sheykh of them *Aly es-Sweysy* the Yahûdy." Come upon the highest ground beyond, Zeyd showed me the mountain landmarks, westward *Muntar B. Atíeh*, next *Twoyel Saída*, *Helaima* before us, in front *el-Ghrenèym*, which is behind the oasis. Some murmured, "Why did Zeyd show him our landmarks?"—"I would have Khalîl, said he, become a Beduwy."

Delightful now was the green sight of Teyma, the haven of our desert; we approached the tall island of palms, enclosed by long clay orchard-walls, fortified with high towers. Teyma is a shallow, loamy, and very fertile old flood-bottom in these high open plains, which lie out from the west of Nejd. Those lighthouse-like turrets, very well built of sun-dried brick, are from the insecure times before the government of Ibn Rashîd, when, as the most Arabian places, Teyma was troubled by the sheykhs' factions, and the town quarters divided by their hereditary

enmities. Every well-faring person, when he had fortified his palms with a high clay-brick wall, built his tower upon it; also in every sûk of the town was a clay turret of defence and refuge for the people of that street. In a private danger one withdrew with his family to their walled plantation: in that enclosure, they might labour and eat the fruits, although his old foes held him beleaguered for a year or two. Any enemy approaching by day-light was seen from the watch-tower. Such walling may be thought a weak defence; but for all the fox-like subtlety of Semitic minds, they are of nearly no invention. A powder blast, the running brunt of a palm beam, had broken up this clay resistance; but a child might sooner find, and madmen as soon unite to attempt anything untried. In the Gospel parables, when one had planted a vineyard, he built a tower therein to keep it. The watch-tower in the orchard is yet seen upon all desert borders. We entered between grey orchard walls, overlaid with blossoming boughs of plum trees; of how much amorous contentment to our parched eyes! I read the oasis height 3400 ft. We dismounted at the head of the first sûk before the *dàr,* house or court of a young man our acquaintance, *Sleymàn,* who in the Haj time had been one of the kella guests at Medáin. Here he lived with his brother, who was Zeyd's date merchant; we were received therefore in friendly wise, and entertained. The hareem led in Hirfa, who had ridden along with us, to their apartment.

As the coffee pestle (which with the mortars, are here of limestone marble, sunna's work, from Jauf,) begins to ring out at the coming of guests; neighbours enter gravely from the sûk, and to every one our sheykh Zeyd arose, large of his friendly greeting, and with the old courtesy took their hands and embraced them.

Teyma is a Nejd colony of Shammar, their fathers came to settle here, by their saying, not above two hundred years past: from which time remain the few lofty palms that are seen grown to fifteen fathoms, by the great well-pit, *Haddàj;* and only few there are, negroes, who durst climb to gather the fruits of them. All their palm kinds have been brought from Jebel Shammar, except the *helw,* which was fetched from el-Ally. Theirs is even now, in another dîra, the speech of Shammar. Here first we see the slender Nejd figures, elated, bold tongued, of ready specious hospitality, and to the stranger, arriving from the Hejâz, they nearly resemble the Beduins. They go bare-footed, and bravely clad of the Hâyil merchandise from *el-Irâk,* and inhabit clay-built spacious houses, mostly with an upper floor; the windows are open casements for the light and air, their

flooring the beaten earth, the rude door is of palm boards, as in all the oases. This open Shammar town was never wasted by plagues, the *burr* or high desert of uncorrupt air lies all round about them from the walls: only Beduins from the dry desert complain here of the night (the evaporation from irrigated soil), which gives them cold in the head, *zikma.* Here are no house-ruins, broken walls and abandoned acres, that are seen in the most Arabian places. Prosperous is this outlying settlement from Nejd, above any which I have seen in my Arabian travels. If any one here discover an antique well, without the walls, it is his own; and he encloses so much of the waste soil about as may suffice to the watering; after a ploughing his new acre is fit for sowing, and planting of palms, and fifteen years later every stem will be worth a camel. Teyma, till then a free township, surrendered without resistance to the government of Ibn Rashîd. They are skilful husbandmen to use that they have, without any ingenuity: their wells are only the wells of the ancients, which finding again, they have digged them out for themselves: barren of all invention, they sink none, and think themselves unable to bore a last fathom in the soft sand-rock which lies at the bottom of the seven-fathom wells. Moslemîn, they say, cannot make such wells, but only Nasâra should be good to such work and Yahûdies. Arabian well-sinkers in stone there are none nearer than Kasîm, and these supine Arabs will call in no foreign workmen. They trust in God for their living, which, say the hearts of these penny-wise men, is better than to put their silver in adventure.

There was none here who asked alms in the street; indeed it is not common to see any destitute persons in West Nejd. I knew in Teyma but one such poor man, helpless with no great age. In what house he entered at supper time, he might sit down with the rest to eat and welcome, but they grudged that he should carry any morsel away. There were in the town one or two destitute Beduins, who entered to sup and "to coffee" in which households they would, no man forbidding them. At night they lay down in their cloaks, in what coffee hall they were; or went out to sleep, in the freshing air, upon some of the street clay benches.

Old Teyma of the Jews, according to their tradition, had been (twice) destroyed by a flood. From those times there remain some great rude stone buildings; the work is dry-laid with balks and transoms of the same iron-stone. Besides, there is a great circuit (I suppose almost three miles) of stone walling, which enclosed the ancient city. This *sûr* lies somewhat above the oasis. The prince of old Mosaic Teyma is named

in their tradition *Béder Ibn Jòher.* Nomad masters of new Teyma were at first B. Sókhr, unto whom even now they yield a yearly khûwa; and else they should not be delivered from their distant foraying. Fever is unknown at Teyma. Their water, and such I have found all Arabian ground-water, is flat, lukewarm and unwholesome. Of this they think it is that amongst them almost no man is seen of robust growth; but they are the lean shot-up figures of Nejd, with the great startling eyes, long oval shallow faces, and hanging jaws: you might think them Beduins. The women are goodly, more than the men, loose-fleshed large village faces, but without ruddiness, they have dissonant voices: as the neighbour tribeswomen of the B. Wáhab, they go unveiled. I saw in the town no aged persons. Of the two hundred houses here, are three sheykhs' sûks or parishes and fifteen *hârats* or smaller wards; in every one there is some little mesjid or public oratory (often but a penthouse) of poor clay walling without ornaments, the flooring is of gravel. Such are as well places of repose, where the stranger may go in to sleep under a still shadow, at the gate of heaven. But the great mosque, whither all the males resort for the Friday mid-day prayers, preaching, and koran-reading, stands a little without the sûks to the eastward. It is perhaps the site of some ancient temple, for I found certain great rude pillars lying about it. At el-Ally, (a Hejâz oasis, and never entered by the Waháby,) I saw the mosques nearly such as are those in the Syrian villages.

We were led round to drink in the coffee-halls of other householders, with whom Zeyd dealt, for some part of his victual of grain and dates. As they have little fuel of that barren land about them, and out of their plantations no more than for the daily cooking,—the palm timber is besides "as vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes" in burning—they use here the easy and cleanly Nejd manner of a charcoal coffee-fire, which is blown in a clay hearth with a pair of smith's bellows: this coal is brought by men who go out to make it, in the further desert. The smiling oasis host spares not, sitting at his coals, to blow and sweat like a Solubby for his visiting guests; and if thou his acquaintance be the guest of another, "Why, he will ask thee with a smooth rebuke, didst thou not alight at my dàr?" Coffee is thus made, with all diligence, twice or thrice over in an hour: prepared of a dozen beans for as many persons, their coffee drink is very small at Teyma. The coffee-hall, built Nejd-wise, is the better part of every house building. The lofty proportion of their clay-house walls is of a noble simplicity, and ceiled with ethl beams or long tamarisk, which is grown in

all the oases for timber. The close mat of palm stalks laid upon the rafters, is seen pleasantly stained and shining with the Arabs' daily hospitable smoke, thereabove is a span deep of rammed earth. The light of the room is from the entry, and in many halls, as well, by open casements, and certain holes made high upon the walls. The sitting-place (*múkaad*) of the earthen floor and about the sunken hearth, is spread with palm mat or nomad tent cloth. Upon the walls in some sheykhs' houses is seen a range of tenter-pegs, where guesting sheykhs of the Aarab may lay up their *romhh* or long horseman's lance. In these dàrs you shall hear no minstrelsy, the grave viol sounds in Waháby ears are of an irreligious levity, and the Teyâmena had received a solemn rescript from Ibn Rashîd, forbidding them to sound the rabeyby! *Khálaf*, the emir, a liberal-minded person, told it to some Beduins in my hearing, not without a gesture of his private repugnance.

We met Motlog's brother in the streets; he was come into Teyma before us. I marked how preciously the nomad man went, looking upon the ground, I thought him dazing in the stagnant air of the oases, and half melancholy: *Rahyel* might be called in English the complete gentleman of his tribe; a pensive and a merry errand he had now upon hand. The sheykh was come in to wed a town wife: for as some villager, trafficking to the nomads, will have his Beduwîa always abiding him in the desert, so it is the sick fantasy of many a Beduwy to be a wedded man in the market settlement, that when he is there he may go home to his wife, though he should not meet with her again in a round year. At evening we heard loud hand-clapping, the women's merrymaking for this bridal, in one of the next houses. This is a general and ancient Semitic wise of striking sounds in measure, to accompany the lively motions of their minds; in the Hebrew Scriptures it is said, 'The floods and the trees of the field clap their hands.' The friends of the spouse fired off their matchlocks. This pairing was under a cloud, for there happened at the moment a strange accident; it was very unlucky I came not provided with an almanac. Seeing the moon wane, the housewives made great clangour of pans to help the labouring planet, whose bright hue at length was quite lost. I began to expound the canonical nature of eclipses, which could be calculated for all times past and to come. The coffee drinkers answered soberly, "It may well be true, but the Arabs are ignorant and rude! We cannot approach to so high and perfect kinds of learning."

Upon the morrow, whilst we sat at coffee, there enters one,

walking stately, upon his long tipstaff, and ruffling in glorious garments: this was the Resident for Ibn Rashîd at Teyma. The emir's gentleman, who seemed to have swallowed a stake, passed forth, looking upon no man, till he sat down in his solemnity; and then hardly vouchsafed he to answer the coffee-drinkers' cheerful morning greetings. This is the great carriage of Hâyil, imitated from the Arabian Prince Ibn Rashîd, who carries his coxcomb like an eagle to overawe the unruly Beduw. The man was Saîd, a personage of African blood, one of the libertines of the emir's household. He sat before us with that countenance and stiff neck, which by his estimation should magnify his office: he was lieutenant of the lord of the land's dignity in these parts. Spoke there any man to him, with the homely Arabian grace *ya Saîd!* he affecting not to look again, seemed to stare in the air, casting eyes over your head and making merchant's ears; bye and bye to awaken, with displeasure, after a mighty pause: when he questioned any himself, he turned the back, and coldly averting his head he feigned not to attend your answer. Saîd was but the ruler's shadow in office for this good outlying village: his was the procuration and espial of his master's high affairs; but the town government is, by the politic princely house of Shammar, left in the hands of the natural sheykhs. Said dwelt in a great Teyma house, next by the Haddàj: miserably he lived alone to himself and unwived; at evening he sparred the door, and as he went not forth to his master's subjects, so he let in no coffee-fellowship. The Prince's slave gentleman has a large allowance, so much by the month, taken upon the tribute of the town: unlettered himself, a son was here his clerk. Now he thought good to see that Nasrâny come to town, who was dwelling he heard, since the Haj, amongst the Beduw of Ibn Rashîd. Saîd, with a distant look, now enquired of the company "Where is he?" as if his two eyes had not met with mine already. After he had asked such questions as "When came he hither?—He is with thee, Zeyd?" he kept awful silence a set space; then he uttered a few words towards me and looked upon the ground. "The Engleys, have they slaves in their country?" I answered, "We purge the world of this cursed traffic, our ships overrun the slave vessels in all seas; what blacks we find in them we set free, sending them home, or we give them land and palms in a country of ours. As for the slave shippers, we set them upon the next land and let them learn to walk home; we sink their prize-craft, or burn them. We have also a treaty with the Sûltàn: God made not a man to be sold like an head of cattle. This is well, what thinkest thou?" The gross

negro lineaments of Saîd, in which yet appeared some token of gentle Arabic blood, relented into a peaceful smiling, and then he answered pleasantly, "It is very well." Now Saîd had opened his mouth, his tongue began to wag: he told us he had gone once (very likely with Nejd horses) as far as Egypt, and there he had seen these Frenjies. So rising with lofty state, and taking again his court countenance, he bade Zeyd bring me presently, and come himself to his dàr, to drink coffee.

When we arrived thither, Saîd had doffed this mockery of lordship, and sat but homely in old clothes in his own house. He led me to the highest place; and there wanting leaning pillows, he drew under my elbow his *shidàd*, or thelûl saddle, as is the usage in the nomad booths. These Beduin manners are seen in the oases' coffee-halls, where (the Semites inventing nothing of themselves) they have almost no other moveables.—And seeing them in their clay halls in town and village one might say, "Every Arab is a wayfaring man, and ready for the journey." Saîd brought paper and ink, and a loose volume or two, which were all his books; he would see me write. So I wrote his name and quality, *Saîd Zèlamat Ibn Rashîd;* and the great man, smiling, knew the letters which should be the signs of his own name. So when we had drunk coffee, he led me out beyond his yard to a great building, in stone, of ancient Teyma, hoping I might interpret for him an antique inscription; which he showed me in the jamb of the doorway, made (and the beams likewise, such as we have seen in the basaltic Hauran) of great balks of sandstone. These strange characters, like nothing I had seen before, were in the midst obliterated by a later cross-mark. Saîd's thought was that this might be the token of an hid treasure; and he told us "one such had been raised at Feyd,"—a village betwixt Shammar and Kasîm.—Is not this a mad opinion? that the ancients, burying treasure, should have set up a guidestone and written upon it! Returning, I found in the street wall near his door, an inscription stone with four lines sharply engraved of the same strange antique Teyma writing.

Zeyd went out to buy his provision, and no one molesting me, I walked on through the place and stayed to consider their great well-pit, El-Haddàj; a work of the ancients which is in the midst of the new Teyma. That pit is unequally four-sided, some fifty feet over, and to the water are seven fathoms. The Haddàj is as a great heart of Teyma, her many waters, led outward to all sides in little channels, making green the whole oasis; other well-pits there are only in the outlying hamlets. The shrill draw-wheel frames, *suâny* are sixty, set up all round,

commonly by twos and threes mounted together; they are seldom seen all in working together. The well-camels walking downwards from the four sides of the pit, draw by their weight each one a vast horn-shaped camel-leather bucket, *dullû:* the lower neck is an open mouth, which, rising in the well, is sustained by a string, but come to the brink, and passing over a roller the dullû belly is drawn highest, whilst the string is slackened, and the neck falling forward, pours forth a roaring cataract of water. Afterward, I saw the like in India. The shrieking suâny and noise of tumbling water is, as it were, the lamentable voice of the rainless land in all Nejd villages. Day and night this labour of the water may not be intermitted. The strength of oxen cannot profitably draw wells of above three or four fathoms and, if God had not made the camel, Nejd, they say, had been without inhabitant. Their Haddàj is so called, they told me, "for the plenty of waters," which bluish-reeking are seen in the pit's depth, welling strongly from the sand-rock: this vein they imagine to come from the Harra.

Returned to the coffee-hall I found only Sleymàn; we sat down and there timidly entered the wives and sisters of his household. The open-faced Teyma hareem are frank and smiling with strangers, as I have not seen elsewhere in Arabia: yet sometimes they seem bold-tongued, of too free manners, without grace. The simple blue smock of calico dipped in indigo, the woman's garment in all the Arab countries, they wear here with a large-made and flowing grace of their own; the sleeves are embroidered with needlework of red worsted, and lozenges sewed upon them of red cotton. The most have bracelets, *hadŷd,* of beautiful great beads of unwrought amber, brought, as they tell me, anciently from Hâyil. The fairer of them have pleasant looks, yet dull as it were and bovine for the blindness of the soul; their skin, as among the nomads, is early withered; spring-time and summer are short between the slender novice and the homely woman of middle age. Tamar's garment of patches and party-colours was perchance of such sort as now these Arabian women's worked gown. His old loving father made for little Joseph a motley coat; and it may seem more than likely, that the patriarch seamed it with his own hands. Amongst the nomads men are hardly less ready-handed to cut, and to stitch too, their tunics, than the hareem. *Sleymàn:* "See Khalîl I have this little sister here, a pretty one, and she shall be thine, if thou wouldest be a wedded man, so thou wilt number me the bride-money in my hand; but well I warn thee it is not small." The bevy of hareem, standing to gaze upon a stranger, now asked me, "Wherefore art thou come to Teyma?"—"It

were enough if only to see you my sisters." But when their tongues were loosed, and they spoke on with a kine-like stolidity, Sleymàn cried full of impatience, "Are your hareem, Khalîl, such dull cattle? Why dost thou trouble thyself to answer them? Hence, women, ye stay too long, away with you!" and they obeyed the beardless lad with a feminine submission; for every Arab son and brother is a ruler over all woman-kind in the paternal household. This fresh and ruddy young man, more than any in the town, but not well minded, I found no more at my coming again: he lay some months already in an untimely grave! * * *

* * * Sultry seemed this stagnant air to us, come in from the high desert, we could not sleep in their clay houses. My thirst was inextinguishable; and finding here the first clean water, after weeks of drought, I went on drinking till some said, "Khalîl is come to Teyma only to drink water; will he drink up the Haddàj?" When Zeyd returned not yet, I went out to visit some great ancient ruin, *Kasr Zellûm*, named after a former possessor of the ground. A sturdy young half-blooded negro guided me, but whose ferocious looks by the way, brain-sick and often villanous behaviour, made me pensive: he was strong as a camel, and had brought a sword with him, I was infirm and came (for the heat) unarmed. We passed the outer walls, and when I found the place lay further in the desert, and by the eyes and unsettling looks of this ribald I might divine that his thought was in that solitary way to kill me, I made some delay; I saw a poor man in a field, and said, I would go over to him, and drink a little water. It was a nomad, building up an orchard clay wall for the villager's hire, paid in pottles of dates. In this, there came to us from the town, a young man of a principal sheykhly family, *er-Romàn*, and another with him. They had been sent after me in haste by Zeyd, as he had news in what company I was gone:—and in a later dissension Zeyd said, "I saved thy life, Khalîl! rememberest thou not that day at Teyma, when the black fellow went out to murder thee?" I knew these young smilers, so not much trusting them, we walked on together. I must run this risk to-day, I might no more perhaps come to Teyma; but all that I found for a weapon, a pen-knife, I held ready open under my mantle, that I might not perish like a slaughter-beast, if these should treacherously set upon me.

Kasr Zellûm I found to be a great four-square fort-like

building; it may be fifty or sixty paces upon a side. The walls are five feet thick, in height fifteen feet, laid of dry masonry. A part within is divided into chambers, the rest is yard, in the midst they think a great well lies buried. The site of the kasr is a little below those great town walls of ancient Teyma, which are seen as sand-banks, riding upon the plain; the head of the masonry only appearing. In the midst of the kasr wall, I found another inscription stone, laid sideways, in that strange Teyma character; and above the writing, are portrayed human eyes.—We read that the augurs of the antique Arabs scored two lines as eyes, the wise men naming them their "children of vision." At the rendering of Teyma to Abeyd Ibn Rashîd, he left this injunction with the Teyâmena, "Ye are not to build up to the walls of that kasr!" * * *

* * * At evening we were gathered a great coffee company at our host's fire, and some beginning their talk of the Christian religion, were offended that "the Nasâra worship idols, and this not only, but that they blaspheme the apostle." Also they said, "It is a people that know no kind of lawful wedlock, but as beasts, they follow their natural affection; the lights quenched in their religious assemblies, there is a cursed meddling among them in strange and horrible manner, the son it may be lying in savage blindness with his own mother, in manner, wellah, as the hounds:—in such wise be gotten the cursed generation of Nasrânies, that very God confound them! (the speaker dared to add) and this Nasrâny I durst say cannot know his own father. Besides, they have other heathenish customs among them, as when a Christian woman dies to bury her living husband along with her." Almost the like contumelies are forged by the malicious Christian sects, of the Druses their neighbours in the mountain villages of Syria. "Friends, I answered, these are fables of a land far off, and old wives' malice of things unknown; but listen and I will tell you the sooth in all." A Fejîry Beduin here exclaimed, "Life of this fire! Khalîl lies not; wellah even though he be a Nasrâny, he speaks the truth in all among the Aarab; there could no Musslim be more true spoken. Hear him!—and say on, Khalîl."—"This is the law of marriage given by God in the holy religion of the *Messîah*, 'the son of Miriam from the Spirit of Ullah,'—it is thus spoken of him in your own Scriptures."—"*Sully Ullah aley-hu* (they all answered), whom the Lord bless, the Lord's grace be with him," breathing the accustomed

benediction as the name is uttered in their hearing of a greater prophet.—"As God gave to Adam *Hawwa*, one woman, so is the Christian man espoused to one wife. It is a bond of religion until the dying of either of them; it is a faithful fellowship in sickness, in health, in the felicity and in the calamity of the world, and whether she bear children or is barren: and that may never be broken, saving by cause of adultery."—"But, said they, the woman is sooner old than her husband; if one may not go from his wife past age to wed another, your law is not just." One said, laughing, "Khalîl, we have a better religion, thy rule were too strait for us; I myself have wedded one with another wives fifteen. What say you, companions? in the hareem are many crooked conditions? I took some, I put away some, ay billah! until I found some with whom I might live." * * *

* * * Nejd Beduins are more fanatic, in the magnanimous ignorance of their wild heads, but with all this less dangerous than the village inhabitants, soberly instructed and settled in their koran reading. There was a scowling fellow at my elbow who had murmured all the evening; now as I rested he said, 'I was like a fiend in the land, akhs! a Yahûdy!' As I turned from him, neighbours bade me not to mind this despiteful tongue, saying "Khalîl, it is only a Beduwy." The poor man, who was of Bishr, abashed to be named Beduwy among them in the town, cast down his eyes and kept silence. One whispered to Zeyd, "If anything happen to him have you not to answer to the Dowla? he might die among you of some disease." But Zeyd answered with a magnanimity in his great tones, "*Henna mà na sadikîn billah*, Are we not confiding in God!"—The company rose little before midnight, and left us to lie down in our mantles, on the coffee-house floor. Sleymàn said a last petulant word, 'How could I, a civil man, wander with the wild Beduw that were melaun el-weyladeyn, of cursed kind?'

It was not long before we heard one feeling by the walls. Zeyd cried, "Who is there?" and sat up leaning on his elbow in the feeble moonlight. "Rise, Zeyd, (said an old wife's voice,) I come from Hirfa, the Aarab are about removing." Zeyd answered, wearily stretching himself, "A punishment fall upon them:"—we must needs then march all this night. As we stood up we were ready; there is no superstitious leave-taking among them; and we stepped through our host Sley-

mân's dark gate into the street, never to meet with him again, and came at the end of the walled ways to the Beduins, who were already loading in the dark. Zeyd, reproving their changeable humour, asked a reason of this untimely wandering; "We would not, they answered, be longer guests, to eat the bread of the Teyâmena." They being all poor folk, had seen perhaps but cold hospitality.

We held south, and rode soon by some ruins, "of ancient Teyma, (they told me) and old wells there." They alighted near dawn; discharging the beasts, we made fires, and lay down to slumber awhile. Remounting from thence, after few miles, we passed some appearance of ruins, *Burjesba*, having upon the south a mountain, *J. Jerbûa*. At the mid-afternoon we met with our tribesmen marching; they had removed twice in our absence: the Aarab halted to encamp few miles further. As said, this year was big with troubles, the Fukara were now fugitives. The Beny Wáhab, as borderers, having least profit of Ibn Rashîd's government, are not cheerful payers of his *zikâ*. The Fejîr had withheld the light tax, five years, until the Emir, returning last summer with his booty of the W. Aly, visited them in the wilderness, and exacted his arrears, only leaving them their own, because they had submitted themselves. The Fukara were not yet in open enmity with the Wélad Aly, as the Prince had prescribed to them, only they were "not well" together; but our Fejîr were daily more in mistrust of the terrible Emir. Every hour they thought they saw his riders upon them, and the menzil taken. They would go therefore from their own wandering ground, and pass from his sight into the next Bishr dîra.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FUKARA WANDERING AS FUGITIVES IN ANOTHER DÎRA

IN this menzil, because the people must march from the morrow, the booths were struck and their baggage had been made up before they slept. The Beduin families lay abroad under the stars, beside their household stuff and the unshapely full sweating water-skins. The night was cold, at an altitude of 3600 feet. I saw the nomads stretched upon the sand, wrapped in their mantles: a few have sleeping carpets, *ekîm*, under them, made of black worsted stuff like their tent-cloth, but of the finer yarn and better weaving, adorned with a border of chequerwork of white and coloured wool and fringes gaily dyed. The ekîms of Teyma have a name in this country.

It was chill under the stars at this season, marching before the sun in the open wilderness. The children of the poor have not a mantle, only a cotton smock covers their tender bodies, some babes are even seen naked. I found 48° F., and when the sun was fairly up 86°. It was a forced march; the flocks and the herds, *et-tursh*, were driven forth beside us. At a need the Beduw spare not the cattle which are all their wealth, but think they do well to save themselves and their substance, even were it with the marring of some of them; their camel kine great with young were now daily calving. The new-yeaned lambs and kids, the tottering camel-calf of less than five days old, little whelps, which they would rear, of the hounds of the encampment, are laid by the housewives, with their own children, upon the burden camels. Each mother is seen riding upon a camel in the midst of the roll of her tent-cloth or carpet, in the folds lie nested also the young animals; she holds her little children before her. Small children, the aged, the sick, and even bed-rid folk, carried long hours, show no great signs of weariness in camel-riding. Their suffering persons ride seated in a nest of tent-cloth; others, who have been herdsmen, kneel or lie along, not fearing to fall, and seem to repose thus

upon the rolling camel's bare back. It is a custom of the desert to travel fasting: however long be the ráhla, the Aarab eat only when they have alighted at the menzil; yet mothers will give their children to drink, or a morsel in their mouths, by the long way.

Journeying in this tedious heat, we saw first, in the afternoon horizon, the high solitary sandstone mountain J. Birrd. "Yonder thulla," cried my neighbours in their laughing *argot*, "is the *sheykh* of our dîra." Birrd has a height of nearly 5000 feet. At the right hand there stretches a line of acacia trees in the wilderness plain, the token of a dry seyl bed, *Gô*, which descends, they said, from a day westward of Kheybar, and ends here in the desert. In all this high country, between Teyma and Tebûk and Medáin Sâlih, there are no wadies. The little latter rain that may fall in the year is but sprinkled in the sand. Still journeying, this March sun which had seen our ráhla, rising, set behind us in a stupendous pavilion of Oriental glories, which is not seldom in these Arabian waste marches, where the atmosphere is never quite unclouded. We saw again the cold starlight before the fainting households alighted under Birrd till the morrow, when they would remove anew; the weary hareem making only a shelter from the night wind of the tent-cloths spread upon two stakes. It was in vain to seek milk of the over-driven cattle with dry udders. This day the nomad village was removed at once more than forty miles. In common times these wandering graziers take their menzils and dismiss the cattle to pasture, before high noon.—Hastily, as we saw the new day, we removed, and pitched few miles beyond in the Bishr dîra; from hence they reckoned three journeys to Hâyil, the like from Dàr el-Hamra, a day and a-half to Teyma.

A poor woman came weeping to my tent, entreating me to see and divine in my books what were become of her child. The little bare-foot boy was with the sheep, and had been missing after yesterday's long ráhla. The mother was hardly to be persuaded, in her grief, that my books were not cabalistical. I could not persuade the dreary indifference of the Arabs in her menzil to send back some of them, besides the child's father, to seek him: of their own motion they know not any such charity. If the camel of some poor widow woman be strayed, there is no man will ride upon the traces for human kindness, unless she can pay a real. The little herd-boy was found in the end of the encampment, where first he had lighted upon a kinsman's tent.

We removed from thence a little within the high white borders of the Nefûd, marching through a sand country full of

last year's plants of the "rose of Jericho". These Beduw call them *ch(k)ef Marhab.* *Kef* is the hollow palm, with the fingers clenching upon it. Marhab is in their tradition sheykh of old Jewish Kheybar. We found also the young herb, two velvet green leaves, which has the wholesome smack of cresses, and is good for the nomad cattle. The Aarab alighted afterward in the camping ground *Ghrormùl el-Mosubba;* known from far by the landmark of a singular tower-like needle of sandstone, sixty feet high, the *Towîlan.* The third day we removed from thence, with mist and chill wind blowing, to *J. Chebàd:* from Chebâd we went to the rugged district *el-Jebâl.* After another journey, we came to pitch before the great sandstone mountain chine of Irnàn, in Nejd. Beyond this we advanced south-eastward to the rugged coast of *Ybba Moghrair;* the Beduins, removing every second or third day, journeyed seven or eight miles and alighted. I saw about el-Jebâl other circles of rude flag-stones, set edgewise, as those of Jerèyda. In another place certain two cornered wall-enclosures, of few loose courses; they were made upon low rising grounds, and I thought might have been a sort of breastworks; the nomads could give me no account of them, as of things before their time and tradition. East of Ybba Moghrair, we passed the foot of a little antique rude turret in the desert soil. I showed it to some riding next me in the ráhla. "Works (they answered) remaining from the creation of the world; what profit is there to enquire of them?" "But all such to be nothing (said Zeyd) in comparison with that he would show me on the morrow, which was a marvel: the effigy of *Abu Zeyd,* a fabulous heroic personage, and dame *Alîa* his wife, portrayed upon some cliff of yonder mountain Ybba Moghrair."

Wandering in all the waste Arabia, we often see rude trivet stones set by threes together: such are of old nomad pot-fires; and it is a comfortable human token, that some have found to cheer themselves, before us, in land where man's life seems nearly cast away, but at what time is uncertain; for stones, as they were pitched in that forsaken drought, may so continue for ages. The harder and gravel wilderness is seen cross-lined everywhere with old trodden camel paths; these are also from the old generations, and there is not any place of the immense waste, which is not at some time visited in the Aarab's wanderings; and yet whilst we pass, no other life, it may be, is in the compass of a hundred miles about us. There is almost no parcel of soil where fuel may not be found, of old camel dung, *jella,* bleaching in the sun; it may lie three years, and a little sand blown upon it, sometime longer. There is another human sign

in the wilderness, which mothers look upon; we see almost in every new ráhla, little ovals of stones, which mark the untimely died of the nomads: but grown persons dying in their own dîras, are borne (if it be not too difficult) to the next common burying place.

On the morrow betimes, Zeyd took his mare and his lance, and we set out to visit Abu Zeyd's image, the wonder of this desert. We crossed the sand plain, till the noon was hot over us; and come to the mountain, we rounded it some while in vain: Zeyd could not find the place. White stains, like sea-marks, are seen upon certain of those desolate cliffs, they are roosting-places of birds of prey, falcons, buzzards and owls: their great nests of sticks are often seen in wild crags of these sandstone marches. In the waterless soil live many small animals which drink not, as rats and lizards and hares. We heard scritching owls sometimes in the still night; then the nomad wives and children answered them with mocking again *Ymgebâs! Ymgebâs!* The hareem said, "It is a wailful woman, seeking her lost child through the wilderness, which was turned into this forlorn bird." Fehjies eat the owl; for which they are laughed to scorn by the Beduw, that are devourers of some other vermin.

We went upon those mountain sides until we were weary. A sheykh's son, a coffee companion from his youth, and here in another dîra, Zeyd could not remember his landmarks. It was high noon; we wandered at random, and, for hunger and thirst, plucking wild dandelions sprung since some showers in those rocks, we began to break our fast. At length, looking down at a deep place, we espied camels, which went pasturing under the mountain: there we found Fehját herdsmen. The images, they said, were not far before us, they would put us in the way, but first they bade us sit down to refresh ourselves. The poor men then ran for us under the nâgas' udders, and drew their milk-skin full of that warm sustenance.—Heaven remember for good the poor charitable nomads! When we had drunk they came along with us, driving the cattle: a little strait opened further, it was a long inlet in the mountain bosom, teeming green with incomparable freshness, to our sense, of rank herbage. At the head of this garden of weeds is an oozy slumbering pool; and thereabove I perceived the rocks to be full of scored inscriptions, and Abu Zeyd's yard-high image, having in his hand the crooked camel stick, bakhorra, or, as the Aarab say, who cannot judge of portraiture, a sword; beside him, is a lesser, perhaps a female figure, which they call "Alîa his wife". It is likely that these old lively shapes were battered, with a stone, upon

the sandstone; they are not as the squalid scrawling portraiture of the Beduw, but limned roundly to the natural with the antique diligence. Here are mostly short Himyaric legends, written (as is common in these deserts) from above downwards; the names, the saws, the salaams, of many passengers and cameleers of the antique generations. *Ybba*, is said for *Abu*, father, in these parts of Arabia, and at Medina; *Moghrair*, is perhaps cave. I bade Zeyd let me have a milch nâga and abandon me here with Abu Zeyd. Zeyd answered (with a fable), he had already paid a camel to Bishr, for license to show me their Abu Zeyd. The Fehját answered simply, "A man might not dwell here alone, in the night time, the demons would affray him."

As we came again, Zeyd lighted upon a natural sanded basin among the rocks, under the mountain, and there sounding with his hands to the elbow, he reached to a little stinking moisture. Zeyd smiled vaingloriously, and cried, 'Ha! we had discovered a new water. Wellah, here is water a little under the mire, the hind shall come hither to morrow and fill our girbies.' Thereby grew a nightshade weed, now in the berry; the Beduin man had not seen the like before, and bade me bear it home to the menzil, to be conned by the hareem:—none of whom, for all their wise looking, knew it. "A stranger plant (said they) in this dîra:" it is housewifely amongst them to be esteemed cunning in drugs and simples. Lower, we came to a small pool in the rock; the water showed ruddy-brown and ammoniacal, the going down was stained with old filth of camels. "Ay (he said) of this water would we draw for our coffee, were there none other." Upon the stone I saw other Himyaric legends. And here sat two young shepherd lasses; they seeing men approach, had left playing, their little flock wandered near them. Zeyd, a great sheykh, hailed them with the hilarity of the desert, and the ragged maidens answered him in mirth again: they fear none of their tribesmen, and herding maidens may go alone with the flocks far out of seeing of the menzil in the empty wilderness. We looked up and down, but could not espy Zeyd's mare, which, entering the mountain, he had left bound below, the headstall tied back, by the halter, to an hind limb in the nomad manner. Thus, making a leg at every pace, the Beduin mare may graze at large; but cannot wander wide. At length, from a high place, we had sight of her, returning upon her traces to the distant camp. "She is thirsty (said Zeyd), let her alone and she will find the way home:"—although the black booths were yet under our horizon. So the nomad horses come again of themselves, and seek their own households, when they would drink

water. Daily, when the sun is well risen, the Beduin mare is hop-shackled with iron links, which are opened with a key, and loosed out to feed from her master's tent. The horses wander, seeking each other, if the menzils be not wide scattered, and go on pasturing and sporting together: their sheykhly masters take no more heed of them than of the hounds of the encampment, until high noon, when the mares, returning homeward of themselves, are led in to water. They will go then anew to pasture, or stand shadowing out that hot hour in the master's booth (if it be a great one). They are grazing not far off till the sun is setting, when they draw to their menzils, or are fetched home and tethered for the night.

There hopped before our feet, as we came, a minute brood of second locusts, of a leaden colour, with budding wings like the spring leaves, and born of those gay swarms which, a few weeks before, had passed over and despoiled the desert. After forty days these also would fly as a pestilence, yet more hungry than the former, and fill the atmosphere. We saw a dark sky over the black nomad tents, and I showed Zeyd a shower falling before the westing sun.—"Would God, he answered, it might reach us!" Their cattle's life in this languishing soil is of a very little rain. The Arabian sky, seldom clear, weeps as the weeping of hypocrites.

We removed from hence, and pitched the black booths upon that bleakness of white sand which is, here, the Nefûd, whose edge shows all along upon the brown sandstone desert: a seyl bed, *Terrai*, sharply divides them. The Aarab would next remove to a good well, *el-Hyza,* in the Nefûd country, where in good years they find the spring of new pasture: but there being little to see upon this border, we returned another day towards the *Helwàn* mountain; in which march I saw other (eight or nine yards large) circles of sandstone flags. Dreary was this Arabian ráhla; from the March skies there soon fell a tempest of cold rain, and, alighting quickly, the Beduin women had hardly breath in the whirling shower to build their booths:—a héjra may be put up in three minutes. In the tents, we sat out the stormy hours upon the moist sand in our stiffened wet mantles; and the windy drops fell through the ragged tilt upon us In the Nefûd, towards el-Hŷza, are certain booming sand hills, *Rowsa, Deffafîat, Subbîa* and *Irzûm,* such as the sand drift of *J. Nagûs,* by the sea village of *Tor,* in Sinai: the upper sand sliding down under the foot of the passenger, there arises, of the infinite fretting grains, such a giddy loud swelling sound, as when your wetted finger is drawn about the lip of a glass of water, and like that swooning din after the chime of a great

bell, or cup of metal.—*Nagûs* is the name of the sounding-board in the belfry of the Greek monastery, whereupon as the sacristan plays with his hammer, the timber yields a pleasant musical note, which calls forth the formal *colieros* to their prayers: another such singing sand drift, *el-Howayría*, is in the cliffs (east of the Mezham,) of Medáin Sâlih.

The afternoon was clear; the sun dried our wet clothing, and a great coffee party assembled at Zeyd's tent. He had promised Khalîl would make *chai* (tea), "which is the coffee-drink, he told them, of the Nasâra.—And, good Khalîl, since the sheykhs would taste thy chai, look thou put in much sugar" I had to-day pure water of the rain in the desert, and that tea was excellent. Zeyd cried to them, "And how liketh you the kahwat of the Nasâra?" They answered, "The sugar is good, but as for this which Khalîl calls *chai*, the smack of it is little better than warm water" They would say "Thin drink, and not gross tasting" as is their foul-water coffee. Rahŷel drank his first cup out, and returned it mouth downward (a token with them that he would no more of it), saying, "Khalîl is not this *el-khamr? the fermented* or wine of the Nasâra:" and for conscience sake he would not drink; but the company sipped their sugar-drink to the dregs, and bade the stranger pour out more. I called to Rahŷel's remembrance the Persians drinking chai in the Haj caravan. Beduins who tasted tea the second time, seeing how highly I esteemed it, and feeling themselves refreshed, afterward desired it extremely, imagining this drink with sugar to be the comfort of all human infirmities. But I could never have, for my asking, a cup of their fresh milk; they put none in their coffee, and to put whole milk to this *kahwat en-Nasâra* seemed to them a very outlandish and waste using of God's benefit. When I made tea at home, I called in Hirfa to drink the first cup, saying to the Beduins that this was our country manner, where the weaker sex was honourably regarded. Hirfa answered, "Ah! that we might be there among you! Khalîl, these Beduw here are good for nothing, billah, they are wild beasts; to-day they beat and to-morrow they abandon the hareem: the woman is born to labour and suffering, and in the sorrow of her heart, it nothing avails that she can speak." The men sitting at the hearths laughed when Hirfa preached. She cried peevishly again, "Yes, laugh loud ye wild beasts!—Khalîl, the Beduw are heathens!" and the not happy young wife smiled closely to the company, and sadly to herself again.

Evening clouds gathered; the sheykhs going homewards had wet mantles. The mare returned of herself through the falling weather, and came and stood at our coffee fire, in half human

wise, to dry her soaked skin and warm herself, as one among us. It may be said of the weak nomad horses, that they have no gall. I have seen a mare, stabling herself in the mid-day shadow of the master's booth, that approached the sitters about the coffee hearth and putting down her soft nose the next turned their heads to kiss her, till the sheykh rose to scold his mare away. They are feeble, of the slender and harsh desert forage; and gentle to that hand of man, which is as the mother's teat to them in the wilderness. Wild and dizzy camels are daily seen, but seldom impetuous horses, and perverse never: the most are of the bay colour. The sheykh's hope is in his mare to bear him with advantage upon his enemy, or to save him hastily from the field; it is upon her back he may best take a spoil and outride all who are mounted upon thelûls. Nor she (nor any life, of man or beast, besides the hounds) is ever mishandled amongst them. The mare is not cherished by the master's household, yet her natural dwelling is at the mild nomad tent. She is allied to the beneficent companionship of man; his shape is pleasant to her in the inhospitable khála. The mildness of the Arab's home is that published by their prophet of the divine household; mild-hearted is the koran Ullah, a sovereign Semitic house-father, how indulgent to his people! The same is an adversary, cruel and hard, to an alien people.

The nomad horse we see here shod as in Syria with a plate open in the midst, which is the Turkish manner; these sheukh purchase their yearly provision of horse-shoes in the Haj market. I have seen the nomads' horses shod even in the sand country of Arabia: yet upon the Syrian borders a few are left without shoes, and some are seen only hind-shod. The sâny who followed our tribe—he was accounted the best smith, in all work of iron, of that country side, not excepted Teyma—was their farrier. One day I went with Zeyd to see his work. We found the man of metal firing Rahyel's mare, which had a drawn hind leg, and as they are ready-handed with a few tools he did it with his ramrod of iron; the end being made red-hot in the fire, he sealed and seared the infirm muscles. I saw the suffering creature without voice, standing upon three legs, for the fourth was heaved by a cord in stiff hands. The Beduw, using to fire their camels' bodies up and down, make not much more account of the mare's skin, how whole it be or branded. They look only that she be of the blood, a good breeder, and able to serve her master in warfare. Rahŷel quitted the sâny's hire; Zeyd, who waited for the ends of the smith's labour, had brought his hands full of old horse-shoes, and bade him beat them into nails, against his mare should be shod. Zeyd went to pull dry sticks,

kindled a bonfire, and when it had burned awhile he quenched all with sand; and taking up the weak charcoal in his mantle, he went to lay it upon the forge fire (a hearth-pit in the sand). Then this great sheykh sat down himself to the pair of goat-skin bellows, and blew the sâny a blast. It was a mirth to see how Zeyd, to save his penny, could play the Solubby, and such he seemed sweating between two fires of the hot coals and the scalding sun at high noon, till the hunger-bitten chaps were begrimed of his black and, in fatigue, hard-favoured visage. Finally, rising with a sigh, "Khalîl, he said, art thou not weary sitting abroad in the sun? yonder is Rahŷel's booth, let us enter in the shadow; he is a good man, and will make us coffee." Thus even the Beduins are impatient of the Arabian sun's beating upon their pates, unless in the ráhla, that is, when the air about them is moving.—"Peace be with thee, Rahŷel, I bring Khalîl; sit thee down by me, Khalîl, and let us see thee write Rahyel's name; write 'Rahŷel el-Fejîry, the sheykh, he that wedded the bint at Teyma':" they kneeled about me with the pleased conceit of unlettered mortals, to see their fugitive words detained and laid up in writing.

There arrived at our camp some Beduin traders, come over the Nefûd from Jauf: they were of Bishr. And there are such in the tribes, prudent poor men, that would add to their livelihood by the peaceable and lawful gain of merchandise, rather than by riding upon ungodly and uncertain ghrazzus. The men brought down samn and tobacco, which they offered at two-thirds of the price which was now paid in these sterile regions. Yet the Aarab, iniquitous in all bargains, would hardly purchase of them at so honest and easy a rate; they would higgle-haggle for a little lower, and finally bought not at all;—sooner than those strangers should win, they would pay double the money later at el-Ally! and they can wait wretchedly thus, as the dead whilst a time passes over them. A little more of government, and men such as these traders would leave the insecure wandering life, (which all the Aarab, for the incessant weariness and their very emptiness of heart, have partly in aversio ,) to become settlers. Beduins complain in their long hours of the wretchedness of their lives; and they seem then wonderfully pensive, as men disinherited of the world. Human necessitous malice has added this to the affliction of nature, that there should be no sure passage in Arabia: and when there is dearth in any dîra, because no autumn rain has fallen there, or their hope was devoured by the locusts, the land traffic may hardly reach them.

The destitute Beduw, in their idle tents, are full of musing melancholy; if any blame them they answer in this pensive humour: "Aha, truly the Aarab are *bahâim*, brute beasts; *mesakîn*, mesquins; *kutaat ghranem*, *dubbush*, a drove of silly sheep, a mixed herd of small cattle; *juhâl*, ignorant wretches; *mejanîn*, lunatic folk; *affinîn*, corrupt to rottenness; *haramîyeh*, law-breakers, thieves; *kuffâr*, heathen men; *mithil es-seyd*, like as the fallow beasts, scatterlings in the wilderness, and not having human understanding." And when they have said all, they will add, for despite, of themselves, *wellah*, *el-Aarab kilâb*, "and the nomads are hounds, God knoweth." But some will make a beggarly vaunt of themselves, "the Aarab are jinnies and sheyatîn," that is witty fiends to do a thing hardily and endure the worst, without fear of God. Between this sorry idleness in the menzils and their wandering fatigue they all dote, men and women, upon *tittun*, tobacco. The dry leaf (which they draw from el-Ally and Teyma) is green, whether, as they say, because this country is dewless, or the Arabian villagers have not learned to prepare it. They smoke the green dried leaf, rubbed between the palms from the hard stalks, with a coal burning upon it. I have seen this kind as far as the borders of Syria, where the best is from Shobek and J. Kerak, it is bitter tasting; the sweetest in this country is that raised by Beduin husbandmen of the Moahîb, in *Wady Aurush* upon the sea side of the *Aueyrid* Harra, over against el-Héjr.

Our wandering village maintained a tobacco seller, an Ally villager, who lived amongst them in nomad wise in the desert, and was wedded with a tribeswoman of theirs. The man had gathered a little stock, and was thriving in this base and extortionate traffic. It irked the lean Beduin souls to see the parasite grow fat of that which he licked vilely from their beards. Seeing him merry they felt themselves sad, and for a thing too which lay upon their consciences. The fault bewitched them; also they could not forbid a neighbour the face of the free desert. Thus the bread of the poor, who before had not half enough, was turned to ashes. He let them have here for twelve pence only so much as was two penny-worth at el-Ally; the poor soul who brought him a kid in payment, to-day, that would be valued before the year was out at two crowns, comforted himself with his pipe seven days for this loss of a head of cattle, having a half groat to "drink" of the villager's tobacco, or rather the half of two pence, for, wetting the leaves, that malicious Alowwy had devised to make the half part fill his pint measure. After the men, I saw poor tobacco-sick hareem come clamouring to his tent, and holding in their weak

hands bottoms of their spun wool and pints of samn which they have spared perhaps to buy some poor clothing, but now they cannot forbear to spend and 'drink' smoke: or else having naught, they borrow of him, with thanksgiving, at an excessive usury. And if the extortioner will not trust one, she pitifully entreats him, that only this once, he would fill her cold galliûn, and say not nay, for old kindness sake. Zeyd though so principal a sheykh, would buy no tobacco himself, but begged all day, were it even of the poorest person in a coffee company: then looking lovely he would cry, *min y'ámir-ly*, "Who (is he the friend) will replenish (this sebîl) for my sake?" For faintness of mind in this deadly soil they are all parasites and live basely one upon another: Beduins will abjectly beg tobacco even of their poor tribeswomen. Zeyd came one day into the mejlis complaining of the price of tittun, and though it cost him little or naught; and sitting down he detested, with an embittered roughness in his superhuman comely voice, all the father's kin of Alowna. "Ullah! (he cried) curse this Sleymàn the tittun-seller! I think verily he will leave this people erelong not even their camels!" Tobacco is this world's bliss of many in the idle desert, against whom the verses of a Beduin maker are currently recited in all their tribes: "For three things a man should not 'drink' smoke: is not he a sot that will burn his own fingers (in taking up a coal from the hearth to lay it in his pipe-head), and he that willingly wasteth his substance (spending for that which is not bread), and withal he doth it ungodly."

The Fejîr wandered in the strange Bishr marches not without apprehension and some alarms,—then the sheykhs pricked forth upon their mares, and the most morrows, they rode out two hours to convoy the pasturing great cattle of the tribe, *el-'bil*. The first locusts had devoured the rabîa before us; there was now scarcity, and our Beduins must divide themselves into two camps. Motlog removed with his part, in which were the most sheykhs, making half a journey from us to the westward. Zeyd remained with his fellow Rahŷel, who had the sheykh's charge in this other part. We marched and encamped divided, for many days, in before determined and equal manner.

I saw often the *samhh* plant growing, but not abundantly; now a leafless green wort, a hand high, with fleshy stems and branches full of brine, like samphire. At each finger end is an eye, where, the plant drying up in the early summer, a grain is ripened. In the Sherarát country, where the samhh grows more plentifully, their housewives and children gather in this

wild harvest. The dry stalks are steeped in water, they beat out the seed with rods; and of this small grain their hareem grind flour for the daily mess. I had eaten of this wild-bread at Maan; it was black and bitter, but afterward I thought it sweet-meat, in the further desert of Arabia. The samhh porridge is good, and the taste "as camel milk": but the best is of the flour, kneaded with dates and a little samn, to be eaten raw: —a very pleasant and wholesome diet for travellers, who in many open passages durst not kindle fire.

Now I was free of the Beduins' camp, and welcomed at all coffee hearths; only a few minds were hostile still, of more fanatical tribesmen. Often, where I passed, a householder called me in from his booth, and when I sat down, with smiles of a gentle host, he brought forth dates and lében: this is 'the bread and salt,' which a good man will offer once, and confirm fellowship with the stranger. The Aarab, although they pardoned my person, yet thought me to blame for my religion. There happened another day a thing which, since they put all to the hand of Ullah, might seem to them some token of a Providence which cared for me. Weary, alighting from the ráhla in blustering weather, I cast my mantle upon the next bush, and sat down upon it. In the same place I raised my tent and remained sheltered till evening, when the cripple child of our menzil came to me upon all fours for his dole of a handful of dates, but at my little tent door he shrieked and recoiled hastily. He had seen shining folds of a venomous serpent, under the bush,—so they will lie close in windy weather. At his cry Zeyd's shepherd caught a stake from the next beyt, and running to, with a sturdy stroke he beat in pieces the poisonous vermin. The viper was horned, more than two feet long, the body swollen in front, with brassy speckled scales, and a broad white belly, ending in a whip-like tail. A herdsman had been bitten, last year, by one of this kind in a ráhla; they laid him upon a camel, but he died, with anguish and swelling, before the people were come to the menzil. A camel stung "will die in an hour", and the humour in so desiccated a soil must be very virulent, yet such accidents are seldom in the nomad life. I had certainly passed many times over the adder, the Beduwy bore it away upon a stick, to make some "salve very good for the camels". We had killed such an adder at Medáin. Haj Nejm was with us; they called it *umm-jeneyb*, 'that moves upon her side.' The lad Mohammed divided the head with a cutlass stroke, as she lay sleeping deafly in the sand against the sun, in many S-shaped boughts: the old Moor would have her horns. "Wot ye, in the left horn

lies the venom, and the antidote is in her other, if it be drunken with milk:—or said I amiss! let me think in which of them—: well lads let her be, for I have not this thing certainly in mind." There is a horned adder in the deserts of Barbary. This tale was told immediately in the nomad camp, 'the Nasrâny escaped from the poisonous serpent,' and some asked me in the mejlis, How "saw" I the adventure? Zeyd answered them, "It was God's mercy indeed." There was sitting by our fire a rude herding-lad, a stranger of Ruwâlla, one of those poor young men of the tribes, who will seek service abroad, that is with other Beduins: for they think, in every other dîra may be better life, and they would see the world. "Auh! said he, had she bitten thee, Khalîl, thou shouldst never have seen thy mother again." 'The guilty overtaken from Heaven upon a day,' such is the superstition of mankind; and in such case the Beduins would have said, "Of a truth he was God's adversary, the event has declared it."

Surely these pastoral people are the least ingenious of all mankind; is any man or beast bitten, they know nothing better than to "read" over him (*el-kirreya*). Some spells they have learned to babble by heart, of words fetched out of the koran; the power of "God's Word", (which commandeth and it is made,) they think, should be able to overcome the malignity of venom. Some wiseacre "reader" may be found in nearly every wandering village; they are men commonly of an infirm understanding and no good conditions, superstitiously deceiving themselves and not unwilling to deceive others. The patient's friends send for one, weeping, to be their helper; and between his breaths their "reader" will spit upon the wound, and sprinkle a little salt. The poor Beduins are good to each other, and there is sometimes found one who will suck his friend's or a kinsman's poisoned wound. Yet all availeth less, they think, than the "Word of God", were it rightly "read"; upon their part, the desert "readers", without letters, acknowledge themselves to be unlearned. There is also many a bold spirit among the Aarab, of men and women, that being hurt, snatching a brand from the hearth, will sear his wounded flesh, till the fire be quenched in the suffering fibre: and they can endure pain (necessitous persons, whose livelihood is as a long punishment,) with constant fortitude.

The ligature is unknown to them, but I once found a Solubby who had used it: when his wife had been bitten in the shin by an adder, he hastily bound the leg above the knee, and sucked the venom. A night and a day his wife lay dead-like and blackened; then she revived little and little, and

came to herself: the woman recovered, but was for a long while after discoloured. Charity, that would suck the bite of a serpent, must consider, is there no hurt in her own lips and mouth, for so one might envenom himself. There came to me a man seeking medicine, all whose lower lip to the chin was an open ulcer: huskily he told me, (for the horrible virus corrupted his voice,) that the mischief came to him after sucking a serpent-bite, a year past. I said, I hoped to help him with medicines, and freely, as his courage had deserved; but the impatient wretch disdained a physician that could not cure him anon. I saw him six months later at Teyma, when he said, "See thou! I am well again;" all the flesh was now as jasper, where the wound had been, which was healed in appearance. * * *

* * * One evening a man was led to me bleeding in the arm, he had but now received a sword-cut of a Fehjy: they strove for a goat, which each maintained to be his own. The poor Fehjy, thinking himself falsely overborne, had pulled out his cutlass and struck at the oppressor,—neighbours running in laid hands upon them both. Zeyd murmured at our fire, "—That any Fehjy should be an aggressor! (The Fehját, born under a lowly star, are of a certain base alloy, an abject kind amongst the Aarab.) It was never seen before, that any Fehjy had lifted his weapon against a Fejîry." That small kindred of Heteym are their hereditary clients and dwellers in their menzils. The Fukara sheykhs on the morrow, and Zeyd a chief one with them, must judge between the men indifferently: and for aught I have learned they amerced the Fejîry, condemning him to pay certain small cattle; for which, some time after, I found him and his next kinsmen dwelling as exiles in another tribe. Satisfaction may be yielded (and the same number will be accepted) in any year to come, of the natural increase of his stock, and the exiles reestablish themselves: for the malicious subtlety of usury is foreign to the brotherly dealing of the nomad tribesmen.

Passengers in the land say proverbially of these poor Fehját, "The Fehjies are always blithe." And what care should he have who lives as the fowls of the air, almost not hoping to gain or fearing to lose anything in the world: and commonly they are full of light jesting humour, and merry as beggars. Their father is that Marhab, say they, sheykh next after the Mohammedan conquest of ancient Kheybar.—Are they then the Yahûd Kheybar? I have seen Doolan, the prowest and

the poorest of these Antarids, cast down a night and a day after his lips had uttered to us this magnanimous confession; as his grandsire Antara could proudly acknowledge his illiberal blood of the mother's side, and be a sad man afterward. Believing themselves such, they would sometime have the Nasrâny to be an ancient kinsman of theirs; and being accused for the name of my religion, this procured me the good will of such persons, which were themselves the thralls of an insane fortune. Sometimes they said I should take a wife of the fairest daughters amongst them; and Fehjiát (Heteym) were, I think, the only two well favoured forms of women in this great encampment. As I rode in the midst of a ráhla, the husband of one of them hailed me cheerfully—I had hardly seen them before —"Ho there, Khalîl!"—"*Weysh widdak ya zillamy*, O man, what is thy will?"—"I say, hast thou any liking to wed?—is not this (his wife) a fair woman?" And between their beggarly mirth and looking for gain, he cries in merry earnest, "Wellah, if this like you, I will let her go (saying the word of divorce); only Khalîl, thou wilt *sûk* (drive up cattle, that is, pay over to me) five camels,"—which he swore fast he had given himself for her bride-money. Tall was this fair young wife and freshly clad as a beloved; her middle small girt with a gay scarlet lace: barefoot she went upon the waste sand with a beautiful erect confidence of the hinds, in their native wilderness. "And what (I asked) is thy mind, my sister?" She answered, "So thou wouldst receive me, Khalîl, I am willing."—Thus light are they in their marriages, and nearly all unhappy! I passed from them in silence at the pace of my thelûl. Another day, seeing her come to a circumcision festival, I saluted her by name, but for some laughing word maliciously reported, she showed me, with a wounded look, that I was fallen under her beautiful displeasure. * * *

* * * Long were our sultry days since the tribe was divided, and without mejlis; yet the fewer neighbours were now more friendly drawn together. Zeyd was always at home, to his beyt resorted the sheukh companions, and he made them coffee. All cousins together, the host far from all jealousy, and Beduins fain to be merry, their often game was of the late passages betwixt Hirfa and Zeyd; they twitted the young wife's demure ill humour. "Hirfa ho! Hirfa, sittest thou silent behind the curtain, and have not the hareem a tongue? Stand up there and let that little face of thine be seen above the cloth, and clear thyself, before the company. Hirfa! what is this we hear of thee, art thou still contrary to Zeyd? Didst thou not forsake

Zeyd? and leave Zeyd without an household? and must Khalîl bring thee home again? what hast thou to answer for thyself?" *Khálaf Allayda:* "Say thy opinion, Khalîl, of my mare colt. She is well worth thirty-five camels, and her mother is worth twenty-five; but Zeyd's mare is not worth five camels:—and hast thou seen my *jâra* (housewife)? tell us now whether Hirfa be the fairer faced, or she that is mine." Hirfa, showing herself with a little pouting look, said she would not suffer these comparisons; "Khalîl, do not answer." The Aarab playing thus in the tent-life, and their mouths full of the broadest raillery, often called for the stranger, to be judge of their laughing contentions: as, "Is not this a gomâny (enemy)? Khalîl, he is a *hablûs;* what shall be done to him? shall I take off his head?—and this old fellow here, they say, is naught with his wife; for pity, canst thou not help him? is there not a medicine?"—And the old sire, "Do not listen to these young fools." So they said, "This Zeyd is good for nothing, why do you live with him? and Hirfa, is she good to you? she pours you out léban; and is she beautiful, *mez'ûna?*" Hirfa herself, were there no strangers, would come in at such times to sit down and jest her part with us: she was a sheykha, and Zeyd, a manly jaded man, was of this liberality more than is often seen among Beduins. Sometimes for pastime they would ask for words of my Nasrâny language, and as they had them presently by heart, they called loud for Hirfa, in plain English, "*Girl, bring milk!*—by thy life, Hirfa, this evening we have learned Enghreys." *Hirfa:* "And tittun, what is it in the tongue of Khalîl?"—"Tobacco."—"Then give me some of this good word in my galliûn, fill for me, Khalîl!"—Another day, a tribesman arriving sat down by Hirfa, in her side of the booth; and seeing the stranger, "Tell me, he said, is not Hirfa mez'ûna? oh, that she were mine!" and the fellow discovered his mind with knavish gestures. Hirfa, seeing herself courted, (though he was not a sheykh,) sat still and smiled demurely; and Zeyd, who could well play the shrew in other men's wedlock, sitting by himself, looked manly on and smiling.

Zeyd might balance in his mind to be some day quit of Hirfa, for what a cumber to man's heart is an irksome woman!—As we sat, few together, about another evening fire, said Zeyd, "Wellah, Khalîl, I and thou are brethren. In proof of this, I ask thee, hast thou any mind to be wedded amongst us? See, I have two wives, and, billah, I will give thee to choose between them; say which hast thou rather, and I will leave her and she shall become thy wife. Here is thy hostess Hirfa; the other is the *Bishrîa,* and I think thou hast seen her yonder."—Perhaps

he would have given me Hirfa, to take her again (amended) at my departure and in the meanwhile not to miss her camels; for it seemed he had married the orphan's camels. To this gentle proffer I answered, 'Would they needs marry me, then be it not with other men's wives, which were contrary to our belief, but give me my pretty *Rakhŷeh:*' this was Zeyd's sister's child, that came daily playing to our booth with her infant brothers. "Hearest thou, Hirfa? answered Zeyd; I gave thee now to Khalîl, but he has preferred a child before thee." And Hirfa a little discontented: "Well, be it so, and I make no account of Khalîl's opinions."—The great-eyed Bishr wife, meeting me some day after in the camp, proffered, betwixt earnest and game, without my asking, to take me for her husband, 'as ever her husband would divorce her: but I must buy some small cattle, a worsted booth, and camels; we should live then (she thought) in happy accord, as the Nasrânies put not away their wives.' Sometimes in the coffee tents a father proffered his child, commending her beauty, and took witness of all that sat there; young men said they gave me their sisters: and this was because Zeyd had formerly given out that Khalîl, coming to live with him, would ride in the ghrazzus and be a wedded man.—For all their jealousy is between themselves; there had no man not been contented with the Nasrâny parentage, since better in their belief is the Christian blood; and the white skin betokens in their eyes an ingenuous lineage, more than their own. Human spirits of an high fantasy, they imagine themselves discoloured and full of ailing; this is their melancholy. I have known Beduin women that disdained, as they said, to wed with a Beduwy; and oasis women who disdained to wed among their villagers. They might think it an advancement, if it fell to them to be matched with some man from the settled countries. Beduin daughters are easily given in marriage to the kella keepers.

Only young hinds, abiding in the master's booth, and lads under age, can worthily remain unmarried. A lonely man, in the desert tribes, were a wretch indeed, without tent, since the household service is wholly of the hareem: and among so many forsaken women, and widows, there is no man so poor who may not find a make to 'build' with him, to load, to grind, to fetch water and wood: he shall but kill a sheep (or a goat, if he be of so little substance,) for the marriage supper. Incredible it seems to the hareem, that any man should choose to dwell alone, when the benefit of marriage lies so unequally upon his part. Gentle Beduin women timidly ask the stranger, of very womanhood, "And hast thou not hareem that weep for thee in

thy land?"—When the man's help is gone from their indigent house of marriage, they are left widows indeed. It is a common smiling talk to say to the passenger guest, and the stranger in their tents, *nejowwazak bint*, "We will give thee a maiden to wife, and dwell thou among us." I have said, "What should she do in my country? can she forget her language and her people leading their lives in this wilderness?" And they have answered, "Here is but famine and thirst and nakedness, and yours is a good béled; a wife would follow, and also serve thee by the way, this were better for thee: the lonely man is sorrowful, and she would learn your tongue, as thou hast learned *Araby*." But some murmured, "It is rather a malice of the Nasâra, Khalîl will none, lest the religion of Islam should grow thereby." Others guessed 'It were meritorious to give me a wife, to this end, that true worshippers might arise among them, of him who knew not Ullah.' Also this I have heard, "Wed thou, and leave us a white bint, that she may in time be for some great sheykh's wife." Large is the nomad housewives' liberty. The few good women, sorted with worthy men, to whom they have borne sons, are seen of comely, and hardly less than matronly carriage. In hareem of small worth, fallen from marriage to marriage, from one concubinage to another, and always lower, is often found the license of the nomad tongue, with the shameless words and gestures of abandoned women. The depraved in both sexes are called by the tribesmen *affûn*, putrid or rotten persons. The maidens in the nomad booths are of a virginal circumspect verecundity, wards of their fathers and brethren, and in tutelage of an austere public opinion. When daughters of some lone tents must go herding, as the *Midianite* daughters of Jethro, we have seen, they may drive their flocks into the wilderness and fear no evil; there is not a young tribesman (vile though many of them be,—but never impious,) who will do her oppression. It were in all their eyes harrâm, breach of the desert faith and the religion of Islam; the guilty would be henceforth unworthy to sit amongst men, in the booths of the Aarab.

Now longwhile our black booths had been built upon the sandy stretches, lying before the swelling white Nefûd side: the lofty coast of Irnàn in front, whose cragged breaches, where is any footing for small herbs nourished of this barren atmosphere, are the harbour of wild goats, which never drink. The summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in

an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening.—No matins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with blithesome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation. Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tents' shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. Mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air, stand far around about us: the savage flank of Ybba Moghrair, the high spire and ruinous stacks of el-Jebâl, Chebàd, the coast of Helwàn! Herds of the weak nomad camels waver dispersedly, seeking pasture in the midst of this hollow fainting country, where but lately the swarming locusts have fretted every green thing. This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the assr: when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sun-setting; the herdsmen, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose.—The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of this purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of jebel like a mighty beacon:—and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

The rugged country eastward, where we came in another remove, was little known to our Beduins; only an elder generation had wandered there: and yet they found even the lesser waters. We journeyed forth in high plains, (the altitude always nearly 4000 feet,) and in passages, stretching betwixt mountain cliffs of sandstone, cumbered with infinite ruins of fallen crags, in whose eternal shadows we built the booths of a day. One of these quarters of rock had not tumbled perhaps in a human generation; but they mark years of the sun, as the sand, a little thing in the lifetime of a planet!

The short spring season is the only refreshment of the desert year. Beasts and men swim upon this prosperous tide; the cattle have their fill of sweet pasture, butter-milk is in the booths of the Aarab; but there was little or none in Zeyd's tent. The kids and lambs stand all tied, each little neck in a noose, upon a ground line which is stretched in the nomad booth. At day-break the bleating younglings are put under the dams, and each mother receives her own, (it is bv the scent)—

she will put by every other. When the flock is led forth to pasture, the little ones are still bound at home; for following the dams, they would drink dry the dugs, and leave no food for the Arabs. The worsted tent is full all day of small hungry bleatings, until the ghrannem come home at evening, when they are loosed again, and run to drink, butting under the mothers' teats, with their wiggle tails; and in these spring weeks, there is little rest for their feeble cries, all night in the booths of the Aarab: the housewives draw what remains of the sweet milk after them. The B. Wáhab tribes of these open highlands, are camel Beduins; the small cattle are few among them: they have new spring milk when their hinds have calved. The yeaning camel cow, lying upon her side, is delivered without voice, the fallen calf is big as a grown man: the herdsman stretches out its legs, with all his might; and draws the calf, as dead, before the dam. She smells to her young, rises and stands upon her feet to lick it over. With a great clap of the man's palm upon that horny sole, *zôra*, (which, like a pillar, Nature has set under the camel's breast, to bear up the huge neck,) the calf revives: at three hours end, yet feeble and tottering, and after many falls, it is able to stand reaching up the long neck and feeling for the mother's teat. The next morrow this new born camel will follow to the field with the dam. The cow may be milked immediately, but that which is drawn from her, for a day or two, is purgative. The first voice of the calf is a sheep-like complaint, *bâh-bâh*, loud and well sounding. The fleece is silken soft, the head round and high; and this with a short body, borne arch-wise, and a leaping gait upon so long legs, makes that, a little closing the eyes, you might take them for fledglings of some colossal bird. Till twelve months be out they follow the teat; but when a few weeks old they begin, already, to crop for themselves the tops of the desert bushes; and their necks being not yet of proportionate reach, it is only betwixt the straddled fore legs, that they can feed at the ground. One evening, as I stroked the soft woolly chines of the new-born camels, "Khalîl! said the hind (coming with a hostile face), see thou do no more so,—they will be hide-bound and not grow well; thou knowest not this!" He thought the stranger was about some maleficence; but Zeyd, whose spirit was far from all superstition with an easy smile appeased him, and they were his own camels.

The camel calf at the birth is worth a real, and every month rises as much in value. In some "weak" households the veal is slaughtered, where they must drink themselves all their camel milk. The bereaved dam wanders, lowing softly, and

smelling for her calf; and as she mourns, you shall see her deer-like pupils, say the Arabs, 'standing full of tears.' Other ten days, and her brutish distress is gone over to forgetfulness; she will feed again full at the pasture, and yield her foster milk to the Aarab. Then three good pints may be drawn from her at morning, and as much to their supper: the udder of these huge frugal animals is not greater than I have seen the dugs of Malta goats. A milch cow with the calf is milked only at evening. Her udder has four teats, which the southern nomads divide thus: two they tie up with a worsted twine and wooden pegs, for themselves, the other they leave to the suckling. The Aarab of the north make their camel udders sure, with a worsted bag-netting. Upon a journey, or when she is thirsting, the nâga's milk is lessened to the half. All their nâgas give not milk alike. Whilst the spring milk is in, the nomads nourish themselves of little else. In poorer households it is all their victual those two months. The Beduins drink no whole-milk, save that of their camels; of their small cattle they drink but the butter-milk. The hareem make butter, busily rocking the (blown) sour milk-skin upon their knees. In the plenteous northern wilderness the semîly is greater; and is hanged to be rocked in the fork of a robust bearing-stake of the nomad tent. As for this milk diet, I find it, by proof in the Beduin life, to be the best of human food. But in every nomad menzil, there are some stomachs, which may never well bear it; and strong men using this sliding drink-meat feel always an hungry disease in their bodies; though they seem in never so good plight. The Beduins speak thus of the several kinds of milk: "Goat milk is sweet, it fattens more than strengthens the body; ewe's milk very sweet, and fattest of all, it is unwholesome to drink whole:" so they say, "it kills people," that is, with the colic. In spite of their saws, I have many times drunk it warm from the dug, with great comfort of languishing fatigue. It is very rich in the best samn: ewe butter-milk "should be let sour somewhile in the semîly, with other milk, till all be tempered together, and then it is fit to drink." Camel milk is they think the best of all sustenance, and that most, (as lightly purgative,) of the *bukkra*, or young nâga with her first calf, and the most sober of them add with a Beduish simplicity, "who drinks and has a jâra he would not abide an hour." The goat and nâga milk savour of the plants where the cattle are pastured; in some cankered grounds I have found it as wormwood. One of those Allayda sheykhs called to me in the râhla, "Hast thou not some Damascus *kaak* (biscuit cakes) to give me to eat? wellah, it is six weeks since I have chewed anything with the

teeth; all our food is now this flood of milk. Seest thou not what is the Beduins' life; they are like game scattered in all the wilderness." Another craved of me a handful of dates; "with this milk, only, he felt such a creeping hunger within him." Of any dividing food with them the Beduins keep a kindly remembrance; and when they have aught will call thee heartily again.

The milk-dieted Aarab are glad to take any mouthful of small game. Besides the desert hare which is often startled in the ráhlas, before other is the thób; which they call here pleasantly 'Master Hamed, sheykh of wild beasts,' and say he is human, *zillamy*,—this is their elvish smiling and playing—and in proof they hold up his little five-fingered hands. They eat not his palms, nor the seven latter thorny-rings of sheykh Hamed's long tail, which, say they, is 'man's flesh.' His pasture is most of the sweet-smelling Nejd bush, *el-arrafej*. Sprawling wide and flat is the body, ending in a training tail of even length, where I have counted twenty-three rings. The colour is blackish and green-speckled, above the pale yellowish and dull belly: of his skin the nomads make small herdmen's milk-bottles. The manikin saurian, with the robust hands, digs his burrow under the hard gravel soil, wherein he lies all the winter, dreaming. The thób-catcher, finding the hole, and putting in his long reed armed with an iron hook, draws Hamed forth. His throat cut, they fling the carcase, whole, upon the coals; and thus baked they think it a delicate roast. His capital enemy among beasts, "which undermines and devours him, is, they say, the *thurbàn*," I know not whether a living or fabulous animal. The *jerboa*, or spring rat, is a small white aery creature in the wide waterless deserts, of a pitiful beauty. These lesser desert creatures lie underground in the daylight, they never drink. The hedgehog, which they call *kúnfuth* and *abu shauk*, 'father prickles,' is eaten in these parts by Fejîr tribesmen, but by their neighbours disdained, although they be one stock with them of Annezy. Selím brought in an urchin which he had knocked on the head, he roasted Prickles in the coals and rent and distributed the morsels, to every one his part. That which fell to me I put away bye and bye to the starveling greyhound; but the dog smelling to the meat rejected it. When another day I told this tale in the next tribes, they laughed maliciously, that the Fukara should eat that which the hounds would not of. The porcupine is eaten by all the nomads, and the *wabbar*. I have seen this thick-bodied beast as much as an heavy hare, and resembling the great Alpine rat; they go by pairs, or four, six, eight, ten,

together. The wabbar is found under the border of the sandstone mountains, where tender herbs nourish him, and the gum-acacia leaves, upon which tree he climbs nimbly, holding with his pad feet without claws; the fore-paws have four toes, the hind-paws three: the flesh is fat and sweet; they are not seen to sit upon the hind quarters; the pelt is grey, and like the bear's coat.

Rarely do any nomad gunners kill the wolf, but if any fall to their shot he is eaten by the Beduins, (the wolf was eaten in mediæval Europe). The Aarab think the flesh medicinal, "very good they say for aches in the shins," which are so common with them that go bare-legs and bare-footed in all the seasons. Zeyd had eaten the wolf, but he allowed it to be of dog's kind, "Eigh, billah (he answered me), the wolf's mother, that is the hound's aunt." The fox, *hosseny*, is often taken by their greyhounds, and eaten by the Fejîr; the flesh is "sweet, and next to the hare." They will even eat the foul hyena when they may take her, and say, "she is good meat." Of great desert game, but seldom slain by the shot of these pastoral and tent-dwelling people, is the bédan of the mountains (the wild goat of Scripture, *pl.* bedûn; with the Kahtân *waûl*, as in Syria). The massy horns grow to a palm-breadth, I have seen them two and a half feet long; they grow stretching back upon the chine to the haunch. The beast at need, as all hunters relate, will cast himself down headlong upon them backwards: he is nigh of kin to the stone-buck of the European Alps.

The gazelle, *ghrazel*, pl. *ghrazlán*, is of the plains; the Arabians say more often *thobby* (the N. T. Tabitha). They are white in the great sand-plains, and swart-grey upon the black Harra; these are the roes of the scriptures. There is yet a noble wild creature of the Arabian deserts, which was hitherto unknown among us, the *wothŷhi*, or "wild cow" above mentioned. I saw later the male and female living at Hâyil; it is an antelope, *Beatrix*, akin to the beautiful animals of Africa. It seems that this is not the "wild ox" of Moses: but is not this the (Hebr.) *reem*, the "*unicorn*" of the Septuagint translators?—Her horns are such slender rods as from our childhood we have seen pictured "the horns of the unicorns". We read in Balaam's parable, "El brought them out of Egypt; He hath as it were the strength of a *reem:*" and in Moses' blessing of the tribes, 'Joseph's horns are the *two* horns of reems." In Job especially, are shown the headstrong conditions of this *velox* wild creature. "Will the reem be willing to serve thee—canst thou bind the reem in thy furrow?" The wounded wothŷhi is perilous to be approached; this antelope,

with a cast of her sharp horns, may strike through a man's body; hunters await therefore the last moments to run in and cut their quarry's throat. It was a monkish darkness in natural knowledge to ascribe a single horn to a double forehead!—and we sin not less by addition, putting wings to the pagan images of gods and angels; so they should have two pairs of fore-limbs! The wothŷhi falls only to the keenest hunters: the wotŷhies accompany in the waterless desert by troops of three and five together.

Of vermin, there are many snakes and adders; none of them eaten by these tribes of nomads. *Jelámy* is that small brown lizard of the wilderness which starts from every footstep. Scorpions lurk under the cool stones; I have found them in my tent, upon my clothing, but never had any hurt. I have seen many grown persons and children bitten, but the sting is not perilous; some wise man is called to "read" over them. The wounded part throbs with numbness and aching till the third day, there is not much swelling. Many are the cities, under this desert sand, of seed-gathering ants; I have measured some watling-street of theirs, eighty-five paces: to speed once this length and come again, loaded as camels, is these small busybodies' summer day's journey.

Besides, of the great predatory wild animals, most common is the *thùbba,* hyena; then the *nimmr,* a leopard, brindled black and brown and spotted: little common is the *fáhd,* a wild cat no bigger than the fox; he is red and brown brindled, and spotted. In these Beduins' memory a young fáhd was bred up amongst Bishr, which (they are wonderfully swift footed) had been used by his nomad master to take gazelles. In all the Arabic countries there is a strange superstition of parents, (and this as well among the Christian sects of Syria,) that if any child seem to be sickly, of infirm understanding, or his brethren have died before, they will put upon him a wild beast's name, (especially, wolf, leopard, wolverine,)—that their human fragility may take on as it were a temper of the kind of those animals. Hawks and buzzards are often seen wheeling in the desert sky, and *el-ágab,* which is a small black eagle, and *er-rákham,* the small white carrion eagle,—flying in the air they resemble sea-mews: I have not seen vultures, nor any greater eagle in the deserts (save in Sinai). These are the most of living creatures, and there are few besides in the wilderness of Arabia.

CHAPTER IX

PEACE IN THE DESERT

Upon a morrow, when there was a great coffee-drinking at Zeyd's, one cries over his cup, *bahhir!* "Look there!—who come riding yonder?" All shadowing with their hands, and fixing the eyes, it was answered, "Are they not tradesmen of Teyma, that ride to sell calico; or some that would take up well-camels; or the sheukh perhaps, that ride to Hâyil?" The Beduw make no common proof that I can find of extraordinary vision. True it is, that as they sit the day long in the open tents, their sight is ever indolently wavering in the wide horizon before them, where any stirring or strangeness in the wonted aspect of the desert must suspend their wandering cogitation. But the Arabs also suffer more of eye diseases than any nation. It was not long before the weak-eyed Arabs discovered the comers, by their frank riding, to be Beduins; but only a little before they alighted, the company knew them to be their own sheykh Motlog and his son, and a tribesman with them. Motlog had mounted very early from the other camp. Our company, of nigh fifty persons, rose to welcome their chief sheykhs; Motlog re-entered cordially amongst them, with a stately modesty; and every man came forward in his place, to salute them, as kinsmen returning from an absence, with *gowwak ya Motlog*, 'The Lord strengthen thee.' *Answer: Ullah gowwîk*, 'May He give thee strength:' so, falling upon each other's necks, they kiss gravely together, upon this and upon the other cheek Room now is made for them in the highest place, where they sit down, smiling easily; and the Fukara sheukh, noblemen born, of somewhat an effeminate countenance, excel, as said, in specious and amiable mejlis manners: yet their Asiatic hearts are full of corruption inwardly, and iniquity. Roasting anew and braying and boiling are taken in hand, to make them coffee; and Zeyd, as an host, brings them forth a bowl of his musty dates to breakfast, (he would spend for none better at Teyma,) and

another of butter-milk, and those in small measure;—it was Hirfa and Zeyd's known illiberality, for which cause, there alighted almost no guests at Zeyd's beyt in the round year. This is the goodly custom in the wilderness, that somewhat be served immediately, (however early it be,) to the guest alighting from his journey. The sheykhs consented to join our camps from the next ráhla, and we should remove further into the Bishr country. * * *

* * * As our Aarab were pitched together again, there arrived a principal sheykh of Teyma, *Abd el-Azîz er-Román*, riding round to the Aarab, to buy well camels. The price is two or three camel-loads of dates or a load of corn, *aysh*, for a good nâga. He alighted at Motlog's, and I went down to the coffee meeting, to hear the country news. Motlog welcomed me graciously, and called, "Bring a shidàd for Khalîl." The Teyma sheykh was a well clad, comely, stirring man, in the favour of Ibn Rashîd, collector of the prince's revenue in his oasis; presumptuous, penetrating-malicious, and, "as all the Teyâmena," in the opinion of the nomads, *jáhil*, of a certain broken-headed ineptitude, and rusticity. In the nomad-like village, he had not learned letters: Motlog, among Beduins, was the friend of his youth. As we sat on, Abd el-Azîz, turning abruptly, demanded of me, 'What did I there in the wilderness, and wherefore had I banished myself from all world's good,' (that is, from the shadow by day, bread and dates sure, and water enough, and the stable dwelling). "I take the air."—"If this be all, thou mightest as good take the air upon yonder top of Irnàn." His rafîk enquired in his ear, yet so that I heard it, "Is not this a Yahûdy?"—"Jew, there is no doubt (answered Abd el-Azîz), or what they tell me Nasrâny, a difference in the names only." The other then, with a ghastly look, as if he beheld a limb of Sheytan, "Lord, for thy mercy! and is this—akhs!—a Yahûdy? Ullah confound all the kuffâr." Abd el-Azîz, when I came again to Teyma, had put on a new courtesy, since he heard the stranger had publicly pronounced him, "Ignorant ass, and sheykh of all the Yahûd of Teyma:" for the Arabs, who covet to be praised, are tender as vain women of men's opinions. They brought tidings of a disaster at home, the Haddàj was fallen! yet he looked merrily upon it, because his two or three draw-wheels and the side which belonged to his own sûk, were yet standing; the loss was not of his faction.

The knavish Beduins heard unmoved of the mischance of the Teyâmena; those merchants of dates and corn, that beguile, they think, their uncunning with false measures. Of some who

came later from the oasis, we heard that the townspeople and fanatics laid all to the charge of the Nasrâny. 'The Haddàj fell only few days after my being there, I had overthrown it with mine eye;' but the graver sort said, 'it was not fallen but by the permission of Ullah.' I asked a plain worthy man of the town, "How could I have cast down your well?" And he: "Khalîl, I believe not it was thy doing; (he added darkly,) I think rather it was of Ibn Rashîd!" The prince and his riders (perhaps three hundred men), returning from the raid upon W. Aly, had encamped without Teyma walls a day or twain. He added, "The multitude of them was as the sand, *ouff!*"—"Was it the tread of their waterers about the Haddàj?"—"Not this, but *el-âyn*, the eye!" The evil eye is part of the Semitic superstition. The darling of the body is the eye, the window of the soul, and they imagine her malign influence to stream forth thereat. Fanatical nomads, from that day, looked upon me as a yet more perilous 'God's adversary'.

One of these evenings there rode into our encampment a main ghrazzu, eighty men of Bishr, that had mounted to go set upon their foemen W. Aly; they passed this night as guests of the Fukara, in their own dîra. They were friendly entertained, and heard after their suppers the latest advice of the W. Aly's being pitched about the wells *Mogeyra;* about eighty miles from hence, at the haj road, a journey below el-Héjr. I enquired of Zeyd, Would they not send this night to warn their cousins of the sister tribe? *Answer:* "Ha, no! but let them all be taken, for us." Months later, being with some W Aly tribesmen I heard them censure this treacherous malice of the Fukara; and yet being full of the like themselves, which in truth is the natural condition of Beduins. Of the Annezy nation, unto which all these tribes belong, and that is greatest of all ashîrats in the Peninsula, it is spoken in proverb, "God increased Annezy, and He has appointed divisions among them:" there is no time when some of the kindreds are not *gôm*, or robber enemies, of some other. The Annezy have been compared with B. Israel; they are not without resemblance. The seat of this people, in the first Mohammedan ages, was, according to their tradition, the dîra lying a little north of Medina, which is now of the W. Aly. Then they conquered Kheybar, whose feverish palm valleys became their patrimony to this day.

It happened strangely that whilst Bishr was out against them a main ghrazzu of the Wélad Aly had mounted to go and set upon Bishr. These hostile squadrons by a new adventure met with each other in the wilderness. An hundred thelûl riders

cover the ground of a regiment. It is a brave sight, as they come on with a song, bowing in the tall saddles, upon the necks of their gaunt stalking beasts, with a martial shining of arms. The foemen in sight, the sheukh descend with the long lances upon their led horses; and every sheykh's back-rider, *radîf*, who is also his gun-bearer, now rides in the thelûl saddle. Those thelûl riders, upon the slower sheep-like beasts, are in comparison of their few light horsemen, like a kind of heavy infantry of matchlock men. The nomad cavalier, sitting loosely upon a pad without stirrups, can carry no long and heavy firearm, which he could not reload. Only few amongst these southern sheykhs are possessors of some old flint horse-pistols, which abandoned in our grandsires' time, have been sold away from Europe. Their hope is in the romhh or shelfa, the Beduin lance: the beam, made of a light reed of the rivers of Mesopotamia, is nearly two of their short horse-lengths; they charge them above their heads. Agîd or conductor of the W. Aly part, was a beardless and raw young man, *Fáhd*, their great sheykh's son; and *Askar* of the other, son of *Misshel*, the great sheykh above mentioned: these young hostile Annezy leaders were sisters' sons. Fáhd, tilting impetuously, pierced his cousin Askar; but, overborne by strong men's hands, he was himself taken alive. The W. Aly, glorious and confident in the tents, were seized with panic terror in the field, in presence of the warlike Auájy, the most big of bone and resolute of that country Beduins; in each of whom they looked for an avenger of the blood slain before Kheybar. They cried out therefore that they were brethren! and those W. Aly, which were one hundred and twenty riders with arms in their hands, submitted to the eighty lion-like men of Bishr; every one pitifully intreating his spoiler, "*akhyey, ya akhyey*, ah, little brother mine! take thou then my thelûl, have here my arms, and even my mantle; take all, only let me go alive." No more than a few sheykhs of them, who were horsemen, escaped that day upon their mares. Yet of the thelûl riders there broke away three hardy men, mountaineers; they were Moahîb, that had ridden with them in hope to divide the spoils of the common enemy.—Before the year was out, the Moahîb by the same Bishr were miserably bereaved, in one day, of all their cattle. The sheykhs upon all sides were, at some time, of my acquaintance; and I had this tale among them.

The Bishr received their *dakhîls* to quarter; they would not, only remembering the vengeance, make a butchery of their kinsmen; and, as the southern Aarab use not to take human lives to ransom, they let their enemies go, in their shirts, to ride

home to their wives, upon their bare feet. It is contrary to the Arabian conscience to extinguish a kabîla. There are tribes of neighbours, cruel gomânies since their granddames' days, as the Fejîr and B. Atîeh, that have never met in general battles, when, in a day, they might void so long controversies, by the destruction of one of them. Even the Beduins' old cruel rancours are often less than the golden piety of the wilderness. The danger past, they can think of the defeated foemen with kindness; having compassion of an Arab lineage of common ancestry with themselves. When men fall down wounded in a foray the enemies which had the upper hand will often send again far back, and bear them to their menzil: and there they nourish their languishing foemen, until they be whole again; when they give to each a water-skin and say to him *ruhh*, "depart," without taking promises, putting only their trust in Ullah to obtain the like at need for themselves. But Fáhd was led away with the Bishr, since he must answer for the life of Askar: if his cousin died he must die for his death, unless the next of kin should consent to receive the blood ransom; he would be entertained in the meanwhile in his hostile kinsmen's tents. Askar recovered slowly, in the next months. I asked, "When those shearers of W. Aly came home shorn, with what dances and lullilooing will the hareem sally forth to meet them!" It was answered, "Ay billah, they had merited the women's derision!" —"But how, being one hundred and twenty strong, had they submitted to the fewer in number?" *Answer:* "Are they not W. Aly? and this is the manner of them." They are unwarlike, but the Fejîr, the sister tribe, were never contemned by their enemies, which are all those strong free tribes behind them, B. Atîeh, Howeytát, Bíllî, Jeheyna.

The clouds of the second locust brood which the Aarab call *am'dàn*, 'pillars' [it is the word we read in Exodus—the *ammud* of cloud and fire], wreathing and flickering as motes in the sunbeam, flew over us for some days, thick as rain, from near the soil to great height in the atmosphere. They alight as birds, letting down their long shanks to the ground; these invaded the booths, and for blind hunger, even bit our shins, as we sat at coffee. They are borne feebly flying at the wind's list, as in the Psalms, "I am tossed up and down as the locust." There fell of them every moment upon the earth, and were dashed upon the stones. After this we saw them drifted to the southward: and the Aarab, knowing they must now devour Kheybar, where their dates would be lost, came forth, and stood to gaze after them with a fatal indifference; and with *aha!* they went in to sit down again, leaving their lot in the hands of Ullah, who

they say is Bountiful. And oftener than no, the Arabs will smile in such mishaps, over their own broken hopes, with a kind of godly melancholy. The children bring in gathered locusts, broached upon a twig, and the nomads toast them on the coals; then plucking the scorched members, they break away the head, and the insect body which remains is good meat; but not of these latter swarms, born in time of the dried-up herbage. A young man at our fire breaking the toasted body of the first, there fell out a worm, and he cast it from him with loathing; and cried, 'akhs! Wellah this cured him of all locust eating.' Yet women went out to gather them; they were of some poor households. The coffee-drinkers asked of me, "Eat you the locusts in your béled, Khalîl; tell us, be they wholesome?" (We read in Leviticus that the children of Jacob might eat the kinds of locust.) Nearly every seventh year, in the Arabians' opinion, is a season of locusts.—This year was remembered for the locust swarms and for the great summer heat. The male insect is yellow, spotted brown, the female somewhat greater and of a leaden colour. The pair of glassy wings are spotted, the inner pair are wide and folded under. Her length to the end of the closed wing is nearly three inches. The Beduins say, "This is not the eye which appears such, in the head, but that clear spot under the short first legs." I took a pen and made the outline of a locust, and upon the next leaf was another of Abu Zeyd; all the Arabs came to see these two pictures. "Very well, Khalîl," said the simple gazers, "and ha! his image wellah, without any difference!" And one smutched the lines of the locust with his fingers, seldom washed, to know if this lay even upon the smooth paper, and *yeteyr* quoth he "it will rise and fly!" And ever as there came coffee-bibbers to Zeyd's menzil, they asked for Khalil, and "Let him show us Abu Zeyd and his book of pictures;" these were a few prints in my book of medicine. Then they wondered to look through my telescope, in which, levelling at any camel a mile distant, they saw her as it were pasturing before their faces. Neverthe less, as a thing which passed their minds, they did not learn to covet it; and yet to sharpen their vision the best sighted of them, seeing as falcons, would needs essay all my eye-washes; for there is no endowment of nature so profitable to them in this life of the open wilderness.

Only the starveling hounds of the menzils, in these days, greedily swallowing up locusts, seemed to be in better plight, running gaily in the encampment, sleeping with their fills, and now sullenly careless of the Aarab. Their hounds, say the nomads, "bite the wolf:" they waken all night whilst the Aarab

slumber. With the Fejîr, Beduins of a "camel dîra", the "wolf-eaters" are not many, and those of currish kind, nearly like the street dogs of Syria. The best I have seen with any Aarab, were the great shagged dogs of Bíllî, in the Tehâma. The common nomad hound is yellowish, shaped as the fox; the like is seen over most wild parts of the world. A few Beduins have their greyhounds, light with hunger, and very swift to course the hare; and by these the gazelle fawn is taken. The common barkers of every Beduin village (for they go not out with the flocks), in tribes where the house-mothers have little or no milk to give them, are carrion lean, and in hunger-times they receive no sustenance of man's hand but a little water: it were hard to say of what uncleanness they then live. Only for a few days once in the long year they are well refreshed: these are in the date-gathering at Kheybar, when the fruit abounding in the Beduins' not improvident hands (above that they may carry,) they give to the camels and asses their fill of dates, and fling also to their wretched hounds largely.

The hounds for their jealous service have never a good word. It is the only life mishandled at home by the gentle Aarab, who with spurns and blows cast out these profane creatures from the beyt, and never touch them (unless it be the unweaned whelps) with their hands. If any dog be an house-thief, a robber of human food, he is chased with hue and cry, and will be most cruelly beaten; the men swear great oaths 'he shall be dead, he has it well deserved.' This makes that the parasite creature, in these countries, is of more diffident behaviour, towards his masters: only to the nomad greyhound is granted, as of noble kind, to lie down in the booth. The hounds watch all day in the menzil, every one by his household, *ahlahu*. They follow in the ráhla with the baggage-train and their mistress; pacing, with a half reasonable gait, in the shadows of the lofty moving camels: impatient of heat and the sand burning under their paws, where they spy any shelter of crag or bush, there they will go in to pant awhile. At the alighting, the booth-cloth is hardly raised, when (if suffered—this is in the sheep-keeper tribes) they creep into the shadow and scrabble the hot sand, and dig with their paws under them, to make their lair upon the cool soil beneath. A dog strayed at the menzil, and running by strange tents, is hooted—*ahl-ak, ahl-ak!* 'to thy household, sirra!' The loud nomad dogs, worrying about the heels of all strange comers, are a sort of police of the nomad encampment. A few of them are perilous snatchers with their teeth; a man may come by, skirmishing with his camel-stick behind him, and the people call off their dogs. But if there be only

hareem at home, which do but look on with a feminine malice, a stranger must beat them off with stone-casts. Some woman may then cry, "Oh! oh! wherefore dost thou stone our dog?" And he, "The accursed would have eaten me."—"But, O thou! cast not at him."—"Then call him in thou foolish woman and that quickly, or with this block now, I may happen to kill him." —"Eigh me! do not so, this eats the wolf, he watches for the enemy, he is the guard of our beyt and the ghrannem; I pray thee, no, not another stone."—"Mad woman, before he eat me I will break all the bones in his skin, and cursed be thy tongue! with less breath thou canst call him off!" In such case, I have not spared for stones, and the silly wife thought herself wronged; but the men answered, "It was well enough." The hareem, as to whom little is attributed, are naturally of infirmer reason, and liker children in the sentiment of honour; so there are tents, where the passing guest may not greatly trust them, nor their children.

The sharp-set nomad hounds fall upon aught they may find abroad, as the baggage (when sometimes it is left without the booth) of any stranger guest: then they rend up all with their eager teeth and sharp claws; therefore to carry in the guests' bags is accounted a charitable deed. Men who are pilferers of others' provision, are often called "hounds" by the Beduins. Hirfa called one of these mornings at my tent door, "Where art thou, Khalîl? I go abroad, and wilt thou the while mind my household?"—"And whither will my hostess to-day?"—"I go to buy us yarn: Khalîl, open the eyes and beware, that there come no dogs to my beyt." When she returned some hours after, Hirfa came to chide me, "Ha! careless Khalîl, the dogs have been here! why hast thou not kept my beyt? and did I not bid thee?"—"I have watched for thee, Hirfa, every moment, by thy life! sitting before the booth in the sun, and not a hair of any dog has entered."—"Alas, Khalîl does not understand that 'the dogs' are men; tell me, Khalîl, who has been here whilst I was out?"—"There came two men, and when I saw them sheltering in thy apartment, I guessed them to be of kindred and acquaintance; could I suppose there would any tribesman steal from a tribesman's beyt?"—"But these have stolen, said she, a peck of dates, and all by thy fault." In the popular sort of nomads is little or no conscience to rob food (only); they holding it as common, kheyr Ullah.

The cheerful summer nights are cool from the sunset in these dry uplands. As they have supped, men wander forth to talk with neighbours, coffee drinkers seek the evening cup; in the mejlis coffee company, the Aarab gossip till midnight.

Often in our menzil only the herdsman remains at home, who wakens to his rough song the grave chord of the rabeyby.

Some moonlight evenings the children hied by us: boys and girls troop together from the mothers' beyts, and over the sand they leap to play at horses, till they find where they may climb upon some sand-hillock or rock. A chorus of the elder girls assemble hither, that with hand-clapping chant the same and ever the same refrain, of a single verse. Little wild boys stripping off their tunics, and flinging down kerchiefs, or that have left all in the mothers' beyts, run out naked; there being only the *haggu* wound about their slender loins: this is the plaited leathern ribbon, which is worn, and never left, by all the right Arabians, both men and hareem. Every boy-horse has chosen a make, his *fáras* or mare; they course hand in hand together, and away, away, every pair skipping after other and are held themselves in chase in the moonlight wilderness. He kicks back to the horses which chevy after them so fast, and escapes again neighing. And this pastime of Aarab children, of pure race, is without strife of envious hearts, an angry voice is not heard, a blow is not struck among them. The nomads are never brutal. This may last for an hour or two: the younger men will sometimes draw to the merry-make where the young maidens be: they frolic like great camels amongst the small ghrannem; but not unclad, nor save with the eyes approach they to that charming bevy of young damsels; an ill-blooded nature appearing in any young man, he shall have the less estimation among them. After the child's age, these indolent Arabians have not any kind of manly pastime among them. Of Ahl Gibly, or southern nomads, I have not seen horsemen so much as exercise themselves upon their mares. Child's play it were in their eyes, to weary themselves, and be never the better. They have none other sport than to fire off their matchlocks in any household festivals. Herdsmen, they are naturally of the contemplative life: weakly fed, there can be little flushing of gross sanguine spirits in their veins, which might move them to manly games; very rarely is any Beduin robust. Southward of Hâyil I did not see any young woman with the rose blood in her cheeks; even they are of the summer's drought, and palled at their freshest age.

Now in the mild summer is the season of *muzayyins*, the Nomad children's circumcision feasts: the mother's booth is set out with beggarly fringes of scarlet shreds, tufts of mewed ostrich feathers, and such gay gauds as they may borrow or find. Hither a chorus assembles of slender daughters of their neighbours, that should chant at this festival in their best array.

A fresh kerchief binds about every damsel's forehead with a feather; she has ear-rings great as bracelets, and wears to-day her nose-ring, *zmèyem:* they are jewels in silver; and a few, as said, from old time, are fine gold metal, *thahab el-asfr.* These are ornaments of the Beduin women, hardly seen at other times (in the pierced nostril, they wear for every day a head of cloves), and she has bracelets of beads and metal finger-rings. The thin black tresses loosed to-day and not long, hang down upon their slight shoulders, and shine in the sun, freshly combed out with camel urine. The lasses have borrowed new cloaks, which are the same for man or woman. Making a fairy ring apart, they begin, clapping the palms of their little hands, to trip it round together, chanting ever the same cadence of few words, which is a single verse. Hungered young faces, you might take them for some gipsy daughters; wayward not seldom in their mother's households, now they go playing before men's eyes, with downcast looks and a virginal timidity. But the Aarab raillery is never long silent, and often young men, in this daylight feast, stand jesting about them. Some even pluck roughly at the feathers of the lasses, their own near cousins, in the dance, which durst answer them nothing, but only with reproachful eyes: or laughing loud the weleds have bye and bye divided this gentle bevy among them for their wives; and if a stranger be there, they will bid him choose which one he would marry among them. "Heigh-ho! what thinkest thou of these maidens of ours, and her, and her, be they not fair-faced?" But the virgins smile not, and if any look up, their wild eyes are seen estranged and pensive. They are like children under the rod, they should keep here a studied demeanour; and for all this they are not Sirens. In that male tyranny of the Mohammedan religion regard is had to a distant maidenly behaviour of the young daughters; and here they dance as the tender candidates for happy marriage, and the blessed motherhood of sons. May their morrow approach! which shall be as this joyful day, whose hap they now sing, wherein a man-child is joined to the religion of Islam; it is better than the day of his birth. The nomad son is circumcised being come to the strength of three full years; and then as the season may serve without any superstition of days, and as the mother shall be able to provide corn or rice enough for her guests' supper. They sometimes put off the surgery till the morrow, in any rough windy weather, or because of the Aarab's ráhla.

The friends of the father will come in to be his guests: some of them have adorned themselves with the gunner's belt and gay baldric, rattling with the many little steel chains and brass

powder-cases; and they bear upon their shoulders the long matchlocks. Therewith they would prove their hand to shoot, at the sheep's skull, which the child's *babbu* has sacrificed to 'the hospitality'. Every man kills his sacrifice, as in the ancient world, with his own hands, and the carcase is flayed and brittled with the Arabs' expedition. Nomads are all expert fleshers; the quarters hang now upon some bush or boughs, which wandering in an open wilderness, they have sought perhaps upon a far mountain side. As the sun goes low the meat is cast into the caldron, jidda. The great inwards remain suspended upon their trophy bush. After the flesh, a mess is cooked in the broth of such grain as they have The sun setting, the maidens of the ring-dance disperse: the men now draw apart to their prayers, and in this time the cattle of every household are driven in. The men risen from their prayers, the supper is served in the tent: often thirty men's meat is in that shield-wide wooden platter which is set before them. A little later some will come hither of the young herdsmen returning boisterous from the field; they draw to the merry noise of the muzayyin that feel a lightness in their knees to the dance. A-row, every one his arm upon the next one's shoulder, these laughing weleds stand, full of good humour; and with a shout they foot it forth, reeling and wavering, advancing, recoiling in their chorus together; the while they hoarsely chant the ballad of a single verse. The housewives at the booth clap their palms, and one rising with a rod in her hand, as the dancing men advance, she dances out to meet them; it is the mother by likelihood, and joyously she answers them in her song: whilst they come on bending and tottering a-row together, with their perpetual refrain. They advancing upon her, she dances backward, feinting defence with the rod; her face is turned towards them, who maintain themselves, with that chanted verse of their manly throats, as it were pursuing and pressing upon her.—The nomads imagine even the necessity of circumcision: graziers, they will allege the examples of all cattle, that only in the son of Adam may be found this matter of impediment. When they questioned me I have said, "You can amend then the work of Ullah!"—"Of that we speak not, they answered, but only of the expediency." Questioned, What be the duties of a Moslem? they responded "That a man fast in the month, and recite his daily prayers;"—making no mention of the circumcision, which they call "purification".

The 15th of April, after a morning wind, blustering cold from the north-eastward, I found early in the afternoon, with

still air and sunshine, the altitude being 4000 feet, 95 deg. F. in the booth's shelter. The drooping herb withered, the summer drought entering, the wilderness changed colour; the spring was ended. The Beduins removed and lodged in their desolate camps: upon a morrow, when the camels had been driven forth an hour, an alarm was given from the front, of gôm. A herdsman came riding in, who had escaped, upon a thelûl, and told it in the mejlis, "*él-'bil*, the camel-herds are taken." The sheukh rose from the hearth and left their cups with grave startled looks: all went hardily out, and hastily, to find their mares. Hovering haramîyeh had been seen yesterday, and now every man hied to take arms. The people ran, like angry wasps, from the booths: some were matchlock men, some had spears, all were afoot, save the horsemen sheykhs, and hastened forth to require their enemies, which could not be seen in that short desert horizon: bye and bye only the housewives, children and a few sick and old men were left in the encampment. Some asked me would I not ride to set upon the thieves; for Zeyd's talk had been that Khalîl would foray with them. "Khalîl (cried the housewives), look for us in your wise books; canst thou not prophesy by them (*shûf f'il ghraib*): read thou and tell us what seest thou in them of these gomânies.—A punishment fall upon them! they certainly espied the people's watch-fires here this last night, and have been lurking behind yonder mountain until the camels were driven out."—The long morning passed over us, in the cold incertitude of this misadventure.

Motlog had ridden days before to Hâyil to treat with the emir, and left Rahŷel to govern the tribe; a man of perplexed mind in this sudden kind of conjuncture. The armed tribesmen returning after midday, we went to sit in the mejlis and talk over this mishap. I heard no word spoken yet of pursuing; and enquiring of my neighbour, "Ay, they would mount their thelûls, said he, so soon as the 'bil were come home at evening;" for all the great cattle were not taken, but those which had been driven forth from the north side of the menzil. Celerity is double strokes in warfare, but these Beduins sat still the long day and let the robbers run, to wonder what they were; they all said, "some Aarab of the North," for they had seen them armed with pistols. They reasoned whether those should be Sherarât or Howeytât Ibn Jàsy (Beduins from about Maan); or else of the Ruwàlla. "Hear me, and I shall make it known to you, said Zeyd (who had this vanity among them), what they were. I say then, *es-Sokhûr*, and ye shall find it true." The few words which had fallen from the foemen's lips were now

curiously examined. They had challenged the camel herds, "What Aarab be ye—ha! the Fejîr?" but this could not suffice to distinguish the *loghrat* of a tribe. The gôm were thirteen horsemen, and twenty riders upon thelûls. In driving off the booty a mare broke loose from them, and she was led into the encampment, but of that nothing could be learned, the nomad sheykhs not using to brand their horses with the tribe's cattle-mark. This mare, by the third day, perished of thirst! that none would pour out to her of their little water. If a tribesman's goat stray among them, and her owner be not known, none will water her. In the time when I was with them, I saved the lives of a strayed beast or two, persuading some of my patients to give them drink.

They now reckoned in the mejlis the number of camels taken, saying over the owners' names: Zeyd kept count, scoring a new line for every ten in the sand; so he told them and found six score and seven camels—the value of £600 or more. All this tribes' camels were not so many as 2000, nor I think fully 1500; and the whole fortune of the Fukara Beduins in the field, two hundred households, their great and small cattle with the booths and utensils, I suppose, not to exceed £17,000. Besides which is their landed patrimony at Kheybar, that may be worth £7000 more. A household of these poor southern Beduins may thus, I think, possess the capital value of £120 sterling; and much like to them are their nomad neighbours about. In the same small tribe there are nobles and commons, the sufficient livelihood, and the pittance, and abject misery. The great sheykh Motlog, possessing more than other men, had not so many of his own as twenty-five camels. There is difference also between tribe and tribe; the great tribes of the north, as the Annezy in Syria, and the northern Shammar upon Mesopotamia, wandering in plenteous country, are rich in cattle and horses: so also may be reckoned Kahtân and *Ateyby* of the southern tribes, (their dîras we shall see are watered by the yearly monsoon;) but these middle tribes of nomads, in a rainless land, are "weaker". Those at the haj road which receive a surra, are the most coffee-lazing, beggarly and pithless minded of them all. The Fejîr sheukh divided between them, every year, I think about £600 of these payments! whereof almost an hundred pounds fell to Zeyd, who received his father's surra, and £160 to Motlog: besides some changes of clothing, grain, and certain allowances for their tents, and utensils; yet poor they all were, and never the better. Motlog's halâl, or 'lawful own' of cattle, his mare and his tent and household gear together, were worth, I think, not £300:

add to this for his funded property at Kheybar, and we may find he possessed hardly above £500.

The Aarab trifled time which could never be theirs again; the housewives made some provision ready for those that should mount at evening. This mounting is at every man's free will, and yet the possessor of a thelûl cannot shun the common service and keep his honest name. Rahŷel led the pursuit. Some as they sat boasted, "This night or towards morning, when the haramîyeh think themselves come in security, and are first reposing, we shall be suddenly upon them, and recover our own, if the Lord will, and take their beasts from under them." As camels are driven off in a foray, the robbers chase them all that day at a run before them, hoping to outgo the pursuit; and now as the sun was setting, these might be gotten almost fifty miles in advance. The last words were, as they rose, "Please God, every camel of those taken shall be couched again, to-morrow about this time, before the booth of his household:" and with this good augury the company dispersed, going to their suppers, and afterward the riders would take their thelûls, the sheykhs (for a long pursuit) not leading their mares with them. Zeyd sat still at home; he had two thelûls, he said "they were ailing". Khâlaf sat also close in his booth, a man who, though vaunting his mare's worth at so many camels and himself of the principal W. Aly sheykhs, had not a beast to mount. A weak reason is found too light in the balance of public estimation; and Zeyd all the next day sitting melancholy, sipping much coffee, vehemently protested to be ever since sorry, by Ullah, that he was not ridden along with them.

His camels were saved that day, feeding on the other side of the desert; but a calamity as this is general, and to be borne by the tribe. None which had lost their cattle to-day would be left destitute; but the governing sheykh taxing all the tribesmen, the like would be rendered to them, out of the common contribution, in a day or two. He will send some round as assessors to the menzils, where every man's state being known, the computation is made of the cattle of every household. There was levied of Zeyd the next day, of less than twenty that he had, a camel, and the value of certain head of small cattle. The nomad tribes we have seen to be commonwealths of brethren, ruled by their sheykhs with an equitable moderation. They divide each others' losses, and even in such there is community between whole tribes. Mischief is never far from them, an evil day may chance which has not befallen them in many years, when a tribe is stripped at a stroke, of nearly all its cattle, as

later in my knowledge, the Moahîb.—And what then? The next Bíllî of free-will gave them, of their own, much cattle. * * *

* * * Their ghrazzus and counter-ghrazzus are the destruction of the Aarab. Reaving and bereaved they may never thrive; in the end of every tide it is but an ill exchange of cattle. So in the eyes of nomads, the camel troops of the Fukara were all "mingled" cattle and uneven, that is, not home-born-like, but showing to be robbed beasts out of several dîras. Motlog's son said to me, he who should be great sheykh after him, "Ay, wellah! all our camels are harrâm, (of prey taken in the forays,) and not our lawful own." The Fejîr were impoverished of late years, by their neighbours' incursions: Bishr, and after them the W. Aly, had taken their flocks; but they lost most by a murrain, in these hot sandy marches, a kind of colic, in which there had died nearly all the remnant of their small cattle. A year before, Zeyd had a great mixed herd of goats and sheep, so that Hirfa, the last spring time, made a camel load and a half (as much as £18 worth) of samn. Now I saw but an ewe and two milch goats left to them, which yielded in the day but a short bowl of milk, and, discouraged, he would not buy more. Zeyd had inherited of his father, who was the former great sheykh's brother, a large landed patrimony of palm-stems at Kheybar: the half fruit being to the negro husbandmen, his own rent was, he told me, nearly 200 reals. Thus Zeyd, with his surra, had spending silver for every day, in good years, of nearly two reals, the value of a goat, which is much money in the khála: yet the man was miserable, and loving to defer payments, he was always behind the hand with old usury. Sheykhs of the B. Wáhab lay up their money, *tháhab*, (spared from the haj surra,) at el-Ally; out of this, one who is low will increase his "halàl" silently, and may sometime go to the bottom of his bag to purchase him a new mare.

Rahŷel's pursuing party was three nights out. The men left in camp being now very few, they came continually together to drink coffee. The affectionate housewives sat abroad all day watching: at mid-afternoon, the fourth after, we heard the hareem's jubilee, *lullilu!*—but the merry note died away in their throats when, the longer they looked, they saw those that came riding in the horizon were leading nothing home with them. The men rose together, and going forth, they gazed fixedly. "What, said they, means this cry of the hareem? for look, they arrive empty-handed, and every man is riding apart to alight at his own household!" so returning to their fatal

indolence, they reentered as men that are losers, and sat down again. "Some of them, they said, will presently bring us tidings." Rahŷel soon after dismounted at his tent, pitched near behind us.—The housewife comes forth as her husband makes his thelûl kneel; she receives him in silence, unsaddles the beast, and carries in his gear. The man does not often salute her openly, nor, if he would to the mejlis, will he speak to his wife yet; so Rahŷel, without entering his booth, stepped over to us.—"Peace be with you!" said he from a dry throat; and seating himself with the sigh of a weary man, in some sadness, he told us, 'that in the second day, following the enemy upon the Nefûd, they came where a wind had blown out the prints,' and said he, "So Ullah willed it!" They turned then their beasts' heads,—they had no list to cast further about, to come again upon the robbers' traces. "Ha well! God would have it so!" responded the indolent Aarab. A weak enemy they thus faintly let slip through their fingers, for a little wind, though these were driving with them nearly a tithe of all their camels. But Rahŷel, to knit up his sorry tale with a good ending, exclaimed, 'Wellah, they had found water at the wells el-Hŷza in the Nefûd; and as they came again by Teyma, he heard word that some of the gôm had touched there, and they were of the Sherarât:"—Rahŷel, with his troop, had ridden nearly two hundred idle miles. "Bye and bye we shall know (said the Beduins) which tribesmen robbed our camels; then will we *ghrazzy* upon them, and God willing, take as many of them again." But the ghrazzus often return empty: a party of Fukara, "twenty *rikâb*" or warfaring thelûls, which rode lately upon the Beny Atîeh, had taken nothing.

Every man leans upon his own hand in the open desert, and there will none for naught take upon him a public service. The sheykh may persuade, he cannot compel any man; and if the malcontent will go apart, he cannot detain them. The common body is weak, of members so loosely knit together, and there befalls them many an evil hap, which by a public policy might have been avoided.—"Why send you not out scouts, (thus I reasoned with Zeyd,) which might explore the khâla in advance of your pasturing cattle? or cannot you set some to watch in the tops of the rocks, for the appearing of an enemy! Why commit yourselves thus to wild hazard, who are living openly in the midst of danger?" When Zeyd gravely repeated my words in the mejlis, the sheykh's son answered readily, "Ay, and that were very well, if we might put it in practice; but know, Khalîl, there are none of the Beduw will thus adventure themselves by twos or threes together, for

fear of the habalîs, we cannot tell where they lie until thou hearest from behind a crag or bush *deh!* and the shot strikes thee."

Later in the week Motlog came again from Hâyil: he had not before been thither, nor his companions; but they crossed an hundred miles over the open khála guided by sight only of the mountain landmarks, which they had enquired beforehand. We had shifted ground many times in his absence; and it was strange for me to see them ride in, without having erred, to our menzil. As the journeys of the tribesmen are determined beforehand, they might reckon, within a day's distance, where riding they should fall upon our traces, which finding they will follow the fresh footing of our late ráhla; and climbing on all heights as they come, they look for the black booths of their Aarab. Thus these land-navigators arrive bye and bye at the unstable village port of their voyage. All the tribesmen which were not abroad herding, assembled to parliament, where they heard Motlog was gone down, to his brother Rahŷel's tent, to hear their sheykh give account of his embassy to the emir, which imported so much to the policy of their little desert nation.—Every man had armed his hand with the tobacco-pipe, and, said each one arriving, "Strengthen thee, O Motlog!" and to the great sheykh he handed up his galliûn. Motlog sat freshly before them, in his new apparel, the accustomed gift of the emir, and he filled all their pipe-heads benignly, with the aromatic tittun *el-Hameydy* of Mesopotamia; of which he had brought with him a few weeks' cheer, from the village capital. The coffee was slowly served round, to so great an assembly. Burdensome was that day's heat, and now the mid-day's sun overhead, yet there was none who thought of going to his slumber, or even to eat; such was all the people's expectation to hear the mind of the terrible emir. They sat this day out, no man moving from his place, and yet fasting, except only from coffee and tittun, till the evening.—The prince licensed them to return, without fear, into their own dîra.

The vassals of Ibn Rashîd receive, after the audience, a change of clothing; besides, the emir bestowed sixty silver reals upon Motlog, and gave ten pieces to each of his way-fellows. These are arts of the Arabian governors, to retain, with a pretended bounty, the slippery wills of the wild Beduw; and well sown is the emir's penny, if he should reap, in the next years, ten-fold. Motlog was sheykh of one of the tributary tribes, a little wide of his reach. The tax upon the

nomads is light, and otherwise it could never be gathered; a crown piece is payment for every five camels, or for thirty head of small cattle. Of the Fukara was levied thus but four hundred reals, which is somewhat as eight or nine shillings for every household: yet the free-born, forlorn and predatory Beduw grimly fret their hearts under these small burdens; the emir's custom is ever untimely, the exaction, they think, of a stronger and plain tyranny: yet yielding this tribute, they become of the prince's federation, and are sheltered from all hostility of the Aarab in front. Motlog was a prudent man, of reach and sight; but he could not see through sixty reals. This was a pleasant policy of the emir, and by the like the wisest man's heart is touched; and the nomad sheykh brought back, in his new smelling clothes, a favourable opinion, for the while, of the flattering prince, and Hâyil government; and thought in his heart, to be the prince's liegeman, for the present, of whom he had received so gentle entertainment. But the haughty Mohammed Ibn Rashîd, who paid the scot, had another opinion of him; the emir afterward told me, with his own mouth, that he misliked this Motlog.

Blithe were the Fukara to return to their home marches, and better to them than all this high desolate country, which (said they) is '*ghror*, a land wherein is nothing good, for man nor cattle.' Also, they think that dîra better, by which the derb el-haj passes; they say, "We have a kella," that is a house of call, and store-chambers, the caravan market is held there, and their sheukh receive surra. On the morrow we marched; and the Beduins henceforth removed every day by short journeys; now their face was homeward. Behind us we left J. Misma, then some mountain which I heard named *Roaf:* the third day we came to drink upon the upland, at a wide standing water, in a gravel bed, which in winter is a lake-plash, of the ponded rain, *Therrai.*

We marched then in a sandstone country, where, for crags, thick as loaves in a baker's oven, we could not see the next riders about us. From the fifth march, we alighted again under Birrd, to water, in the natural deep chaps of the precipitous sandstone mountain: the herdsmen, digging shallow pits with their hands in the fetid sand, took up in buckets, with their waterer's song, a sandy foul water. We removed now daily, loading before dawn, and alighting at high noon. In another march we came, under the flaming sun, over the high open plain, a barren floor of gravel, towards a great watering-place and summer station of the tribe, *el-Erudda.* These uplands are mostly without growth of the desert acacia

trees: woe is therefore the housewife, for any tent-peg lost in the ráhla. Yet now appeared a long line of acacias, and a white swelling country, these are the landmarks of el-Erudda; and here, at the midst of their dîra, is a *mákbara*, or common burying-place of the tribe, with few barren plants of wild palms. It is hardly a journey from hence to el-Héjr: the Beduins would be here umjemmîn, for many days.

Camels strayed the next night from Zeyd's menzil; the owners scoured the country, hoping to have sight of them, for where all the soil was trodden down with innumerable footprints of the tribe's cattle, they could not distinguish the traces. It was not that they feared their beasts, losing themselves, must in few days perish with thirst: the great dull and sheeplike cattle have a perfect conscience of all watering-places of their home dîra; though, for all their long necks, in but very few of them might they attain to drink. Three years before, when the Fukara were in Syria, some camels of theirs, frayed and lost near the Hauran, had been recovered by tribesmen returning later in the year from Medina, who, crossing their own dîra, found those beasts feeding about a watering, in the border of the Hejâz. The men knew them, by the brand, to be some of their tribe's cattle, and brought up again those fugitive camels, which had fled to their native marches, over seven geographical degrees.

We had no more notice of the haramîyeh.—Then, by a Solubby family which arrived from over the Harra, there came uncertain tidings, that their cattle had been retaken by the Moahîb: a small Moahîb foray riding in the north had crossed the robbers; (hostile ghrazzus, meeting in the wilderness, hail each other, *ya gôm!* "ho! ye enemies,") but not able to overtake the main body of them, they had cut off but fifteen camels. The custom of one real salvage, for a head, is paid between friendly tribes, and they are restored to the owners.

At length we understood that the robbers, as Zeyd foretold, had been a party of Beny Sókhr, who from their tents in Syria, to the place where they met with us had ridden out not less than four hundred miles; and in their company there rode a few men of the Sherarât nomads who are part friends, part "not well" with the Fejîr. As for the Sokhûr, our Beduins reckoned them hitherto neither friends nor enemies; yet certain Fukara households, of the northern migration, were wandering with that tribe to this day. A ragged rout of B. Sókhr, carriers to the Haj, must every year pass, with the caravan, through the Fukara country.—On behalf of the Fejîr a young sheykh, *Mijwel*, was sent after this to the North, to treat peaceably with

the B. Sókhr for the restitution of his tribe's camels. The elders of B. Sókhr responded in the mejlis, "They that had reaved the Fukara cattle were a company of ignorant young men; but their ignorance to be less blameworthy because they found the Fejîr wandering out of their own dîra." The sheykhs promised that good part of the cattle should be brought again with the Haj; the rest they would have conceded to the turbulent young men, "which must be appeased, with somewhat for their pains, and that for an end of strife." More might not Mijwel obtain: and this is as much justice as may commonly be had in the world.

Now, arrived at el-Erudda, my mind was to forsake the Beduin life and pass by el-Ally to the sea coast at el-Wejh. My friends bade me speak with Motlog in the matter of my camel. Why did not Zeyd obey the pasha's injunction?—and then this mischief had not chanced. I had not the price of another camel,—hard must be my adventure henceforth in land of Arabia. The custom of the desert is that of Moses, "If any man's beast hurt the beast of another man, the loss shall be divided." Frolic in the succulent spring herbage, the great unwieldly brutes rise in the night with full cuds to play their whale-sports together; some camel then, as the Beduins held, had fallen upon the neck of my gaping young camel: whether it happened then, or in the camels' bouncing forth to their morning pasture, it was among Zeyd's troop of camels. I must bring witnesses: but who would give testimony against a sheykh of his tribe, for the Nasrâny? Amongst Mohammedans, and though they be the Beduins of the wilderness, there is equity only between themselves. I found Motlog in his tent, who with a woollen thread was stitching in his mare's saddle-pad. "A pity, said the sheykh, that any controversy should grow betwixt Khalîl and Zeyd, who were brethren, but the Pasha's words ought to have been observed." Zeyd was disappointed in me of his greedy hopes; fortune had given us both checkmate since the hope of my vaccination had failed; there remained only my saddle-bags, and his eyes daily devoured them. Great they were, and stuffed to a fault, in a land where passengers ride without baggage. Heavy Zeyd found their draught, and he felt in them elbow-deep day by day, which was contrary to the honourable dealing of an host;—besides my apprehension that he might thus light upon my pistol and instruments, which lay hidden at the bottom in our menzils.

For these displeasures, in a last ráhla I had forsaken Zeyd, and came on walking over the waste gravel, under the scalding

sun many miles till the Aarab alighted. Zeyd found in his heart that he had done me wrong, I had not deceived him, and he respected my person: I also heedfully avoided to rake up the wild unknown depths of their Mohammedan resentment. I entered Motlog's tent, the sheykhly man sat playing with his children, he was a very affectionate father. Thither came Zeyd soon and sat down to drink coffee; then raising his portentous voice said he, "If I had not intended to devour him, wellah, I had not received the Nasrâny; I would not have suffered him to accompany the Aarab, no not in a ráhla. The Nasrâny gave sixty reals (a fable) to Mohammed Aly, and I require the like to be paid me in this hour" "No, (Motlog answered from behind the women's curtain, whither he was gone for somewhat,) this is not in thy hand, O Zeyd." Zeyd complaining that my being in his menzil was an expense to him, I proved that Zeyd had received of me certain reals, and besides a little milk I had taken of him nothing: but his meaning was that I brought too many coffee guests, who all came thither to see the stranger. Zeyd had bought two reals worth in the haj market. "Here (I said) is that money, and let Zeyd trust further to my friendly possibility. Zeyd complains of me with little cause; I might complain with reason; should one treat his guest's baggage as thing which is taken in the ghrazzu? he seeks even in my purse for money, and in my belt, and ransacks my bags."—"Ha! how does Zeyd?" said some sheykh's voice. I answered, in my haste, "Billah, like an hablûs." Motlog shrank at the word, which had been better unsaid; the Beduins doubted if they heard Khalîl aright: the worst was that Zeyd in all his life came so near to merit this reproachful word, which uttered thus in the mejlis, must cleave to him in the malicious memory of his enemies. He rose as he had sipped the cup and left us. In our evening mirth the hinds often called to each other, hablûs! hablûs! which hearing, and I must needs learn their speech of the Arabs, I had not supposed it amiss: but Zeyd vaunted himself sherîf. When he was gone out some said, so had Zeyd done to such and such other, Zeyd was a bad man; (the Beduw easily blame each other). Said Motlog, 'in the question of the camel I must bring witnesses, but he would defend me from all wrongful demands of Zeyd.'

As we sat, one came in who but then returned from an absence; as the custom is he would first declare his tidings in the mejlis, and afterward go home to his own household. He sat down on his knee, but was so poor a man, there was none in the sheykhly company that rose to kiss him: with a solemn

look he stayed him a moment on his camel-stick, and then pointing gravely with it to every man, one after other, he saluted him with an hollow voice, by his name, saying, "The Lord strengthen thee!" A poor old Beduin wife, when she heard that her son was come again, had followed him over the hot sand hither; now she stood to await him, faintly leaning upon a stake of the beyt a little without, since it is not for any woman to enter where the men's mejlis is sitting. His tidings told, he stepped abroad to greet his mother, who ran, and cast her weak arms about his manly neck, trembling for age and tenderness, to see him alive again and sound: and kissing him she could not speak, but uttered little cries. Some of the coffee-drinkers laughed roughly, and mocked her drivelling, but Motlog said, "Wherefore laugh? is not this the love of a mother?"

Selím came soon to call me from his father; "Well, go with Selím, said Motlog, and be reconciled to Zeyd; and see that neither require aught of the other." Zeyd invited me into his wife's closed apartment, where we sat down, and Hirfa with us, to eat again the bread and salt together. Zeyd soon returned from these rubs, when he could not find his 'brother' in fault, to the Beduin good humour, and leaning on his elbow he would reach over, pledge of our friendship, the peaceable sebîl, I should 'drink' with him tobacco:—and such are the nomads. Our late contention was no more mentioned, but it was long after branded in Zeyd's mind, that Khalîl had called him hablûs. In the autumn of this year, when the Fukara lay encamped at el-Héjr, and I was again with them, as I passed by Zeyd's menzil, he called me from the beyt, "*ya Khalîl taal!* come hither," I greeted him, and also the housewife behind the curtain "*gowwich Hirfa,* the Lord strengthen thee."—Zeyd answered, "It is the voice of Khalîl, and the words of a Beduwy;" and he rose to bring me in to eat a bowl of rice with him, which was then ready. After meat, "he was glad to see me, he said, once more here in his beyt, it was like the old times;" then a little casting down his eyes he added, "but after our friendship I was wounded, Khalîl, when you named me hablûs, and that before the sheukh."—"Because you had threatened and displeased me; but, Zeyd, let not this trouble thee; how could I know all the words of you Beduins? Seest thou these black worsted tents? Are they not all booths of hablûses?" We walked down to the mejlis, where Zeyd related, smiling, that my meaning had been but to name him "thou Beduwy".

—When I reasoned with Zeyd, "Why didst thou not do as the Pasha commanded?" cried he, "Who commands me! *henna*

(we are) *el-Beduw:* what is Pasha, or what is the Dowla here? save only that they pay us our surra, and else we would take it by force."—"What is your force? were an hundred of you, with club-sticks, lances, and old matchlocks, worth ten of the haj soldiery?"—"We would shoot down upon them in the boghrazát." "And how far may your old rusty irons shoot?" Zeyd answered, between jest and solemnity, "*Arbaa saa,*" to four hours distance: Saat is with the Aarab 'a stound', a second or third space between the times of prayer Often they asked me, "How many hours be there in the day? We know not well *saa.*" Their partitions of the daylight are *el-féjr*, the dawning before the sun; *el-gaila,* the sun rising towards noon; *eththóhr*, the sun in the mid-day height; *el-assr*, the sun descended to mid-afternoon; *ghraibat es-shems,* the sun going down to the setting:—*mághrib* is a strange town speaking in their ears.

The nomads' summer station at el-Erudda was now as an uncheerful village. In the time of wandering since the Haj, the sheykhs had spent their slender stores of coffee; and "where no coffee is, there is not merry company," say the Aarab. Their coffee hearths now cold, every man sat drooping and dull, *fî ahlahu,* in his own household. Said Zeyd, "This was the life of the old nomads in the days before coffee." The sheukh would soon send down for more coffee of theirs which was stored at Medáin; and Zeyd must go thither to fetch up a sack of rice, which he had also deposited in the kella: I would then ride with him, intending to pass by el-Ally to the Red Sea coast. The wilderness fainted before the sunny drought; the harvest was past, and I desired to be gone. The Aarab languished lying in the tents; we seemed to breathe flames. All day I gasped and hardly remained alive, since I was breathless, and could not eat. I had sometimes a thought in the long days to teach Selím letters: but when his son had learned the alphabet Zeyd would no more, lest the child should take of me some faulty utterance; my tongue he said was not yet "loosed". Having a vocabulary in my hand, now and then I read out a page or two to the company. Certainly I could not err much in the utterance of many words that were before well known to me; but no small part of these town and bookish terms were quite unknown to all my nomad hearers! of some it seemed they had not the roots, of many they use other forms. They wondered themselves, and as Arabs will (who have so much feeling in their language and leisure to be eloquent) considered word after word with a patient attention. * * *

* * * The evening before our departure, Mehsan had sacrificed a sheep, the year's-mind of his father here lying buried, and brought us of his cooked meat; he was Zeyd's brother-in-law, and we were a homely company. I made them sweet tea; and distributed presents of the things which I had. As we sat I asked these Beduins if my *gaûd* (young camel) with the broken mouth could carry me a hundred and fifty miles to el-Wejh? One sitting with us proffered, so I would give him ten reals, to exchange his own nâga for mine. Zeyd and Mehsan approving, I gave the money; but the meditations of the Arabs are always of treachery. The poor man's wife and children also playing the weepers, I gave them besides all that I might spare of clothing, of which they have so much need in the desert; but after other days I saw my things put to sale at Teyma. I bought thus upon their trust, a dizzy camel, old, and nearly past labour and, having lost her front teeth, that was of no more value, in the sight of the nomads, than my wounded camel. I was new in their skill; the camels are known and valued after their teeth, and with regard to the hump. They are named by the teeth till the coming of the canines in this manner: the calf of one year, *howwar;* of two, *libny;* the third, *hej;* the fourth, *jitha;* the fifth, *thènny;* the sixth, *ròbba;* the seventh, *siddes;* and the eighth, *shâgg en-naba, wafîat, mùfter.*

(*Doughty revisits Medáin with Zeyd, and, later, attaches himself to the Moahîb tribe in their wanderings upon the Harra. The Moahîb forsake the Harra, and deseend to their summer station in Wady Thirba. Doughty summers* (1877) *with the Fukara tribe at el-Héjr, and revisits el-Ally.*)

CHAPTER X

TEYMA

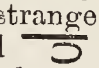
FINALLY, after other days of great heat, which were the last of that summer, the 28th of August, the Aarab removed from el-Héjr. Once more their "faces were toward" the Teyma country, and I mounted among them with such comfort of heart as is in the going home from a scurvy school-house;—delivered, at length, from the eye-sore and nose-sore of those mawkish mummy-house cliffs, the sordid kella and perilous Moghrâreba of Medáin Sâlih. Now, leaving the Turkish haj-road country, I had Nejd before me, the free High Arabia!

We passed the enclosed plain to the south-eastward. I saw many falcons carried out by the thelûl riders in this ráhla; they had purchased the birds of the gate Arabs; and there are Beduin masters who in the march carry their greyhounds upon camel-back, lest the burning sand should scald their tender feet. Four days we journeyed by short marches to the eastward, and the nomads alighting every forenoon dismissed their cattle to pasture. The summer heat was ended for us in those airy uplands. At the morrow's sunrise whilst we sat a moment, before the ráhla, over a hasty fire, I read the thermometer, 73° F.; yet it seemed a cold wind that was blowing upon us.

I would leave now the wandering village, and set out with Méhsan, and a company of poorer tribesmen who went to pass Ramathán at Teyma, where the new dates were ripening. The tribe would come thither a month later in the last days of Lent, to keep their (Bairam) festival at the village and in the date gathering to buy themselves victuals.

When the sun rose of the first of September, and we were departing from the menzils, we heard cries, in the side of the camp, *El-Gôm!* Tribesmen ran from the byût girded in their jingling gunners' belts, with long matchlocks, or armed with pikes and lances. The sheykhs went to take their horses,

foot-farers hastened forward, and shouted. Only a few aged men remained behind with the hareem; bye and bye they 'thought they heard shots yonder'. Now Zeyd went by us, a little tardy, at a hand gallop. Stern were the withered looks of his black visage and pricking sheykhly upon the mare to his endeavour, with the long wavering lance upon his virile shoulder, and the Ishmaelite side-locks flying backward in the wind, the son of Sbeychan seemed a martial figure. Even boys of mettle leapt upon thelûls which were theirs, and rode to see the battle: this forwardness in them is well viewed by the elders. Méhsan cast down his load and followed them, unarmed, upon his mad thelûl. It was not much before we saw the head of our tribespeople's squadron returning:—the riding of an hundred mounted upon dromedaries is (as said) a gallant spectacle; they come on nodding in the lofty saddles to the deep gait of their cattle, with a glitter of iron, and the song of war, in a sort of long flocking order.

Then we heard a sorry tiding of the calamity of our friends! The herdsmen first abroad had found strange camels in the desert; they knew them by the brand  to be cattle of the Moahîb and shouted, and the cry taken up behind them was heard back in the menzils.—Therrŷeh leading out the armed band, the keepers of those cattle came to greet them—with '*Gowwak ya Therrŷeh*, we are of the Auwâjy and have "taken" the Moahîb yesterday; wellah, all their camels in the Héjr plain, beside Thirba.'—The Fukara being their friends upon both sides, could not now go between them; but if the Moahîb had been removing and encamping with the Fukara in their dîra, the Bishr might not have molested them. Silent and pensive our Teyma company gathered again, we were forty riders; and many a man went musing of his own perpetual insecurity in the face of these extreme slips of fortune. Our familiar friends had been bereaved in one hour of all their living; and their disaster seemed the greater, since we have seen their sheykhs had ridden—it was to have outgone this danger, but they came too late—to make their humble submission to the Emir. The Aarab sigh a word in sadness which is without contradiction, and cease complaining, "It has happened by the appointment of Ullah!"

After two hours' riding we come to drink and fill our girbies at a solitary well-pit of the ancients, cased with dry stonework; there grew a barren wild fig-tree. In that day's march we went by three more small well-pits, which are many (wherever the

ground-water lies not deep) in all the waste emptiness of the Arabian wilderness: these may suffice to the watering of their lesser cattle.

Sultry was our journey, and we alighted at half-afternoon, where we found shadows of some great rocks with tolh trees, and pasture for the camels. The men rested and drank coffee: the housewives also kindled fires and baked scanty cakes, under the ashes, of their last barley meal. After an hour or two, when men and beasts were a little refreshed from the burdenous heat, we mounted and rode on again in the desert plain, till the sun was nigh setting; then they drew bridle in ground where an encampment of ours had been in the spring time. "Companions, I exclaimed, this is Umsubba!" but it dismayed the Aarab, with a sort of fear of enemies, to hear a stranger name the place, and though it is marked by that tall singular needle of sandstone.

At the watch-fires they questioned among them, had they well done to break their fasts to-day, which some of these Beduin heads accounted to be the first in the holy month: but Méhsan, who was of an easy liberal humour, held that no man were to blame for eating 'until he saw the new moon (it is commonly at the third evening), and then let him fast out his month of days'. Some answered: "In the town they reckon now by el-Hindy (Indian art, arithmetic), and they say it is unfailing, but what wot any man of us the Beduw!" Now in the glooming we perceived the new moon nigh her setting, and of the third day's age: the Beduins greeted this sign in heaven with devout aspirations, which brought in their month of devotion. The dwellers in the desert fast all months in their lives, and they observe this day-fasting of a month for the religion. But Ramathán is to the Beduins an immoderate weariness full of groans and complaining; so hard it is for them to abstain from drinking and even from tobacco till the summer sun sets: in those weeks is even a separation of wedded folk. The month of Lent which should be kept clean and holy, is rather, say the nomads and villagers, a season of wickedness, when the worst sores break forth and run afresh of human nature. Not more than a good half of these fanatical nomads observe the day-fasting and prayers;—the rest are "ignorants",—this is to say they have not learned to pray, yet they cherish little less fanaticism in their factious hearts, which is a kind of national envy or Semitic patriotism.—For herding-men, fried all day in the desert heat, it is very hard and nearly impossible not to drink till the furnace sun be set. Men in a journey have a dispensation; the koran bids them fast to the

number of days omitted and hallow the month, at their home-coming.

We set forward very early on the morrow, long and sultry lay the way before us, which to-day the Beduins must pass thirsting; and when the morning heat arose upon us, we were well advanced towards Teyma,—the landmark J. Ghrenèym now appearing—and came to that bald soil which lies before the town, a floor of purple sand-rock with iron-stone and shingles, where the grassy blade springs not and you may seldom see any desert bush. We perceived in the early afternoon the heads of the oasis palms, and approached the old circuit of town walling. The first outlying orchards are nigh before us,—an Eden to our parched eyes from the desert; then we see those full palm-bosoms, under the beautiful tressed crowns, the golden and purple-coloured food-fruits. Locust flights had passed this year over all the villages, and hardly more than half their trees had been saved at Teyma. The company dispersed, every fellowship going to pitch upon their friends' grounds. I followed with Méhsan's fellowship, we made our camels stumble over some broken clay walls into an empty field: the men as we alighted cried impatiently to their housewives to build the booths; for the thirsty Beduins would be out of this intolerable sun-burning

Some labourers, with hoes in their hands, came out of the next gates; I asked them to fetch a twig of the new dates (their Semitic goodness to strangers), and to bring me a cup of water. "Auh! what man is this with you, O ye of the Fukara (saïd the villagers, wondering), who eats and drinks in Ramathân, and the sun is yet high!—for shame! dost thou not know Ullah?" and the torpid souls gaped and fleered upon me. One said, "Is not this Khalîl the kafir, he that was here before? ay, he is he."—"Upon you be the shame, who forbid my eating, that am a wayfaring man, *musâfir*."—"Ha! (said the voice of a poor woman, who came by and overheard them) this stranger says truth, it is ye the men of Teyma, who fear not Ullah," and she passed on hastily. Bye and bye as I was going in with them, she, who seemed a poor Bedlam creature, met me again running, and took hold without saying word on my mantle, and opening her veil, with a harrowed look she stretched me out her meagre hands, full of dates and pomegranates, nodding to me in sign that I should receive them; she lived where we went in to water.—The poor woman came to me again at evening like one half distracted, and shrinking from sight. "Stranger, she said, eigh me! why didst thou not eat all my fruit? I ran for them as ever I heard thee speak. Know that I am a poor

woman afflicted in my mind.—Ah Lord! He who has given has taken them away; I have lost my children. one after other, four sons, and for the last I besought my Lord that He would leave me this child, but he died also—aha me!—and he was come almost to manly age. And there are times when this sorrow so taketh me, that I fare like a madwoman; but tell me, O stranger, hast thou no counsel in this case? and as for me I do that which thou seest,—ministering to the wants of others—in hope that my Lord, at the last, will have mercy upon me."

— The Teyma men had thwacked their well-team, with alacrity, and made them draw for the guests. Our host's place was a poor grange, lying a little before the main orchard walls of Teyma. In the midst was his house-building, *kasr*,—dark clay-built rooms about a long-square space, which was shadowed from the sun by a loose thatch upon poles of the palm leaf-branches. His was a good walled palm-orchard and corn ground, watered day and night from a well of two reels and dullûs: yet such a possession may hardly suffice to the simple living of an Arabic household from year to year. Of the uncertain fruits of his trees and seed-plots, that which was above their eating, he sold for silver to the Beduw; he must pay for timely help of hands, the hire of well-camels, for his tools, for his leathern well-gear; and the most such small owners will tell you, what for their many outgoings and what for their old indebtedness, they may hardly hold up their heads in the world.

The Arabs very impatiently suffering the thirst of the first Ramathán days, lie on their breasts sighing out the slow hours, and watching the empty daylight till the "eye of the sun" shall be gone down from them. When five or six days are past, they begin to be inured to this daylight abstinence, having so large leave in the night-time. If their Lent fall in the corn harvest, or at the ingathering of dates, the harvesters must endure for the religion an extremity of thirst: but in Ramathán the villagers give over all that they may of earnest labour, save the well-driving that may never be intermitted. Their most kinds of dates were ripe in the midst of the fast; but they let them still hang in the trees.—The owner of the plantation, to whom I said again my request, delayed, as it were with unwillingness. "It is a pain (one whispered to me) for men, weak with thirst and hunger, to see another eat the sweet and drink water;"—the master lingered also to make a little raillery (as the Arabs will, for they love it) at that contempt in the stranger of their high religious custom. Then he went out and gathered me date-twigs of the best

stems, upon which hanged, with the ripe, half-ripe purple berries, which thus at the mellowing, and full of sappy sweetness, they call *belah;* the Arabs account them very wholesome and refreshing. Even the common kinds of dates are better meat now than at any time after,—the hard berry, melted to ripeness in the trees, is softly swelling under the sun with the genial honey moisture.

We returned to our cottage friends at evening, when the Arabs refreshed, and kindling their cheerful galliûns, seemed to themselves to drink in solace again. Fire was made in the cold hearth-pit, and coffee-pots were set, a drink not often seen in that poor place. Later came in some persons from the town, and their talk with us new-comers was of the ruined haddâj, 'The Teyâmena, they told us, were persuaded that the pit fell-in after my having "written it," and when they saw me again in their town, wellah, the angry people would kill me.' Because they had thus drunk with me in fellowship, they counselled me not to adventure myself in Teyma;—let my Beduin friends look to it, as they would have my life saved. Méhsan answered (who was a timid man), "As ever the morrow is light, Khalîl must mount upon his nâga, and ride back to Zeyd."—"Consider! I said to them, if I were guilty of the haddâj falling, I had not returned hither of my free will. May our bodies endure for ever? ancient house-buildings fall, also that old well must decay at some time."—"But after it was fallen, we heard that you refused to rebuild it!"—So we left them for the night.

The first moments of the morning sun, were of those which I oftentimes passed very heavily in Arabia, when I understood of my bread-and-salt friends, that my lonely life was atrociously threatened, and they earnestly persuaded me to sudden flight. Some of our hareem came to me when I awoke,—Méhsan was gone out in the cool, before dawn, to sell a new saffron gown-cloth in the town; and the men were abroad with him—Zeyd's sister, my hostess, and the women besought me to depart in haste, 'lest I should be slain before their eyes.'—The nomad wives had been over-night to visit their gossips in the settlement, and in their talk they said the Nasrâny had arrived in the company. "The Nasrâny! cried the Teyma housewives,—is not that, as they say, a son of the Evil One? is he come among you! Now if ye have any care of Khalîl's life, let him not enter the town,—where yet would God! he may come, and be slain to-morrow: some of our men are sworn upon the death of him."—"And why think ye evil of this man? now a long time he is living among the Beduw, and other than his name

of Nasrâny, they find no cause in him."—"Yet know certainly that he is a wicked person, and of the adversaries of Ullah; they say moreover, he is a sorcerer. Heard you not tell that the haddàj was fallen? and men do say it was his eye.—Ye have not found him maleficent? but what he may be no man can tell, nor wherefore he may be come into the land of the Aarab. Who ever heard before that a Nasrâny came hither? and our people say he ought not to live; it were also a merit to kill him."

"Khalîl, said Méhsan's wife, the Teyâmena are determined to kill thee for the haddàj, and if they come, we are few and cannot resist them. They are not the Beduw, that have a good mind towards you, and a regard for the Dowla, but the headstrong and high-minded people of Teyma, so that whilst we lodge here, we live ourselves wellah in dread of them: the Teyâmena are treacherous, *melaunnîn*, of cursed counsels!"—Said Méhsan, who now arrived, "Akhs! while Khalîl sits here, some of them will be coming; Ullah confound the Teyâmena! Mount, Khalîl, and prevent them!"—The women added, "And that quickly, we would not have thee slain." The children cried, "Ride fast from them, uncle Khalîl." Sâlih the old grey-headed gun-bearer of Zeyd's father, and Zeyd's own man, was very instant with me that I should mount immediately and escape to the Beduw, "Our Aarab (he said) are yet where we left them, and my son and another are about to ride back with the camels; mount thou and save thyself with the young men; and remain with Zeyd, and amongst thy friends, until time when the Haj arrive."—"And if all this cannot move thee, said the old man and Méhsan, Khalîl, thou hast lost thy understanding!—and companions, this man whom we esteemed prudent (in his wise books), is like to one that hath a jin: up now! that thy blood be not spilt before our faces. When they come, we can but entreat and not withhold them, —wellah it is a cursed people of this town.—We know not what he may have seen (in his books); yet stay not, Khalîl, rise quickly, and do thou escape from them with the lads! Ah, for these delays! he does not hear the words of us all, and sitting on here he may have but few moments to live:—and yet Khalîl does nothing!" *Another voice*, "It may be that Ullah has determined his perdition; well! let him alone." I blamed them that trusted to the fond words of silly hareem.—"And what if the Teyâmena come, I might not dissuade them with reason?"—"They that will be here presently are hot-heads, and hear no words."—There is an itch between pain and pleasure, which is such a mastering cruelty in children, to see one

shaped like themselves overtaken in some mortal agony, and his calamitous case not to touch them; and now, as I looked about me, I saw a strange kindling in some of this ring of watching wild eyes, there a writhing lip, and there some inhuman flushing even in those faded women's cheeks. "Eigh! what and if the Lord have determined his death!—we see, he cannot hear, or hearing that he cannot understand! We say but this once more; mount, Khalîl! whilst there is any space. Wellah we would not that thy blood be spilt beside our byût, by the rash-handed people of Teyma, and we cannot deliver thee."—"Friends, when I was here before, I found them well disposed."—"Then thou wast in company with a great sheykh, Zeyd, and now there is none here to shelter thee!—but since we have endeavoured and cannot persuade thee, may not the event be such as we would not!—it is now too late, and Ullah will provide."

In this there approached two younger men of the town, and they spoke pleasantly with us. One of them, Hásan Ibn Salâmy, the Beduins told me, was of the principal town sheukh; that other was a Shammar Beduwy of the north, lately become a flesher at Teyma,—he brought this new trade into the Beduin-like town. The Shammary boasted to be a travelled young man, he had visited Sham as well as Irâk, and now he looked for the praise of a liberal mind. Being one of the most removable heads, he had gone out at the first rumour of the stranger's arriving, and led that sheykh, his neighbour in the sûk, along with him. The weled would see for himself, and bring word whether that Nasrâny were not of some people or tribe he had visited, or it might be he had passed by their béled in his caravan journeys: besides, he had a thought, there might be a *shatâra*, or mastery in the hand of the Nasrâny, for building up their haddàj, and he would win a thank for himself from the village sheukh. The Teyâmena had built their well-wall, since the spring, now three times, and the work was fallen. The best village architect of the spacious and lofty clay-brick Teyma houses was their master-builder in the second and third essays, for not a small reward,—fifty reals. As ever the walling was up, the landowners had mounted their wheel-gear; and the teams were immediately set labouring upon the distempered earth, so that the work could not stand many days; the weak soil parted forward, and all had fallen again. The Teyâmena knew not what more to do, and when Ramathán was in, they let it lie: also the workmen (seeing their time) demanded higher wages,—and they labour in Lent only half-days.

The last ruin of the walls had been a fortnight before. 'If I had a shatâra to build, said the Beduwy, the sheykhs

would enrich me, giving me what I myself would in reason.' Hásan confirmed the word, being himself *râiyat*, or one of the principal owners, with his sûk, of the haddàj, and namely of that part which was fallen. I said, 'I would go in to see it, if they thought the town was safe.'—"Fear nothing, and I am *thâmin* (said Hásan) engaged for thee to these friends here; and if thou art not fasting come down to my house, where I will have thy breakfast made ready; and we will afterward go to visit the haddàj; but as for the wall falling, it was from Ullah, and not of man's deed." I was fainting with hunger, and had my weapon bound under my tunic, so hearing they would lead me to breakfast, I rose to follow them. "And these thou mayest trust," said the Beduins; nevertheless, Méhsan's wife took me by the sleeve as I departed, to whisper, "Khalîl, we know him—a great sheykh, yet he may be leading thee to destruction: have a care of them, *iftah ayûn-ak*, open thine eyes, for they are all treacherous Teyâmena."

As we were entering at the town's end I called to him, "Hásan! art thou able to defend me if there should meet with us any evil persons?" And he, with the slippery smiling security of an Arab, who by adventure is engaged for another, and in the Semitic phrase of their speech; "There is nothing to fear, and I have all this people in my belly." We came in by alleys of the town to the threshold of Hásan's large dàr. We sat down on a gay Turkey carpet, in the court before his kahwa, and under a wide sheltering vine, whose old outspread arms upon trellises, were like a wood before the sun of sappy greenness: there came in a neighbour or two. Water from the metal, *'brîk*, was poured upon my hands, and the host set a tray before me of helw dates—this kind is full of a honey-like melting sweetness—gathered warm out of the sun, and pomegranates.—They wondered to see me eat without regarding the public fast, but as smiling hosts were appeased with this word: *Imma ana musâfir*, "but I am a wayfaring man." They smiled when I told of the nomads' distrust of them, for my sake, and said, "It is like the Beduw! but here, Khalîl, thou hast nothing to fear, although there be some dizzy-headed among us like themselves; but they fear the sheukh, and, when they see I am with thee, *khálas!* there an end of danger."

We walked forth to the great well-pit, where I heard such voices, of idle young men and Beduins—"Look, here he comes, look, look, it is the kafir! will the sheykhs kill him? is not this he who has overthrown the haddàj? Or will they have him build it again, and give him a reward, and they say it shall be

better than before." Hásan bade me not mind their knavish talk; and when we had passed round he left me there, and said that none would offer me an injury. This butterfly gallant, the only ornament of whose bird's soul was a gay kerchief of a real, would not be seen in the kafir's company,—it was not honest: and where is question of religion, there is no sparkle of singular courage in these pretended magnanimous, to set one's face against the faces of many. So I came to some grave elder men who sat communing together under a wheel-frame: as I saluted them with peace, they greeted me mildly again; I asked would there be any danger in my walking in the town? "Doubt nothing, come and go, they said, at thine own pleasure in all the ways of Teyma, and give no heed to the ungracious talk of a few blameworthy young men."—The Shammary was gone with word to "the *Emir*"; thus he called the chief sheykh in the town (under Ibn Rashîd), *Khálaf el-Ammr.*—He (for the Arabs) is Emir, in whom is the word of command, *amr:* thus, *emir el-káfila,* ruler of an Arabian town-caravan; and in arms they say, likewise, 'emir of ten' and 'emir of an hundred.' The Beduwy told how he had found me willing, and he made them this argument, 'Their ancient well is of the old kafirs' work, and Khalîl is a kafir, therefore could Khalîl best of all rebuild the haddàj.'

I asked my way to *Aj(k)eyl's* dàr, he had been one of those Teyma merchant-guests in the kella (before the Haj) at Medáin. With a sort of friendliness he had then bidden me, if I came afterward to Teyma, to lodge in his house. Homely was his speech, and with that bluntness which persuaded me of the man's true meaning. Nevertheless the Beduins bade me mistrust Ajeyl, "a dark-hearted covetous fellow that would murder me in his house, for that tháhab" or metal of money, which Arabians can imagine to be in every stranger's hold. Zeyd had said to me, "Ajeyl killed his own brother, in disputing over a piece of silver!" Therrŷeh added, "Have a care of him, that certainly Ajeyl is a churl."—Zeyd said then a good word, "Thou art too simple, Khalîl, if thou hast not discerned it already, that coveting of money is before all things in the Aarab: having this in mind, thou wilt not be deceived; trust me, it is but upon some hope of winning, if any man bind himself to further a Nasrâny. It is hard for thee to pass the distance from hence, to the Ghrenèym mountain; but this must thou do,—I tell thee, Khalîl, thou mayest travel in the Aarab's country only by tóma;"—that is in casting back morsels to their sordid avarice.

I went now to see if after his promises I might not lodge in

some room of Ajeyl's house. 'Every place, he answered, is taken up, but he would speak with his father.'—A young man of the town led me away to visit his sick mother. In another large dàr I found the woman lying on the ground far gone in a vesical disease, which only death could remedy. Thâhir the householder promised me much for the healing of this old wife, and would have the hakîm lodge in his house; but the man was of such a grim inflamed visage, with a pair of violent eyes, and let me divine so much of his fanatical meaning (as if he would have me made a Mosleman perforce), that, with a civil excuse, I was glad to be abroad again and out of their neighbourhood.—Another led me to see a dropsical woman near the haddàj; the patient was lying (so swollen that those who entered with me mocked) under a palm, where her friends had made her an awning. She promised, she would not fail to pay the hakîm, when he had cured her. In visiting the sick I desired in my heart to allay their heathenish humour with the Christian charity; but I considered that whatso I might do, it must ever be unavailing, and that it would endanger me to empty a part of my small stock of medicines;—my only passport when all else should fail in this hostile country.

A young mother, yet a slender girl, brought her wretched babe, and bade me spit upon the child's sore eyes; this ancient Semitic opinion and custom I have afterwards found wherever I came in Arabia.—Meteyr nomads in el-Kasîm, have brought me some of them bread and some salt, that I should spit in it for their sick friends.—Her gossips followed to make this request with her, and when I blamed their superstition they answered simply, that 'such was the custom here from time out of mind.' —Also the Arabians will spit upon a lock which cannot easily be opened.

Ajeyl excused himself saying 'a Beduin woman of their acquaintance had alighted here yesterday, who occupied their only room, and that to dismiss the guest became not his beard: yet he would help me, so that I should not be deceived, when I would buy anything in the town.' Nevertheless, as I bought wheat another day of himself, the sahs which Ajeyl numbered to me were of short measure.

I thought if I might lodge at Khálaf's, it would be well. He had spoken of my rebuilding the haddàj; I might resolve that simple problem, when I should be a little refreshed,—so to wall up the great water-pit that it should stand fast, more than before, and leave them this memorial of a Christian man's passage; also the fair report would open the country before me. Khálaf with the men of his household and certain guests were

sitting crosslegs on the clay bench at his own court door in the street, whereover was made a rude awning of palm branches, and silently awaiting the sun's going down, that he might enter to his evening breakfast. I saw him a slender tall man of mild demeanour, somewhat past the middle age; and have found in him a tolerant goodness and such liberality of mind as becomes a sheykh: he was a prudent householder, more than large in his hospitality. Khálaf's world being this little palm village in the immense deserts, and Hâyil the village capital, and his townspeople fewer than the souls in a great ship's company, yet there appeared in him the perspicuous understanding, and, without sign of natural rudeness, an easy assured nobility of manners (of their male society), which may be seen in the best of nearly all the Arab blood. The Arabs are never barbarous, they are of purer race than to be brutish; and if they step from their Arabian simplicity, into the hive of our civil life (as it is seen in Bombay), their footing is not less sure than another's, and they begin bye and bye to prosper there

I sat down in his company, and few words were spoken besides greetings; they were weak with fasting. When I rose to be gone he beckoned me friendly to sit still: as the sun was sinking, Khálaf and they all rising with him, he led me in, 'to drink coffee, the evening, he said, was come.' Within was his pleasant house-court, the walls I saw decently whitened with *jíss*, gypsum , we sat down upon long carpets before the hearth-pit, whited as well, in the Nejd-wise, and where already his slave-lad stooped to blow the cheerful flames, and prepared coffee;—this, when the sun was gone down, should be their first refreshment You will see a bevy of great and smaller tinned coffee-pots in the Nejd village fire-pits which they use for old coffee-water store, pouring from one to another. They sat now, with empty stomachs, watching earnestly the fading sunlight in the tops of the palm trees, till we heard the welcome cry of the muétthin praising God, and calling the devout Moslemîn to their prayers. It is then a pious man may first put in his mouth a morsel and strengthen himself; the coffee was immediately served, and as one had drunk the cup, he went aside, and spreading down his mantle evenly before him towards the Sanctuary of Mecca, he began to recite the formal devotion. After prayers there is fetched-in the first night-meal *futûr* or breakfast; this was, at Khálaf's, bare date-stalks fresh gathered from the tree. They took their food, though they had been languishing all day with thirst, without drinking till the end; and after the dates slices were set before us of a

great ripe but nearly tasteless melon, an autumn kind which is common at Teyma. * * *

* * * Later in the evening came in some Fukara, *Weyrid, Jèllowwy, Feràya,* that arrived after us, and they being men of my friendly acquaintance, we sat coffee-drinking till late hours. It was not well to go out then in the moonless night, to seek my Beduin fellowship that had removed I knew not whither, and I lay down with my arm for a pillow by the hearth-side to sleep. It seemed to me little past midnight when the company rose to eat the second night-meal, it was of dates only,—this is a wretched nourishment; and then the Arabs lay down anew under the cool stars, till the grey daylight of the returning fast, when they rose to their prayers. I spoke to Khálaf, on the morrow, and he said, 'He would give me a chamber in his house-building, in a day or two:'—but at that time, he answered, 'It was a store-room, full of corn, which his housewife said could not be voided at present.'—His superstitious hareem might think it not lucky to harbour the Nasrâny in their dàr. * * *

* * * There was a young smith *Seydàn* who sought me out; and many an Arabian sâny imagined he might learn a mastery of the Nasrâny, since from us they suppose the arts to spring and all knowledge. When a lad he had come with his family, footing it over the deserts two hundred miles from Hâyil, his birth-place, to settle at Teyma. He was one of those who last winter passed by the kella of Medáin to el-Ally. I entered their workshop to bespeak a steel to strike fire with the flint,—a piece of gear of great price in the poor desert life, where so cheerful is the gipsy fire of sweet-smelling bushes:—there is a winter proverb of the poor in Europe, "Fire is half bread!" Their steel is a band of four inches, which is made two inches, the ends being drawn backward upon itself. When he had beat out the piece, the long sunlight was low in the west. "We may not all day labour, said the young smith, in Ramathán;" and rising, with a damp clout he wiped his honest smutched face, and as he shut up the shop he invited me home to drink coffee in his dàr. He led me round by the way, to see some inscription that was in a neighbour's house. There I found a few great antique embossed letters upon the threshold of dark bluish limestone, in the kind which I had found before at Teyma. [*Doc. Epigr.* pl. XXVII.] The smith's house was the

last in going out of the town beyond Khálaf's, small, but well-built of clay bricks. The former year he and his brother had made it with their own hands upon a waste plot next the wilderness, and in Hâyil wise; they thought but meanly of the Teyma architecture.

Another time he brought me a little out of the town (yet within the walls) eastward, to see some great antique pillars. We came to a field of two acres, wherein stands their great clay-built mesjid. I saw certain huge chapiters, lying there, and drums of smooth columns, their thickness might be twenty-seven inches, of some bluish limestone, and such as there is none (I believe) in a great circuit about. The sculpture is next to naught; we found not any inscription. These mighty stones have not, surely, been transported upon the backs of camels. I thought this might be the temple site of ancient Teyma; and wonderful are such great monuments to look upon in that abandonment of human arts and death of nature which is now Arabia! A stranger in these countries should not be seen to linger about ruins, and we returned soon.

Seydàn was telling me great things by the way of Hâyil: he supposed his Arabian town (nearly three thousand souls), for the well-purveyed sûks, the many dàrs of welfaring persons, the easy civil life and the multitude of persons, who go by shoals in the public place, and the great mesjid able to receive them all, should be as much as es-Sham [Damascus, 130,000]! We sought further by the town and through the grave-yard, looking (in vain) upon all headstones for more antique inscriptions. There was one till lately seen upon a lintel in Ajeyl's camel yard, but it had fallen and was broken, and the pieces they told us could no more be found; also a long inscription was on a stone of the haddàj walls, which were fallen down. [Since writing these words in 1879 the haddàj inscription has been seen by Huber and the learned epigraphist Euting some years after me. Euting supposes the inscription, which is dedicatory, and in the same Aramaic letters as the other inscriptions which I found at Teyma, may be of four or five centuries before Jesus Christ.]

Sometimes in these Ramathân half days we walked a mile over the desert to an uncle of his, who with the gain of his smith's labour had bought a good *hauta* (orchard) in the *Ghrerb*, or outlying little west oasis. When we came thither the sâny, who would have me cure his son's eyes, fetched lemons and pomegranates, and leaving me seated under his fruit-tree shadows, they went in to labour at the anvil, which the good-man had here in his house in the midst of his homestead. One

day the young smith, who thought vastly of these petty hospitalities, said to me, "Khalîl! if I were come to your country wouldst thou kill a sheep for me, and give me somewhat in money, and a maiden to wife?" I said, 'I would not kill any beast, we buy our meat in the market-place; I would give him money if he were in want; and he might have a wife if he would observe our law; he should find that welcome in my dàr which became his worth and my honour.' We sat at Khálaf's; and the young smith answered; "See what men of truth and moderation in their words are the Nasâra! Khalîl might have promised now—as had one of us—many gay things, but he would not." To reward Seydàn I could but show him the ironstone veins of the desert about; he wondered to hear that in such shales was the smith's metal;—but how now to melt it! Their iron, which must be brought in over the desert five or six hundred miles, upon camels, from the coast, is dear-worth in Arabia.

Teyma oasis is three: the main, lying in the midst, is called of the Haddàj; outlying from the two ends are *es-Sherg* and *el-Ghrerb*, the "east and west hamlets," and these are watered only from wells of the ancients which have been found from time to time. In all of them, as the "man of medicine", I had friends and acquaintance, especially in the Sherg; and whereso I entered, they spread the guest-carpet under some shadowing greenness of palms or fig-trees: then the householder brought the stranger a cooling cucumber or date-stalks, and they bade me repose whilst they went about their garden labour.—Cheerful is the bare Arabic livelihood in the common air, which has sufficiency in few things snatched incuriously as upon a journey! so it is a life little full of superfluous cares. Their ignorance is not brutish, their poverty is not baseness. But rude are their homes; and with all the amorous gentleness of their senses, they have not learned to cherish a flower for the sweetness and beauty, or to desire the airy captivity of any singing bird.

Shâfy, one among them, led me out one morrow ere the sun was risen (that we might return before the heat), to visit some antique inscription in the desert. When we had walked a mile he asked me if I were a good runner.—"Though (he said) I am past my youth, I may yet outrun a thelûl and take her; see thou if I am nimble," and he ran from me. While he was out I saw there came one with the ganna or Arab club-stick in his hand; and from Teyma a horseman sallied to meet me. I began to wish that I had not gone to this length unarmed.

Those were men from the Sherg, though they seemed Beduins, who came to see whether we found any treasures. The rider with a long lance came galloping a strange crippling pace; and now I saw that this mare went upon three legs! her fourth was sinew-tied. The rest laughed, but said the cavalier *Atullah*, 'his mare was of the best blood, billah, and he was thus early abroad to breathe her; she bred him every year a good filly or a foal.' The inscription was but a rude scoring in Arabic. Atullah, a prosperous rich man and bountiful householder, would have us return with him. His orchard grounds were some of the best in Teyma: and besides this fortune he had lighted lately upon the mouth of an ancient well nigh his place, in the desert. The welfaring man brought me a large basket of his best fruits, and bade me return often.

Where I walked round the oasis I found some little rude buildings of two or three courses of stones, thatched with sticks and earth. They are gunners' shrouds, they may contain a man lying along upon his breast. At a loop in the end his gun is put forth, and a little clay pan is made there without, to be filled, by the hareem, before the sun, with two or three girbies of water. The wild birds, wheeling in the height of the air and seeing glistering of water, stoop thither to drink from great distances; their gun is loaded with very small stones. Commonly five birds are killed from such a kennel, ere the half-afternoon, when the villagers, that are not labourers, go home to coffee and think the busy-idle day is done: I have seen nearly all their dead birds were buzzards and falcons and the rákham, in a word only birds of prey,—and yet it is seldom one may perceive them riding aloft in the desert. I asked of some "Do you eat these puttocks?"—"We eat them, ay billah, for what else should we shoot them? if they be not very good meat, it is the best we may take; and what we would not eat ourselves we may cast to the hareem, for the hareem anything is good enough."—The Teyâmena are blamed for eating vile birds; most nomads would loathe to eat them. So the answer was easy when Arabians have cast it in my beard that the Nasâra eat swine's flesh. "If God have commanded you anything, keep it; I see you eat crows and kites, and the lesser carrion eagle. Some of you eat owls, some eat serpents, the great lizard you all eat, and locusts, and the spring-rat; many eat the hedgehog, in certain (Hejâz) villages they eat rats, you cannot deny it! you eat the wolf too, and the fox and the foul hyena, in a word, there is nothing so vile that some of you will not eat." These young villagers' pastime is much in gunning.

They pace with their long guns, in the sunny hours, in all the orchard ways, and there is no sparrow sitting upon a leaf that possesseth her soul in peace. You hear their shots around you, and the oft singing of their balls over your head. Here also in the time they strike down certain migratory birds. I have seen small white and crested water-fowl, and a crane, *saady*, shot at this season in their plantations; the weary birds had lighted at the pools of irrigation water. The Arabs think these passing fowl come to them from the watered Mesopotamia (four hundred miles distant). In the spring they will return upwards. Being at Tôr, the Sinai coast village, in March 1875, I saw a flight, coming in from the seaward, of great white birds innumerable,—whether storks or rákhams I cannot tell; they passed overhead tending northward.

When certain of the town were offended with the Nasrâny because I kept not their fast, others answered for me, "But why should we be hard on him, when billah the half of the Beduw fast not, whom we grant to be of el-Islam; Khalîl is born in another way of religion, and they keep other times of fasting. Are not en-Nasâra the people of the Enjîl, which is likewise Word of Ullah, although now annulled by the koran *el-furkân*." —In the Medina country I heard their book, besides *furkân* ('the reading which separates the people of God from the worldly ignorance'), named more commonly "The Seal," *el-khâtm*, a word which they extended also, for simplicity, to any book; for they hardly know other than books of the religion. As I walked about the town some from their house doors bade me come in; and, whilst I sat to speak with them, dates were put before me;—yet first to satisfy their consciences they asked, "Art thou a musâfir?"

Méhsan, Sâlih, and our nomad households' booths were now pitched in an orchard field of Féjr's, my host in the spring, when with Zeyd I had visited Teyma. The camels being in the wilderness, they had removed upon asses borrowed of their acquaintance; and commonly if one speak for an ass in the Arabian villages (though no hire will be asked) it is not denied him. [Comp. Matt. xxi. 2, 3; Mark xi 2—6; Lu. xix. 30—34.] In this hauta at the walls of the oasis I pitched my little tent with them. Here were corn plots, and a few palm trees full of fruit; yet the nomads and their children will not put forth their hand to the dates which are not fallen from the trees. Méhsan, when his last real was spent, knew not how longer to live;—these are the yearly extremities of all poorer Beduins! They must go knock at men's doors in the market

village, to see "who will show them any good" and lend them at thirty in the hundred above the market price, till their next tide, which is here of the haj surra. Méhsan purchased upon credence the fruit of a good date tree in our field to satisfy his children's hunger this month; and when they were hungry they climbed to the palm top to eat.

Méhsan was a sickly man, and very irksome was the fast, which divided our Beduins all day from their galliûns and even from the water-skin; they slumbered under the palms from the rising sun, only shifting themselves as the shadows wore round till the mid-afternoon. The summer heat was not all past, I found most mid-days 97° Fahrenheit under the palm-leaf awnings of the coffee-courts of Teyma houses. At noon the fasting Beduins wakened to rehearse their formal prayers, when they feel a little relief in the ceremonial washing of the hands, forearms and feet with water—which they need not spare in the oasis—and to cool their tongue; for taking water into the mouth they spout it forth with much ado again. Coming to themselves at vespers, they assembled after their prayers under the high western wall, which already cast the evening shadow, there to play at the game of *beatta*, which may be called a kind of draughts; the field is two rows of seven holes each, *beyts*, which in the settled countries are made in a piece of timber, *múngola;* but with these nomads and in the Hejâz villages they are little pits in the earth. I have not seen this playing in Nejd, where all their light pastimes were laid down in the Wahábу reformation, as dividing men's souls from the meditation of the Living God. In every hole are seven stones; the minkala was the long summer game of Haj Nejm in the kella at Medáin, and these Beduins had been his patient playfellows. "Ay wellah (said the old man Sâlih), Haj Nejm is *min ashíraty*, as mine own tribesman." Instead of the clear pebbles of the Héjr plain (which are carried even to Damascus), they took up bullets of camel-dung, *jella*,—naming their pieces gaûd (camel foals), and the like. I never saw right Arabians play to win or lose anything;—nay certes they would account one an impious sot who committed that (God-given) good which is in his hand to an uncertain adventure. We saw carders at el-Ally and shall see them at Kheybar, but these are villages of the Hejâz infected from the Holy Cities.—Galla slaves have told me that the minkala game is used in their country, and it is doubtless seen very wide in the world.

Who had the most pain in this fast? Surely Méhsan's sheykhly wife with a suckling babe at her breast; for with a virile constancy Zeyd's sister kept her Lent, neither drinking

nor eating until the long going-down of the sun. For this I heard her commended by women of the town,—'her merit was much to admire in a simple Beduish creature!' Even religious women with child fast and fulfil the crude dream of their religion, to this they compel also their young children. She was a good woman, and kind mother, a strenuous housewife, full of affectionate service and sufferance to the poor man her husband; her's was a vein like Zeyd's, betwixt earnest and merry, of the desert humanity. The poor man's sheykhly wife was full of children; which, though the fruitful womb be God's foison amongst them, had made his slender portion bare, for their cattle were but five camels and half a score of dubbush, besides the worsted booth and utensils:—hardly £60 worth in all. Therefore Móhsan's livelihood must be chiefly of the haj surra. Because he was an infirm man to bear the churlish looks of fortune, he snibbed them early and late, both wife and children, but she took all in wifely patience. There is among them no complaining of outrageous words (not being biting injuries as *ent kelb*, 'thou an hound!'); such in a family and betwixt kindred and tribesmen have lost the sound of malevolence in their ears. Now this child,—now he would cry down that, with "Subbak! the Lord rip up thy belly, curse that face!" or his wife, not in an instant answering to his call, he upbraided as a Solubbîa, gipsy woman, or *bàghrila*, she-mule (this beast they see at the kellas); and then he would cry frenetically, *Inhaddem beytich*, the Lord undo thee, or *Ullah yafúkk'ny minch*, the Lord loose me from thee! and less conveniently, "Wellah some bondman shall know thee!" But commonly a nomad father will entreat his son, if he would have him do aught, as it were one better than himself, and out of his correction. When he had chided thus and checked all the household as undutiful to him, Móhsan would revert to the smiling-eyed and musing nomad benevolence with us his friends.

A light wind rising breathed through our trees,—first bathing, after the many summer months' long heat, our languishing bodies! We were thus refreshed now the most afternoons, and the sun rose no more so high; the year went over to the autumn. At the sun's going down, if any one had invited us, we walked together into the town; or when we had supped we went thither "seeking coffee" and where with friendly talk we might pass an evening. The tent-lazing Beduins are of softer humour than the villagers inured to till the stubborn metal of the soil, with a daily diligence:—the nomads surpass them in sufferance of hunger and in the long journey. As we

sit one will reach his galliûn to another, and he says, *Issherub wa keyyif râs-ak,* Drink! and make thy head dream with pleasance. All that is genial solace to the soul and to the sense is *keyyif,*—the quietness after trouble, repose from labour, a beautiful mare or thelûl, the amiable beauty of a fair woman.

Some nights if any nomad weleds visited us, our hauta resounded, as the wilderness, with their harsh swelling song, to the long-drawn bass notes of the rabeyby. I asked, "What think ye then of the Emir's letter?" [his injunction to the Teyâmena to put away the viol.] *Answer:* "Ibn Rashîd may command the villagers, but we are the Beduw!"—As this was a great war-time, their thoughts fell somewhiles upon that jehâd which was now between Nasâra and Islam. A Beduwy arriving from Jauf brought in false tidings,—'The Sooltàn of the Moslemîn had sallied from Stambûl, to take the field, and the lately deposed Murâd marched forth with him, bearing the banner of the Prophet!'—"But wot well (sighed Méhsan) whenever it may be at the worst for el-Islam, that the conquering enemies *shall be repulsed at the houses of hair!* [the religion of the Apostle shall be saved by the Beduw.] Wellah *wahîd!* it is well ascertained, this is written in the book!"—also the poor man was recomforted since this end of miseries was foretold to the honour of the Aarab. I said, "Yet for all your boasting ye never give a crown, nor send an armed man for the service of the Sooltàn!"—"What need, they answered, could the [magnific] Sooltàn have of us *mesakîn* (mesquins)?"

Sometimes the Beduw questioned me of our fasting; I told them the Nasâra use to fast one day in the week, and they keep a Lenten month; some observe two or even more.—"And what is their fasting?—till the going down of the sun?"—"Not thus, but they abstain from flesh meat, and some of them from all that issues from the flesh, as milk and eggs, eating only the fruit of the ground, as bread, salads, oil of olive, and the like;—in the time of abstinence they may eat when they will." "Ah-ha-ha! but call you this to fast? nay wellah, Khalîl! you laugh and jest!"—"But they think it a fasting diet, 'as the death,' in those plentiful countries,—to eat such weak wretchedness and poor man's victuals."—"God is Almighty! Well, that were a good fasting!—and they cried between wonder and laughter—Oh that the Lord would give us thus every day to fast!"

CHAPTER XI

THE PEOPLE OF TEYMA

In the field, where we dwelt, I received my patients. Here I found the strangest adventure. A young unwedded woman in Teyma, hearing that the stranger was a Dowlâny, or government man, came to treat of marriage: she gave tittun to Méhsan's wife and promised her more only to bring this match about; my hostess commended her to me as 'a fair young woman and well grown; her eyes, billah, egg-great, and she smelled of nothing but ambergris.' The kind damsel was the daughter of a Damascene (perhaps a kella keeper) formerly in this country, and she disdained therefore that any should be her mate of these heartless villagers or nomad people. We have seen all the inhabitants of the Arabian countries contemned in the speech of the border-country dwellers as "Beduw",—and they say well, for be not all the Nejd Arabians (besides the smiths) of the pure nomad lineage? The Shâmy's daughter resorted to Méhsan's tent, where, sitting in the woman's apartment and a little aloof she might view the white-skinned man from her father's countries;—I saw then her pale face and not very fair eyes, and could conjecture by her careful voice and countenance—Arabs have never any happy opinion of present things,—that she was loath to live in this place, and would fain escape with an husband, one likely to be of good faith and kind; which things she heard to be in the Nasâra. When it was told her I made but light of her earnest matter, the poor maiden came no more; and left me to wonder what could have moved her lonely young heart: 'Her mind had been, she said, to become the wife of a Dowlâny.'

Some of the Teyâmena bade me remain and dwell among them, 'since I was come so far hither from my country'—it seemed to them almost beyond return,—and say *La ilah ill' Ullah wa Mohammed rasûl Ullah.* They would bestow upon me a possession, such as might suffice for me and mine when I was

a wedded man. But seeing an indifferent mind in me, "Ha! he has reason, they said, is not their flesh better than ours? the Nasâra have no diseases,—their hareem are fairer in his eyes than the daughters of Islam: besides, a man of the Nasâra may not wed except he have slain a Moslem; he is to bathe himself in the blood, and then he shall be reputed purified." But others answered, "We do not believe this; Khalîl denies it:" one added, "Have we not heard from some who were in the north, that no kind of wedlock is known amongst them?" I answered, "This, O thou possessed by a jin! is told of the Druses; your lips all day drop lewdness, but a vile and unbecoming word is not heard amongst them."—"The Druses, quoth he? Ullah! is not that the name of the most pestilent adversaries of el-Islam?—Well, Khalîl, we allow all you say, and further, we would see thee well and happy; take then a wife of those they offer you, and you will be the more easy, having some one of your own about you: and whenever you would you may put her away."—"But not in the religion of the Messîh."—"Yet there is a good proverb, It is wisdom to fall in with the manner, where a man may be."

When they said to me, "We have a liberty to take wives and to put them away, which is better than yours:" the answer was ready, "God gave to Adam one wife;" and they silently wondered in themselves that the Scriptures seemed to make against them.—There was another young woman of some Dowlâny father in the town; and as I sat one day in the smith's forge she came in to speak with us: and after the first word she enquired very demurely if I would wed with her. *Seydàn:* "It is a fair proffer, and thou seest if the woman be well-looking! she is a widow, Khalîl, and has besides two young sons:"—Seydàn would say, 'also the boys shall be a clear gain to thee, and like as when in buying a mare the foal is given in with her.'—"Shall I marry thee alone, mistress, or thee and thy children? Come I will give thee a friend of mine, this proper young man; or wouldest thou have the other yonder, his brother, a likely fellow too if his face were not smutched." But the young widow woman a little in disdain: "Thinkest thou that I would take any sâny (artificer) for my husband!"

The fairest of women in the town were Féjr our host's wife—fair but little esteemed, "because her hand was not liberal"—and another the daughter of one Ibrahîm an Egyptian, banishing himself at Teyma, for danger of his country's laws or of some private talion. One day I was sitting on the benches when the stately virgin came pacing to us, with a careless grace of nature; I marked then her frank and pleasant upland looks,

without other beauty: the bench-sitters were silent as she went by them, with their lovely eye-glances only following this amiable vision. One of them said, as he fetched his breath again, "You saw her, Khalîl! it is she of whom the young men make songs to chant them under her casement in the night-time; where didst thou see the like till now? Tell us what were she worth, that one, happy in possessing much, might offer to her father for the bride money?" *Ibrahîm el-Misry* had lived some years at Teyma, he dealt in dates to the Beduins; he was from the Delta, and doubtless had seen the Europeans; if he were seated before his coffee-door, and I went by, he rose to greet me. Some day when he found me poring in a book of geography at Khálaf's, I turned the leaf, and read forward of that river country; and he heard with joy, after many years, the names of his own towns and villages, often staying me to amend my utterance from the skeleton Arabic writing. Said some who came in, "Is Khalîl *kottîb! (lit* a scribe) a man who knows letters." Khálaf answered, "He can read as well as any of us;" the sheykh himself read slowly spelling before him:—and what should their letters profit them? The sheykh of the religion reads publicly to all the people in the mosque on Fridays, out of the koran; and he is their lawyer and scrivener of simple contracts,—and besides these, almost no record remains in the oases: they cannot speak certainly of anything that was done before their grand-fathers' days.

Abd el-Azîz er-Român, sheykh of one of the three sûks, was unlettered; there was no school in Teyma, and the sons must take up this learning from their fathers. Some young men of the same sheykhly family told me they had learned as far as the letters of the alphabet,—they made me hear them say their *álef, ba, ta, tha, jîm*—but come thus far in schooling, they *yakub-hu*, cast it down again: they might not cumber their quick spirits, or bind themselves to this sore constraint of learning. Every morrow the sun-shiny heat calls them abroad to the easy and pleasant and like to an holiday labour of their simple lives. Learning is but a painful curiosity to the Arabs which may little avail them,—an ornament bred of the yawning superfluity of welfaring men's lives. These Shammar villagers are commonly of the shallowest Arabian mind, without fore-wit, without after-wit; and in the present doing of a plain matter, they are suddenly at their wits' end. Therefore it is said of them, "the Teyâmena are juhâl, untaught, not under-standing the time." The Annezy say this saw, "*Es-Shammar, ayûnuhum humr*,—of the red eyes; they will show a man hospi

tality, yet the stranger is not safe amongst them;" but this is no more than the riming proverbs which may be heard in all the tribes of their neighbours.

These townsmen's heartless levity and shrewish looseness of the tongue is noted by the comely Beduw. Teyma is not further spoken of in Arabia for their haddâj, than for that uncivil word, which they must twitter at every turn, "The devil is in it, *iblîs! iblîs*"—as thus: "This child does not hear me, *iblîs!* dost thou disobey me? *iblîs!* What is this broken, lost, spoiled, thing done amiss? It is the devil, *iblîs! iblîs!*" So, at anything troublesome, they will cry out "alack! and *iblîs!*" It is a lightness of young men's lips, and of the women and children; their riper men of age learn to abstain from the unprofitable utterance. When I have asked wherefore they used it, they answered, "And wast thou two years at Teyma, thou couldst not choose but say it thyself!" I found the lighter nomad women, whilst they stayed at Teyma, became infected with this infirmity, they babbled among many words, the unbecoming *iblîs:* but the men said scornfully, "This *iblîs,* now in the mouths of our hareem, will hardly be heard beyond the first ráhla; their *iblîs* cannot be carried upon the backs of camels, *henna el-Beduw!*"—The strong contagion of a false currency in speech we must needs acknowledge with "harms at the heart" in some land where we are not strangers!—where after Titanic births of the mind there remains to us an illiberal remissness of language which is not known in any barbarous nation.—Foul-mouthed are the Teyâmena, because evil-minded; and the nomads say, "If we had anything to set before the guest, wellah the Beduins were better than they:" and, comparing the inhabitants of el-Ally and Teyma, "Among the Alowna, they say, are none good, and all the Teyâmena are of a corrupt heart."—Their building is high and spacious at Teyma, their desert is open, whereas everything is narrow and straitness at el-Ally.

The building-up again (*towwy*) of the haddâj was for the time abandoned: forty-four wheels remained standing, which were of the other two sheykhs' quarters. Khálaf and those of his sûk whose side was fallen, wrought upon the other sûks' suânies in bye-hours, when the owners had taken off their well-teams. The well nâgas, for they are all females—the bull camel, though of more strength, they think should not work so smoothly and is not so soon taught—are put to the draught-ropes in the third hour after midnight, and the shrieking of all the running well-wheels in the oasis awakens the (Beduin) marketing strangers with discomfort out of their second sleep.

The Teyma housewives bring in baskets of provender, from the orchards, for their well camels, about sun-rising; it is that corn straw, sprinkled down with water, which is bruised small in treading out the grain, and with which they have mingled leaves of gourds and melons and what green stuff they find. Though such forage would be thought too weak in Kasîm, the camels lose little flesh, and the hunch, which is their health, is well maintained; and sometimes a feed is given them in this season of the unripe date berries. Good camels are hired by the month, from the nomads, for an hundred measures of dates each beast, that is five reals.—Their sweet-smelling fodder is laid to the weak labouring brutes in an earthen manger, made at the bottom of every well-walk. Thus the nâgas when they come down in their drawing, can take up a mouthful as they wend to go upward. They are loosed before nine, the sun is then rising high, and stay to sup water in the *suryân* (running channels),—a little, and not more, since labouring in the oasis they drink daily: they are driven then to their yards and unharnessed; there they lie down to rest, and chew the cud, and the weary teamsters may go home to sleep awhile. The draught-ropes of the camel harness are of the palm fibre, rudely twisted by the well-drivers, in all the oases; —and who is there in Arabia that cannot expeditely make a thread or a cable, rolling and wrapping between his palms the two strands? To help against the fretting of the harsh ropes upon their galled nâgas, the drivers envelop them with some list of their old cotton clothing. At two in the afternoon the camels are driven forth again to labour, and they draw till the sun-setting, when it is the time of prayers, and the people go home to sup. They reckon it a hard lot to be a well-driver, and break the night's rest,—when step-mother Nature rocks us again in her nourishing womb and the builder brain solaces with many a pageant the most miserable of mankind,—and hours which in comparison of the daylight, are often very cold. They are the poorest young men of the village, without inheritance, and often of the servile condition, that handle the well-ropes, and who have hired themselves to this painful trade.

Later I saw them set up two wheel-frames at the ruined border of the haddàj, and men laboured half days with camels to dig and draw up baskets of the fallen stones and earth. Seeing the labourers wrought but weakly in these fasting days, I said to a friend, "This is slack work." He answered, "Their work is *fâsid*, corrupt, and naught worth."—"Why hire you not poor Beduins, since many offer themselves?"—"This is no labour

of Beduins, they are too light-headed, and have little enduring to such work."

Khálaf, Hásan and Salâmy, the sheykhs of the sûk, sent for their thelûls (which are always at pasture with the nomads in the desert): they would ride with Beduin radîfs to Hâyil, and speak to the Emir for some remission of taxes until they might repair the damage. Villager passengers in the summer heat *yugáillûn*, alight in every journey for 'nooning', where they may find shadow. The sheykhs fasted not by the way—they were musâfirs, though in full Ramathán: villagers pass in seven days thelûl riding to J. Shammar,—it is five Beduin journeys.

The well side fallen, one might go down in it, so did many (the most were Beduins), to bathe and refresh themselves in these days. That is the only water to drink, but the Arabs are less nice in this than might be looked for: I felt the water tepid even in that summer heat. There remains very little in the haddàj walls of the ancient masonry, which has fallen from time to time, and been renewed with new pans of walling, rudely put up. The old stone-laying is excellent, but not cemented. In the west walling they showed me a double course of great antique masonry; and where one stone is wanting, they imagine to be the appearance of a door, "where the hareem descended to draw water in the times of Jewish Teyma." As I was at the bottom, some knavish children cast down stones upon the Nasrâny. Oftentimes I saw Beduins swimming there, and wondered at this watercraft in men of the dry deserts; they answered me, "We learned to swim, O stranger, at Kheybar, where there are certain tarns in the Harra borders, as you go down to the W. el-Humth," that is by the *Tubj*: they were tribesmen of Bishr.

I had imagined, if those sheukh would trust me in it, how the haddàj might be rebuilt: but since they were ridden to Hâyil, the work must lie until their coming again. In their former building the villagers had loosely heaped soil from the backward; but I would put in good dry earth and well rammed; or were this too much enlarging the cost I thought that the rotten ground mixed with gravel grit might be made lighter, and binding under the ram likely to stand. The most stones of their old walling were rude; I would draw some camel-loads of better squared blocks from the old town ruins. And to make the new walls stand, I thought to raise them upon easy curves, confirmed against the thrust by tie-walls built back, as it were roots in the new ground, and partings ending as knees toward the water. I confided that the whole thus built would be

steadfast, even where the courses must be laid without mortar. That the well-building might remain (which I promised them) an hundred years after me, I devised to shore all the walling with a frame of long palm-beams set athwart between their rights and workings.—But I found them lukewarm, as Arabs, and suspicious upon it, some would ascertain from me how I composed the stones, that the work should not slide; they enquired 'if I were a mason, or had I any former experience of stone-building?' and because I stood upon no rewards, and would be content with a thelûl saddled, they judged it to be of my insufficiency, and that should little avail them.

Upon a clay bench by the haddàj sat oftentimes, in the afternoons, Ibn Rashîd's officer or *mutasállim*, and in passing I saluted him, friendly, but he never responded. One day sitting down near him,—he was alone, for no man desired Saîd's company,—"What ails thee? I said, thou art deaf, man, or dost thou take me for an enemy?" Saîd, who sat with his slow-spirited swelling solemnity, unbent a little, since he could not escape me, that dangerous brow, and made his excuses: 'Well, he had been in Egypt, and had seen some like me there, and—no, he could not regard me as an enemy; the Engleys also *yuháshimûn* (favour) the Sûltàn el-Islam.' The great man asked me now quite familiarly, "Tell me, were the ancients of this town Yahûd or Nasâra?"—"For anything I can tell they were like this people!—I showed him the many kerchiefed and mantled Arabs that went loitering about the well—Yahûdies, billah." Saîd shrewdly smiled, he might think the stranger said not amiss of the Teyâmena.—The sum of all I could learn (enquiring of the Arabs) of Ibn Rashîd's custom of government is this: 'He makes them sure that may be won by gifts, he draws the sword against his adversaries, he treads them down that fear him;' and the nomads say, "He were no right *Hâkim* (ruler), and he hewed no heads off." Though hard things be said of the Ruler by some of the nomads, full of slipping and defection, one may hear little or no lamenting in the villages. The villagers think themselves well enough, because justly handled.

When Kheybar was occupied, the Turkish government of Medina had a mind to take Teyma.—The year before this a squadron of Ageyl, with infantry and a field-piece, had been sent from thence upon a secret expedition to the north; it was whispered they went to occupy Teyma: but when the soldiery had made two marches a new order recalled them, and they wheeled again for Kheybar. It was believed that the great ones

in Medina had been bought off, in time, with a bribe from Hâyil. The Turks love silver, and to be well mounted; and the Shammar "*Sûltàn el-Aarab*" is wont to help himself with them in both kinds; he fishes with these Turkish baits in the apostle's city. The Teyâmena live more to their minds under the frank Nejd government; they would none of your motley Turkish rule of Medina, to be made dogs under the churlish tyranny of the Dowla.—It was affirmed to me by credible persons, that a stranger who visited Teyma few years before, had been afterward waylaid in the desert and slain, by order of Khâlaf, because they guessed him to be a spy of the Dowla! The poor man was murdered, lest he should bring the ugly Dowla upon them; I heard among the Fukara that 'he was *abd*, a negro'.

I could not thrive in curing the sick at Teyma; they who made great instance to-day for medicines will hardly accept them to-morrow with a wretched indifference; the best of them can keep no precept, and are impatient to swallow up their remedies. *Dareyem*, one of the sheykhs, was dropsical; his friends were very earnest with me for him. Coming home heated from a Friday noon prayer, before Ramathán, he had drunk a cold draught from the girby; and from that time he began to swell. I mixed him cream of tartar, which he drank and was the better, but soon began to neglect it, 'because in seven nights I had not cured him,' and he refused to take more. I said to the friends, "I suppose then he may hardly live a year or two!"—but now they heard this with a wonderful indifference, which made my heart cold. "The death and the life, they answered, are in the hands of Ullah!" There came others to me, for their eyes; but they feared to lay out sixpence or two pottles of dates for the doctor's stuff, and some of them, because they had not received it for a gift, went home cursing me. Nomads in the village resorted to the hakîm more frankly, and with better faith, for the old cough, aching in the bones, their many intestinal diseases,—the mischiefs of the desert; and Annezy tribesmen, for the throbbing ague-cake of Kheybar.

In the month of Lent a kind of rheumatic ophthalmia is rife; the cause of it (which may hardly be imagined in countries of a better diet) is the drinking of cold water to bedward, as it is chilled in the girbies; and perhaps they slept abroad or uncovered, and the night's chill fell upon them towards morning, when they are in danger to waken with the rime about their swollen eyelids. The course of the disease is ten days with a painful feeling in the nearly closed eyes of dust and

soreness, and not without danger of infiltration under the cornea of an opaque matter; and so common is this malady in the Nejd settlements, that amongst three persons, there is commonly some one purblind. Ophthalmia is a besetting disease of all the Arab blood, and in this soil even of strangers: we see the Gallas suffer thus and their children, but very few of the negroes; I found the evil was hardly known at Kheybar, though they all lead their lives in the same country manner. Méhsan and another in our field, encamping upon the oasis soil, *gâra*, had already been in the dark with prickly eyes; but it passed lightly, for the malady is of the oases, and not of the dry deserts. I drank every evening a large draught out of the suspended girbies, looking devoutly upon the infinity of stars!—of which divine night spectacle no troublous passing of the days of this world could deprive me: I drank again at its most chillness, a little before the dawning. One morrow in the midst of Ramathân, I felt the eyes swell; and then, not following the precept of the Arabs but grounding upon my medical book, I continually sponged them. "In this disease put no water to the eyes," say the Arabs; washing purged the acrid humour a moment and opened the eyes, yet did, I believe, exasperate the malady.—But the Arabians carry too far their superstition against water, forbidding to use it in every kind of inflammation.

Ten twilight days passed over me, and I thought 'If the eyes should fail me!—and in this hostile land, so far from any good.' Some of the village, as I went painfully creeping by the ways, and hardly seeing the ground, asked me, "Where be now thy medicines!" and they said again the old saw, "Apothecary heal thyself." After a fortnight, leaving the water, the inflammation began to abate; I recovered my eyes and, Heaven be praised! without worse accident. The eyesight remained for a time very weak, and I could not see so well as before, in the time of my being in Arabia; and always I felt a twitching at the eyes, and returning grudges of that suffered ophthalmia, if I but sipped cold water by night,—save the few times when I had supped of flesh meat. I have seen by experience, that one should not spare to drink water (competently) in the droughty heat of the day, to drink only when the sun is set; and in the people's proverbs, in the water-drinking Arabic countries, it is counted 'one of the three most wasting excesses of the body to drink water to bedward'. Some friendly Teyâmena, sorry to see my suffering plight, said to me: "This is because thou hast been eye-struck—what! you do not understand *eye-struck?* Certainly they have looked in your eyes, Khalîl! We have lookers (God cut them off!) among us,

that with their only (malignant) eye-glances may strike down a fowl flying; and you shall see the bird tumble in the air with loud shrieking *kâk-kâ-kâ-kâ-kâ*. Wellah their looking can blast a palm tree so that you shall see it wither away.—These are things well ascertained by many faithful witnesses." * * *

(Doughty describes the ruined site of Mosaic Teyma. The Fukara arrive The date harvest.)

* * * There fell daily showers, and a cold wind breathed over the desert, the sky was continually overcast. The visiting nomads were about to depart, and I desired to go eastward with them,—forsaking the well-building, rather than longer abide their loitering leisure. The year was changing, and must I always banish my life in Arabia! My friends were very slow to help me forward, saying, 'What had I to do in Hâyil that I must go thither? and after Teyma I should no longer be safe with Aarab that knew not the Dowla.' As for Ibn Rashîd, they said, "He is *néjis* (polluted, profane), a cutter-off of his nigh kinsfolk with the sword:" and said Abd el-Azîz, who collected the Emir's dues, "Word is come of thee to Ibn Rashîd! —that 'a Nasrâny, whom no man knoweth, is wandering with the Aarab, and *writing*,' and he was much displeased. The Beduw eastward will fear to receive thee lest the Emir should require it of them."

I hoped to depart with Bishr, their marketing families lay in an outlying hauta of Thuèyny's; there I went to visit them. Each household lodged apart upon the ground amongst their pack-saddles and baggage, and in the rain by day and night they were without shelter: only the sheykh Misshel lay under a tent-cloth awning. Misshel was coffee-drinking in the town, but I found Askar (he who had been wounded), a young man in whom was a certain goodness and generosity of nature, more than in his blunt-witted father: Askar received my greeting with a comely *yâ hulla!* he was pleased when the stranger enquired of his hurt, and that thus I should know him. The rain fell as we sat about the camp-fire, where they were making coffee: theirs was the best I had tasted in Arabia,—not of casting in a few beans Teyma-wise, but as Nejders the best part of an handful. Bye and bye I asked, which of them

would accompany me to Hâyil? one said, 'He cared not if it were he; when they returned from Teyma, he must needs go thither: what would Khalîl give, and he would set me down in the midst of the town?'—"I will give thee three reals." The rest and Askar dissuaded him, but the man accepted it, and gave his right hand in mine, that he would not draw back from this accord, and Askar was our witness. The help to needy Beduins of a very little money, to buy them a shirt-cloth and a mantle, made my journeys possible (as Zeyd foretold), among lawless and fanatical tribes of Arabia:—but I have hardly found Beduins not better than the Fukara. These Bishr nomads, not pensioners of the haj road, but tribesmen living by their right hands in their own marches, are more robust-natured, and resemble the northern Beduins. They are clad from el-Irâk, and they bind the kerchief upon their foreheads with a worsted head-band in great rolls as it were a turban.

On the morrow one of those nomads took me by the mantle in the street to ask me, 'Would I go to his dîra to cure a tribesman who had suffered many years a disease of the stomach, so that what food he took he rejected again?' I saw the speaker was a sheykh, and of Zeyd who was standing by he enquired 'had they found the Nasrâny a good hakîm, in the time of my living amongst them?' I was pleased with the man's plain behaviour and open looks. Though he seemed a great personage, he was an Heteymy, *Hannas Ibn Nômus*, sheykh of the *Noâmsy*;—that is a kindred of Heteym now living in alliance with Misshel, and inhabiting the nomad district of the Auâjy, where they had found a refuge from their enemies. Zeyd said to me, "There is nothing to fear if thou go with him: Hannas is a very honest man: billah I would not so leave thee in the hands of another."

The Fejîr watered once more at Teyma; I saw the great cattle of our households driven in, and after the watering their burden camels were couched by the booths: for Méhsan and the rest would remove in the morning and return to the desert. Among the beasts I found my old nâga, and saw that she was badly galled on the chine; the wound might hardly be healed in fifteen or twenty days, but I must journey to-morrow. I brought nomad friends to look at her, who found that she had been ridden and mishandled, the marks of the saddle-tree cords yet appearing in the hairy hide. It could not be other than the fault of Zeyd's herdsman Îsa, a young man, whom I had befriended. So taking him by the beard before them all, I cursed 'the father of this Yahûdy'. The young man, strong

and resolute, laid hands upon my shoulders and reviled me for a Nasrâny; but I said, "Sirrah, thou shouldst have kept her better," and held him fast by the beard. The tribesmen gathered about us kept silence, even his own family, all being my friends, and they had so good an opinion of my moving only in a just matter. Îsa seeing that his fault was blamed, must suffer this rebuke, so I plucked down the weled's comely head to his breast, and let him go. An effort of strength had been unbecoming, and folly it were to suffer any perturbation for thing that is without remedy; I had passed over his fault, but I thought that to take it hardly was a necessary policy. Also the Arabs would have a man like the pomegranate, a bitter-sweet, mild and affectionate with his friends in security, but tempered with a just anger if the time call him to be a defender in his own or in his neighbour's cause. Isa's father came bye and bye to my tent, and in a demiss voice the old hind acknowledged his son's error; "Yet, Khalîl, why didst thou lay upon me that reproach, when we have been thy friends, to name me before the people Yahûdy?" But as old Sâlih saw me smile he smiled again, and took the right hand which I held forth to him.

I found Zeyd, at evening, sitting upon one of the clay benches near the haddàj; he was waiting in the midst of the town, in hope that some acquaintance of the villagers coming by, before the sun's going down, might call him to supper. Returning after an hour I found Zeyd yet in the place, his almost black visage set betwixt the nomad patience of hunger and his lordly disdain of the Teyâmena. Zeyd might have seemed a prosperous man, if he had been liberal, to lay up friendship in heaven and in this world; but the shallow hand must bring forth leanness and faint willing of a man's neighbours again. I stayed to speak a word with Zeyd, and saw him draw at last his galliûn, the remedy of hunger: then he called a lad, who issued from the next dàr, to fetch a live coal, and the young villager obeyed him.

In the first hour of this night there fell upon us a tempest of wind and rain. The tall palms rocked, and bowing in all their length to the roaring gusts it seemed they would be rent by the roots. I found shelter with Méhsan in the house of Féjr our host; but the flat roof of stalks and rammed earth was soon drenched, and the unwonted wet streamed down inwardly by the walls. Méhsan spoke of my setting forth to-morrow with the Bishr, and, calling Féjr to witness, the timid friendly man sought to dissuade me, 'also Zeyd, he said, had forsaken me, who should have commended me to them; it was likely I

should see him no more.'—"Should I wonder at that?—Zeyd has no heart," they answered both together: "Ay, billah, Zeyd has no heart," and repeated *ma láhu kalb,* He has no heart! Féjr was suffering an acute pain of 'the stone', *el-hása,* a malady common in these parts, though the country is sandstone; yet sometimes it may be rather an inflammation, for they think it comes of their going unshod upon the burning soil. When the weather lulled, we went towards our wet tents to sleep out the last night at Teyma.

CHAPTER XII

THE JEBEL

The women of the hauta loaded the tents and their gear, and I saw our Aarab departing before the morning light. Zeyd rode in upon his mare, from the village where he had slept; 'If I would go now with him, he would bring me, he said, to the Bishr and bind them for my better security;' but Zeyd could not dwell, he must follow his Aarab, and I could not be ready in a moment; I saw the Fukara companions no more. A stranger, who passed by, lent me a hand in haste, as I loaded upon my old nâga: and I drove her, still resisting and striving to follow the rest, half a mile about the walls to those Bishr, who by fortune were not so early movers. There, I betook myself to *Hayzàn*, the man who had agreed to conduct me: and of another I bought the frame of a riding-saddle, that I might lay the load upon my wounded camel. They were charging their cattle, and we set forward immediately.

Leaving Teyma on the right hand, we passed forth, between the Érbah peaks and Ghrenèym, to the desert; soon after the bleak border was in sight of the Nefûd, also trending eastward. We journeyed on in rain and thick weather; at four of the afternoon they alighted, in the wet wilderness, at an height of 600 feet above Teyma, and the hungry camels were dismissed to pasture. The Beduin passengers kindled fires, laying on a certain resinous bush, although it be a plant eaten by the cattle, and though full of the drops of the rain, it immediately blazed up. They fenced themselves as they could from the moist wind and the driving showers, building bushes about them; and these they anchored with heavy stones.

We removed at sunrise: the sudden roaring and ruckling hubbub of the Beduins' many camels grudging to be loaded, made me remember the last year's haj journeys! before ten in the morning, we had Helwàn in front, and clearer weather. The Bishr journeyed a little southward of east, Birrd (Bírd) was visible: at

two, afternoon, we alighted, and dismissed the camels to pasture; the height was here as yesterday, nearly 4000 feet. The rain had ceased and Hayzàn went out hawking. There were two or three men in this company who carried their falcons with them, riding on the saddle peaks, in their hoods and jesses, or sitting upon the master's fist. Sometimes the birds were cast off, as we journeyed, at the few starting small hares of the desert; the hawks' wings were all draggled in the wet: the birds flew without courage wheeling at little height, after a turn or two they soused, and the falconer running in, poor Wat is taken. Thus Hayzàn took a hare every day, he brought me a portion from his pot at evening, and that was much to the comfort of our extenuated bodies. I missed Hannas and his cousin *Rayyàn*, in the way; they had left our journeying Aarab to go to their people encamped more to the southward, above the *Harrat Kheybar*. To-day I was left alone with the Auájy,—somewhat violent dealing and always inhospitable Beduins, but in good hope of the sooner arriving at Hâyil. We sat down to drink coffee with the sheykh, Misshel, who would make it himself. This "ruler of the seven tribes" roasted, pounded, boiled, and served the cheerful mixture with his own hand. Misshel poured me out but one cup, and to his tribesmen two or three. Because this shrew's deed was in disgrace of my being a Nasrâny I exclaimed, "Here is billah a great sheykh and little kahwa! Is it the custom of the Auájy, O Misshel, that a guest sit among you who are all drinking, with his cup empty?" Thus challenged, Misshel poured me out unwillingly, muttering between the teeth some word of his fanatical humour, *yâ fárkah!*

The third day early, we came in sight of J. Irnàn; and I said to my neighbour, "Ha, Irnàn!" A chiding woman, who was riding within ear-shot, cried out, "Oh, what hast thou to do with Irnàn?" At half-afternoon we alighted in high ground, upon the rising of Ybba Moghrair, where I found by the instrument, 4000 feet. Some camels were now seen at a distance, of Aarab *Ibn Mertaad*, allies of theirs. When we were lodged, there came a woman to my tent; who asked for needles and thread (such trifles are acceptable gifts in the khála); but as she would harshly bargain with the weary stranger I bade her begone. She answered, with an ill look, "Ha! Nasrâny, but ere long we shall take all these things from thee." I saw, with an aversion [of race], that all these Bishr housewives wore the *berkoa* or heathenish face-clout, above which only the two hollow ill-affected eyes appeared.

This desolation of the woman's face was a sign to me that I journeyed now in another country, that is jealous (and Waháby) Nejd;—for even the waste soil of Arabia is full of variety.

The fourth morning from Teyma, we were crossing the high rugged ground of sandstone rocks behind Ybba Moghrair. Strange is the discomfort of rain and raw air in Arabia, when our eyes, wont to be full of the sun, look upon wan mists drooping to the skirts of these bone-dry mountains! wind, with rain, blew strongly through the open wilderness in the night-time. We lodged, at evening, beside some booths of Mertaad Arabs, and I went over bye and bye to their cheerful watch-fires. Where I entered the fire-light before a principal beyt, the householder received me kindly and soon brought me in a vast bowl of fresh camel-milk. They asked me no questions,—to keep silence is the host's gentleness, and they had seen my white tent standing before sunset. When I was rising to depart, the man, with a mild gesture, bade me sit still. I saw a sheep led in to be sacrificed;—because Misshel had alighted by them, he would make a guest-supper. *Aÿid* Ibn Mertaad, this good sheykh, told me his Aarab went up in droughty years to the Shimbel, and as far as Palmyra, and Keriateyn! I lay down and slumbered in the hospitable security of his worsted tent till his feast was ready, and then they sent and called Misshel and the Auájy sheykhs. Their boiled mutton (so far from the Red Sea coast) was served upon a mess of that other rice-kind, temmn, which is brought from el-Irâk, and is (though they esteem it less) of better savour and sustenance. Misshel, and every man of these Bishr tribesmen, when they rose after supper and had blessed their host, bore away—I had not seen it before—a piece of the meat and a bone, and that was for his housewife journeying with him.

Upon the morrow, the fifth from Teyma, we ascended over the very rugged highlands eastward by a way named the *Derb Zillâj*, where the height was 4500 feet, and I saw little flowerets, daughters of the rain, already sprung in the desert. At noon we reached Misshel's menzil of only few tents standing together upon this wide sandstone mountain platform where we now arrived, *el-Kharram*, the altitude is 5400 feet: the thermometer in the open showed 80° F. From hence the long mountain train appeared above the clouds of Irnàn, in the north, nearly a day distant.

At afternoon there came in two strange tribesmen, that arrived from a dîra in the southward near Medina: they said, there was no rain fallen in the Jeheyna dîra, nor in all the country of the W. el-Humth! A bowl of dates was set before them;

and the Beduin guests, with the desert comity, bade me [a guest] draw near to eat with them:—Misshel, although I was sitting in his tent, had not bidden the Nasrâny! I took and ate two of the fruits, that there might be "the bread and salt" between us. I had with me a large Moorish girdle of red woollen; Misshel now said, I should give it him, or else, billah, he would 'take me' and my things for a booty. The girdle of the settled countries, *'kúmr*, is coveted by the nomad horsemen, that binding thus the infirmer parts of the body they think a man may put forth his strength the better. 'The girdle, I said, was necessary to me; yet let Misshel give me a strong young camel, and I would give him my old nâga and the girdle.'—This man's camels were many more than two hundred! 'Well then, Misshel answered, he would take me.'—"See the date-stones in my hand, thou canst not, Misshel, there is now 'bread and salt' between us."—"But that will not avail thee; what and if to-morrow I drive thee from us, thou and thy old nâga, canst thou find a way in the wilderness and return to el-Héjr?"—"I know it is four journeys south of west, God visit it upon thee, and I doubt not it may please Ullah, I shall yet come forth."—"But all the country is full of habalîs."—"Rich Misshel, wouldst thou strip a poor man! but all these threats are idle, I am thy guest."—They believe the Nasâra to be expert riders, so it was said to me, 'To-morrow would I meet Misshel on horse-back, and I should be armed with a pistol?' I answered, 'If it must be so, I would do my endeavour.'—"Nay, in the morning Khalîl shall mount his old nâga (said Misshel again) and ride to Medáin Sâlih;" so with a sturdy smile he gave up the quest, seeing he could not move me. His younger son, who sat dropsical in the father's tent, here said a good word, 'Well, let Khalîl sleep upon it,—and to-morrow they would give me a nâga for the Khueyra and the girdle.'—In their greediness to spoil the castaway life, whom they will not help forward, the Arabs are viler than any nation!

Hayzàn in the morning bade me prepare to depart, Askar and some companions were setting out for Hâyil, and we might ride with them; he enquired 'Was my old nâga able to run with thelûls?'—"She is an old camel, and no dromedary."—"Then we must ride apart from them." Hayzàn, when he had received his money, said he could not accompany me himself, '*but this other man*,' whom he feigned to be his brother, besides he named him falsely.—Hard it were to avoid such frauds of the Beduins! Misshel said, "Well, I warrant him, go in peace." I made the condition that my bags should be laid upon his thelûl, and I might mount her myself; so we set forward

This rafîk looked like a wild man: Askar and his fellowship were already in the way before us; we passed by some shallow water-holes that had been newly cleared; I wondered to see them in this high ground. We came then to the brow, on the north, of the Kharram mountain, here very deep and precipitous to the plain below; in such a difficult place the camels, holding the fore-legs stiff and plumping from ledge to ledge, make a shift to climb downward. So, descending, as we could, painfully to the underlying sand desert, and riding towards a low sandstone coast, *Abbassîeh*, west of Misma, we bye and bye overtook Askar's company. Coming nigh the east end of the mountain, they thought they espied habalîs lurking in the rocks, "Heteym of the Nefûd, and foemen," where landlopers had been seen the day before. "Khalîl (said Askar), can your nâga keep pace with us? we are Beduw, and *nenhash* (*nahájj*)! we will hie from any danger upon our thelûls; hasten now the best thou canst, or we must needs leave thee behind us, so thou wilt fall alone into the hands of the robbers." They all put their light and fresh thelûls to the trot: my old loaded nâga, and jaded after the long journey from Teyma, fell immediately behind them, and such was her wooden gait I could not almost suffer it. I saw all would be a vain effort in any peril; the stars were contrary for this voyage, none of my companions had any human good in them, but Askar only. My wild rafîk, whom I had bound at our setting out by the most solemn oath, 'upon the herb stem,' that he would not forsake me, now cried out, 'Wellah-billah, he would abandon me if I mended not my pace (which was impossible); he must follow his companions, and was their rafîk,' so they ran on a mile or two.

The last days' rain had cooled the air; this forenoon was overcast, but the sun sometimes shone out warmly. When with much ado I came up to my flying fellowship, I said to Askar, "Were the enemies upon you, would you forsake me who am your way-fellow?" "I would, he said, take thee up back-rider on my thelûl, and we will run one fortune together; Khalîl, I will not forsake thee." They were in hope to lodge with Aarab that night, before we came to the Misma mountain, now before us. The plain was sand, and reefs of sandstone rocks, in whose hollows were little pools of the sweet rain-water. At half-afternoon they descried camels very far in front; we alighted, and some climbed upon the next crags to look out, who soon reported that those Aarab were rahîl, and they seemed about to encamp. We rode then towards the Misma mountain, till we came to those Beduins: they were

but a family of Shammar, faring in the immense solitudes. And doubtless, seeing us, they had felt a cold dread in their loius, for we found them shrunk down in a low ground, with their few camels couched by them, and the housewife had not built the beyt. They watched us ride by them, with inquiet looks, for there is no amity between Annezy and Shammar.—That which contains their enmities is only the injunction of the Emir. I would have asked these Beduins to let me drink water, for all day we had ridden vehemently without drawing bridle, and the light was now nearly spent; but my companions pricked forward. I bade my rafîk lend me at last his more easy thelûl, that such had been our covenant; but the wild fellow denied me, and would not slack his pace. I was often, whilst they trotted, fallen so far back as to be in danger of losing them out of sight, and always in dread that my worn-out nâga might sink under me, and also cast her young.

At Askar's word, when they saw I might not longer endure the fellow assented to exchange riding with me, and I mounted his dromedary; we entered then at a low gap in the Misma near the eastern end of this long-ranging sandstone reef. My companions looked from the brow, for any black booths of Aarab, in the plain desert beyond to the horizon One thought he saw tents very far distant, but the rest doubted, and now the sun was settiug. We came down by the deep driven sand upon the sides of the mountain, at a windy rush, which seemed like a bird's flight, of the thelûls under us, though in the even any horse may overtake them. The seat upon a good thelûl "swimming", as say their ancient poets, over sand-ground, is so easy that an inured rider may sometimes hardly feel his saddle.

We descended to a large raiu-pool in the sand-rock, where they alighted, and washed, and kneeling in the desert began to say their sunset prayers; but Askar, though the night was coming on, and having nothing to dry him, washed all his body, and his companions questioning with him, "That thus behoved a man, he said, who has slept with his wife;" and then let him return with confidence to ask his petition of Ullah :—the like Moses commanded. Moslems, whether in sickness or health, if the body be sullied by any natural impurity, durst not say their formal prayers. Many patients have come to me lamenting that, for an infirmity, 'they might not pray'; and then they seem to themselves as the shut out from grace, and profane. Thus they make God a looker upon the skin, rather than the Weigher and Searcher-out of the secret truth of man's heart. We rode now in the glooming; this easy-riding lasted for me not far, for the

darkness coming on, *Nasr* my rafîk could not be appeased, and I must needs return to my old nâga's back, 'For, he said, I might break away with her (his thelûl) in the night-time.' In Nasr's eyes, as formerly for Horeysh, I was a Beduin, and a camel-thief; and with this mad fantasy in him he had not suffered me earlier in the day to mount his rikâb, that was indeed the swiftest in the company; for Askar and the rest who were sheykhs had left at home their better beasts, which they reserve unwearied for warfare.

We had ridden two hours since the sunset, and in this long day's race the best part of fifty miles; and now they consulted together, were it not best to dismount and pass the night as we were? We had not broken our fast to-day, and carried neither food nor water, so confident they were that every night we should sup with Aarab. They agreed to ride somewhat further; and it was not long before we saw a glimpsing of Beduin watch-fires. We drew near them in an hour more, and I heard the evening sounds of a nomad menzil; the monotonous mirth of the children, straying round from the watch-fires and singing at the houses of hair. We arrived so silently, the dogs had not barked. There were two or three booths. When the Aarab perceived us, all voices were hushed: their cheerful fires, where a moment before we saw the people sitting, were suddenly quenched with sand. We were six or seven riders, and they thought we might be an hostile ghrazzu. Alighting in silence, we sat down a little aloof: none of us so much as whispered to his companion by name; for the open desert is full of old debts for blood. At a strange meeting, and yet more at such hours, the nomads are in suspense of mind and mistrust of each other. When, impatient of their mumming, I would have said Salaam! they prayed me be silent. After the whisperers within had sufficiently taken knowledge of our peaceable demeanour, one approaching circumspectly, gave us the word of peace, *Salaam aleyk*, and it was readily answered by us all again, *Aleykom es-salaam*. After this sacrament of the lips between Beduw, there is no more doubt among them of any evil turn. The man led Askar and his fellowship to his beyt, and I went over to another with Nasr my rafîk and a nomad whom we had met riding with his son in the desert beyond Misma. The covered coals were raked up, and we saw the fires again.

What these Aarab were we could not tell; neither knew they what men we were; we have seen the desert people ask no questions of the guest, until he have eaten meat; yet after some little discoursing between them, as of the rain this year,

and the pasture, they may each commonly come to guess the other's tribe. When I asked my rough companion "What tribesmen be these?" he answered in a whisper, 'he knew not yet;' soon after we understood by the voices that they had recognised Askar in the other tent. He was the son of their own high-sheykh; and these Aarab were Wélad Sleyman, a division of Bishr, though the men's faces were nearly unknown to each other Our host having walked over to the chief tent to hear the news, we were left with his housewife, and I saw her beginning to bray corn with a bat, in a wooden mortar, a manner not used by the southern Beduw of my former acquaintance; but bruised corn is here as often served for the guest-meal as temmn. The year was now turned to winter in the waste wilderness, they had fenced round their booths from the late bitter rain and wind with dry bushes.

There came in one from the third remaining tent, and supped with us. I wondered, seeing this tribesman, and he wondered to look upon me: he a Beduwy, wearing the Turkey red cap, *tarbûsh*, and an old striped gown *kumbâz*, the use of the civil border countries! When I asked what man he was, he answered that being "weak" he was gone a soldiering to Sham and had served the Dowla for reals: and now he was come home to the nomad life, with that which he esteemed a pretty bundle of silver. In this the beginning of his prosperity he had bought himself camels, and goats and sheep, he would buy also my old nâga for the price I set upon her, seven reals, to slaughter in the feast for his deceased father.—Where Beduins are soldiery, this seemed to me a new world! Yet afterwards, I have learned that there are tribesmen of Bishr and Harb, Ageyl riders in the great cities. The Beduin who saw in the stranger his own town life at Damascus, was pleased to chat long with me, were it only to say over the names of the chief sûks of the plenteous great city He should bring his reals in the morning; and, would I stay here, he would provide for my further journey to Hâyil, whither he must go himself shortly.—But when my rafîk called me to mount before the dawn, I could not stay to expect him. Afterwards finding me at Hâyil, he blamed me that I had not awaited him, and enquired for my nâga, which I had already sold at a loss. He told me that at our arriving that night, they had taken their matchlocks to shoot at us; but seeing the great bags on my camel, and hearing my voice, they knew me to be none of the nomads, and that we were not riding in a ghrazzu.

We hasted again over the face of the wilderness to find a

great menzil of Aarab, where my fellowship promised themselves to drink coffee. Sheykhs accustomed to the coffee-tent think it no day of their lives, if they have not sipped kahwa; and riding thus, they smoked tittun in their pipe-heads incessantly. We arrived in the dawning and dismounted, as before, in two fellowships, Askar and his companions going over to the sheykhly coffee-tent: this is their desert courtesy, not to lay a burden upon any household. The people were Shammar, and they received us with their wonted hospitality. Excellent dates (of other savour and colour than those of el-Ally and Teyma) were here set before us, and a vast bowl—that most comfortable refreshment in the wilderness—of their camels' léban. Then we were called to the sheykh's tent, where the sheykh himself, with magnanimous smiles, already prepared coffee. When he heard I was an hakîm, he bade bring in his little ailing granddaughter. I told the mother that we were but in passage, and my remedy could only little avail her child. The sheykh, turning to my companions, said therefore, 'That I must be some very honest person.'—"It is thus, Askar answered him, and ye may be sure of him in all." The sheykh reached me the bowl, and after I had supped a draught, he asked me, 'What countryman I was?' I answered "An Engleysy," so he whispered in my ear, "Engreys!—then a Nasrâny?" I said aloud, "Ay billah;" the good sneykh gave me a smile again, in which his soul said, "I will not betray thee."—The coffee ready, he poured out for me before them all. When my companions had swallowed the scalding second cup, they rose in their unlucky running haste to depart: the sheykh bade me stay a moment, to drink a little more of his pleasant milk and strengthen myself.

We rode on in the waste wilderness eastward, here passing out of the Misma district, and having upon the right-hand certain mountains, landmarks of that great watering-place, *Baitha Nethîl*. From the Kharram we might have ridden to Hâyil eastward of the mountain *Ajja;* but that part they thought would be now empty of the wandering Beduins. This high and open plain,—3800 feet, is all strewed with shales as it were of iron-stone; but towards noon I saw we were come in a granite country, and we passed under a small basalt mountain, coal-black and shining. The crags rising from this soil were grey granite; *Ibrân*, a blackish mountain, appeared upon our horizon, some hours distant, ranging to the northward. A little later we came in Nefûd sand and, finding there wild hay, the Beduins alighted, to gather provender. This was to bait their cattle in the time when they

should be lying at Hâyil where the country next about is *máhal*, a barrenness of soil hardly less than that which lies about Teyma. To make hay were unbecoming a great sheykh: and whilst the rest were busy, Askar digged with his hands in the sand to the elbow, to sound the depth of the late fallen rain, this being all they might look for till another autumn, and whereof the new year's herb must spring. Showers had lately fallen, sixteen days together; yet we saw almost no sign in the wilderness soil of small freshets. When Askar had put down his bare arm nearly to the shoulder, he took up the old sandy drought; the moisture of the rain had not sunk to a full yard! The seasonable rains are partial in Arabia, which in these latitudes is justly accounted a nearly rainless country. Whilst it rained in the Kharram no showers were fallen in the Jeheyna dîra; and so little fell at Kheybar, a hundred miles distant, that in the new year's months there sprang nearly no rabîa in those lava mountains.

We had not ridden far in this Nefûd, when at half-afternoon we saw a herd of camels moving before us at pasture in their slow dispersed manner; we found beyond where the nomad booths were pitched in an hollow place. Beduins, when encamping few together, choose deep ground, where they are sheltered from the weather, and by day the black beyts are not so soon discerned, nor their watch-fires in the night-time. These also were Shammar, which tribe held all the country now before us to the Jebel villages;—they were scattered by families as in a peaceable country of the Emir's dominion, with many wells about them. Flies swarming here upon the sand, were a sign that we approached the palm settlements. Whenever we came to tents in this country the Aarab immediately asked of us, very earnestly, "What of the rain? tell us is there much fallen in the Auájy dîra?" My companions ever answered with the same word, *Lá tanshud*, "Ask not of it." If any questioned them, 'Who was this stranger they brought with them?' the Auájy responded, with what meaning I could not tell, "*El-kheyr Ullah.*" The sheykh in this menzil would have bought my nâga, engaging as well to convey me to Hâyil after a few days in which I should be his guest.

I thought at least we should have rested here this night over; but my companions when they rose from supper took again their thelûls to ride and run, and Nasr with them; they would not tarry a moment for me at the bargain of the nâga.—Better I thought to depart then with these whom I know, and be sure to arrive at Hâyil, than remain behind them in booths of unknown Beduins; besides, we heard that a large Shammar

encampment lay not much before us, and a coffee-sheykh: Askar promised to commit me to those Aarab, if he might persuade my rafîk to remain with me. I was broken with this rough riding: the heart every moment leaping to my throat, which torment they call *katu 'l-kalb*, or heart-cutting. They scoured before me all the hours of the day, in their light riding, so that with less than keeping a good will, death at length would have been a welcome deliverance out of present miseries. The Aarab lay pitched under the next mountain; but riding further in the darkness two hours, and not seeing their watch-fires, the Auájy would then have ridden on all that long night, to come the earlier, they said, to Hâyil. They must soon have forsaken me, I could not go much further, and my decrepit nâga fainted under me: bye and bye Askar, overcome by drowsiness, murmured to his companions, "Let us alight then and sleep." A watch-fire now appeared upon our right hand, which had been hidden by some unevenness of the ground, but they neglected it, for the present sweetness of sleeping: we alighted, and binding the camels' knees, lay down to rest by our cattle in the sandy desert.

We had not ridden on the morrow an hour when, at sunrising, we descried many black booths of a Beduin encampment, where the Auájy had promised me rest: but as ever the scalding coffee was past their throats, and they had swallowed a few of the Shammary's dates, they rose to take their dromedaries again. Such promises of nomads are but sounds in the air; neither would my wild and brutish rafîk hear my words, nor could Askar persuade him: "Wellah, I have no authority," said he; and Nasr cried, "Choose thee, Khalîl, whether thou wilt sit here or else ride with us; but I go in my company." What remained, but to hold the race with them? now to me an agony, and my nâga was ready to fall under me. As we rode, "It is plain, said Askar, that Khalîl may not hold out; wilt thou turn back, Khalîl, to the booths? and doubt not that they will receive thee."—"How receive me? you even now lied to them at the kahwa, saying ye were not Auájy, and you have not commended me to them: what when they understand that I am a Nasrâny? also this Nasr, my rafîk, forsakes me!"—"We shall come to-day, they said, to a settlement, and will leave thee there." We had neglected to drink at the tents, and riding very thirsty, when the sun rose high, we had little hope to find more rain-pools in a sandy wilderness. Afterward espying some little gleam under the sun far off, they hastened thither,—but it was a glistering clay

bottom, and in the midst a puddle, which we all forsook. The altitude of this plain is 3700 feet, and it seemed to fall before us to J. Ajja which now appeared as a mighty bank of not very high granite mountain, and stretching north and south. The soil is granite-sand and grit, and rolling stones and rotten granite rock. We passed, two hours before noon, the ruins of a hamlet of one well which had been forsaken five years before. Askar said, "The cattle perished after some rainless years for want of pasture, and the few people died of the small-pox,"—not seldom calamities of the small out-settlements, in Arabia. When I asked the name of the place, he answered shortly, *Melûn Tâlibuhu*, which might mean "Cursed is everyone that enquireth thereof."

We found a pool of clear rain in the rock, which, warmed in the sun, seemed to us sweeter than milk. There we satisfied our thirst, and led our beasts to drink, which had run an hundred and thirty miles without pasture or water, since the Kharram. His companions before we mounted went to cut a little more dry grass, and Askar said to me, "Khalîl, the people where we are going are jealous. Let them not see thee writing, for be sure they will take it amiss; but wouldst thou write, write covertly, and put away these leaves of books. Thou wast hitherto with the Beduw, and the Beduw have known thee what thou art; but, hearest thou? they are not like good-hearted, in yonder villages!" We rode again an hour or two and saw the green heads of palms, under the mountain, of a small village, where, they said, five or six families dwelt, *Jefeyfa*. Upon the north I saw *J. Tâly*, a solitary granitic mountain on the wilderness horizon. My company, always far in advance, were now ridden out of my sight. I let them pass, I could no longer follow them, not doubting that with these land-marks before me I should shortly come to the inhabited. There I lighted upon a deep-beaten path,—such are worn in the hard desert soil, near settlements which lie upon common ways, by the generations of nomad passengers. I went on foot, leading my fainting camel at a slow pace, till I espied the first heads of palms, and green lines of the plantations of Môgug. At length I descried Nasr returning out of the distance to meet me. At the entering of the place my jaded camel fell down bellowing, this a little delayed us; but Nasr raised and driving her with cruel blows, we entered Môgug about an hour and a half after noon.

I wondered to see the village full of ruins and that many of their palms were dead and sere, till I learned that Môg(k)ug(k) had been wasted by the plague a few years before.

Their house-building is no more the neat clay-brick work which we see at Teyma, but earthen walls in layers, with some cores of hard sun-dried brick laid athwart in them; the soil is here granitic. The crumbling aspect of the place made me think of certain oases which I had seen years before in the Algerian Sáhara. Their ground-water is lukewarm, as in all the Arabian country, and of a corrupt savour; the site is feverish, their dates are scaly, dry, and not well-tasting. We went towards the sheykh's kahwa, where the companions had preceded us, and met with the good sheykh who was coming forth to meet me. He led me friendly by the hand, and bade his man straw down green garden stalks for our camels. When we were seated in the coffee-room there entered many of the villagers, who without showing any altered countenance—it might be for some well-said word of Askar beforehand—seemed to regard me favourably. Seeing all so well disposed, I laid before the sheykh my quarrel with Nasr, and was supported by Askar, he allowing that my nâga could not go forward.

Even now they would mount immediately, and ride all night to be at Hâyil ere day. 'He would go in their company, said Nasr, and if I could not ride with them, he must forsake me here.' The sheykh of Môgug ruled that since the camel could not proceed, Nasr, who had taken wages, must remain with me, or leaving so much of his money as might pay another man (to convey me to Hâyil) he might depart freely. The elf, having, by the sheykh's judgment, to disburse a real, chose rather to remain with me. Askar and his fellowship rose again hastily from the dates and water, to ride to Hâyil. This long way from the Kharram they had ridden, in a continued running, carrying with them neither food nor water-skins, nor coffee: they trusted to their good eyesight to find every day the Aarab. All were young men in the heat of their blood, they rode in a sort of boast of their fresh endurance and ability. I asked Askar, wherefore this haste, and why they did not in any place take a little repose. *Answer:* "That we may be the sooner at home again; and to stay at the menzils by the way were unbecoming (*ayb*)." When they were gone, the villagers sitting in the kahwa—they were Shammar—blamed my companions as *Annezy!* These narrow jealousies of neighbours often furthered me, as I journeyed without favour in this vast land of Arabia.

Here first I saw Bagdad wares, from the sûk at Hâyil: the men of Môgug no longer kindled the galliûns with flint and

steel, but with the world-wide Vienna *Zündhölzer*,—we were in the world again! Dim was their rudely-built coffee-hall, and less cleanly than hospitable; the earthen floor where we sat was littered with old date-stones of the common service to daily guests. The villagers were of a kindly humour; and pleased themselves in conversing with the stranger, so far as their short notice might stretch, of foreign countries and religions: they lamented that the heathen yet resisted the truth, and more especially the Nasâra, in whom was a well of the arts, and learning. They reached me from time to time their peaceable galliûns. I thought the taste of their bitter green tobacco, in this extremity of fatigue, of incomparable sweetness, and there was a comfortable repose in those civil voices after the wild malignity of the Bishr tongues. A young man asked me, 'Could I read?—had I any books?' He was of Môgug, and their schoolmaster. I put in his hand a geography written in the Arabic tongue by a learned American missionary of Beyrût. —The young man perused and hung his head over it in the dull chamber, with such a thirsty affection to letters, as might in a happier land have ripened in the large field of learnings: at last closing the book, when the sun was going down, he laid it on his head in token how highly he esteemed it,—an Oriental gesture which I have not seen again in Arabia, where is so little (or nothing) of "*Orientalism*". He asked me, 'Might he buy the book?—(and because I said nay) might he take it home then to read in the night?' which I granted.

A tall dark man entered the kahwa, I saw he was a stranger from the north, of a proud carriage and very well clad. Coldly he saluted the company, and sat down; he arrived from *Gofar* where he had mounted this morning. The dates were set before him, and looking round when he remembered one or two sitting here, with whom he had met in former years, he greeted them and, rising solemnly, kissed and asked of their welfare. He was a Shammary of Irâk; his Beduin dîra lay 250 miles from hence. Long and enviously he looked upon me, as I sat with my kerchief cast back in the heat, then he enquired, "Who is he?—eigh! a Nasrâny, say ye! and I knew it: this is one, O people! who has some dangerous project, and ye cannot tell what; this man is one of the Frankish nation!" I answered, "It is known to all who sit here, that I am an Engleysy, and should I be ashamed of that? what man art thou, and wherefore in these parts?"—"I am at Hâyil for the Emir's business!—wellah, he said, turning to the company, he can be none other than a spy, one come to search out the country! tell me what is reported of this man; if he question

the Aarab, and does he write their answers?"—A villager said, 'Years before one had been here, a stranger, who named himself a Moslem, but he could guess, he was such as Khalîl, and he had written whatsoever he enquired of them.'

The villagers sat on with little care of *Nasr's* talk (that was also his name), misliking, perhaps, the northern man's lofty looks, and besides they were well persuaded of me. The sheykh answered him, "If there be any fault in Khalîl, he is going to Hâyil, and let the Emir look to it." Nasr, seeing the company was not for him, laid down his hostile looks and began to discourse friendly with me. At evening we were called out to a house in the village; a large supper was set before us, of boiled mutton and temmn, and we ate together.

Nasr told me the northern horses abound in his dîra; he had five mares, though he was not a sheykh, and his camels were many; for their wilderness is not like these extreme southern countries, but full of the bounty of Ullah. As he saw my clothing worn and rent—so long had I led my life in the khála—he bade me go better clad before the Emir at Hâyil, and be very circumspect to give no cause, even of a word that might be taken amiss, amongst a people light and heady, soon angry, and [in which lies all the hardship of travelling in Arabia] unused to the sight of a stranger. Here first in Nejd I heard the *nûn* in the ending of nouns pronounced indefinitely, it is like an Attic sweetness in the Arabian tongue, and savours at the first hearing of self-pleasing, but it is with them a natural erudition. The sultry evening closed in with a storm of lightning and rain; these were the last days of October. In this small village might be hardly 150 souls.

Upon the morrow we stayed to drink the early kahwa; and then riding over a last mile of the plain, with blue and red granite rocks, to the steep sides of Ajja, I saw a passage before us in a cleft which opens through the midst of the mountain, eighteen long miles to the plain beyond; this strait is named, *Rîa es-Self.* The way at first is steep and rugged: about nine o'clock we went by a cold spring, which tumbled from the cliff above!—I have not seen another falling water in the waterless Arabia. There we filled our girby, and the Arabs, stripping off their clothing, ran to wash themselves;—the nomads, at every opportunity of water, will plash like sparrows. Not much further are rude ground-walls of an ancient dam, and in a bay of the mountain unhusbanded palms of the Beduins; there was some tillage in time past. At the highest of the rîa, I found 5100 feet.

A poor Beduwy had joined our company in the plain, he

came, driving an ass, along with us, and was glad when I reached him an handful of Teyma dates to his breakfast. Later, at a turn of the rock, there met us three rough-looking tribesmen of Shammar, coming on in hot haste, with arms in their hands. These men stayed us; and whilst we stood, as the Arabs will, to hear and tell tidings, they eyed me like fiends. They understanding, perhaps, from some of Askar's malicious fellowship, of the Nasrâny's passing to-day by the rîa, had a mind to assail me. Now seeing themselves evenly matched, they said to him of the ass, and who was their tribesman, "Turn thou and let us kill him!"—"God forbid it (the poor man answered them), he is my fellow!" They grinning savagely then with all their teeth, passed from us. "Now Khalîl! (said Nasr,) hast thou seen?—and this is that I told thee, the peril of lonely riding through their country! these are the cursed Shammar, and, had we been by ourselves, they would have set upon thee,—Ullah curse the Shammar!"—"Have we not in the last days tasted of their hospitality?"—"Well, I tell thee they are fair-faced and good to the guests in the beyts, but if they meet a solitary man, *kh'lûy*, in the khâla, and none is by to see it, they will kill him! and those were murderers we saw now, lurkers behind rocks, to cut off any whom they may find without defence."

There is but the Emir's peace and no love between Bishr and Shammar. Not many years before, a bitter quarrel for the rights of the principal water station of their deserts, Baitha Nethîl, had divided these nigh dwellers. Baitha Nethîl is in the Bishr borders, and they could not suffer it patiently, that Shammar came down to water there, and in that were supported by the Emir Telâl. For this they forsook even their own dira, and migrating northward, wandered in the wilderness of their Annezy kindred in Syria, and there remained two or three years: but, because they were new comers in those strange marches, many foraying enemies lifted their cattle;—and the Bishr returned to their own country and the Emir.

—In the midst of the rîa the granite mountain recedes upon the north side and there are low domes of plutonic basalt, which resemble cones of volcanoes. We heard there a galloping tumult behind us, and a great shuffling of camels' feet over the gritty rocks; it was a loose troop of *ajlâb*, or "fetched," dromedaries, the drove of a camel-broker. The drovers went to sell them "in Jebel Shammar". These tribesmen were Bishr, and in their company our apprehensions were ended. A driving lad cried to me, "Hast thou not some kaak (biscuit cake of Damascus) to give me? in all this day's going and running I

have tasted nothing." It was late in the afternoon when we came forth, and as I looked down over the plain of Gofar, the oasis greenness of palms lay a little before us. The sun was setting, and Nasr showed me the two-horned basalt mountain, *Sumrâ* Hâyil, which stands a little behind the village capital, upon the northward. Gofar, written Káfar, and in the mouth of the nomads Jiffar, lies, like Môgug, enclosed by orchard walling from the desert. In the plain before the town, I read the altitude 4300 feet. We entered by a broad empty way, between long walls, where we saw no one, nor the houses of the place. It was sunset, when the Arabian villagers go in to their suppers. There met us only a woman,—loathly to look upon! for the feminine face was blotted out by the sordid veil-clout; in our eyes, an heathenish Asiatic villany! and the gentle blooded Arabian race, in the matter of the hareem, are become churls.—Beginning at Káfar, all their women's faces, which God created for the cheerfulness of the human world, are turned to this jealous horror; and there is nothing seen of their wimpled wives, in sorry garments, but the hands! We dismounted by a mosque at the *munâkh*, or couching place of strangers' camels, where all passengers alight and are received to supper: the public charge for hospitality is here (upon a common way) very great, for, by the Arabian custom, wayfarers depart at afternoon, and those who ride from Hâyil to the southward pass only that first short stage, to sleep at Gofar.

Arriving with the drovers, we were bidden in together to sup of their scaly lean dates and water; dates, even the best, are accounted no evening fare to set before strangers. He who served us made his excuses, saying that the householder was in Hâyil. The citizens of Gofar, *Beny Temîm*, are not praised for hospitality, which were sooner to find in Hâyil, inhabited by Shammar Nasr my rafîk, who had showed himself more treatable since the others' departure, afterwards began to blame the passers-by in the street, because none had bidden me to coffee and to sleep in their houses, saying, 'Would they leave an honourable person to lodge in the open ways!' Nasr strawed down equally, of his store of dry provender, to his thelûl and to my poor nâga; then he made dough of some barley-meal I had bought at Môgug and kneaded it with dates, and thrusting this paste into her mouth by handfuls, he fed my weary beast. There we lay down by our cattle, to pass this starry night, in the dust of their village street.

We mounted at break of day: Nasr would be at Hâyil in time to go to breakfast in the guest-hall, with Askar and his

fellowship. I wondered, to see that all that side of Gofar town, towards Hâyil, was ruinous, and the once fruitful orchard-grounds were now like the soil of the empty desert,—and tall stems, yet standing in their ranks, of sere and dead palms. We rode by cavernous labyrinths of clay-building under broken house-walling, whose timbers had been taken away, and over sunken paths of the draught-camels, where their wells now lay abandoned. When I asked, "What is this?" Nasr answered, *Béled mât*, "a died-out place." The villagers had perished, as those of Môgug, in a plague which came upon them seven years before. Now their wells were fallen in, which must be sunk in this settlement to more than twenty-five fathoms. The owners of the ground, after the pestilence, lacked strength to labour, and had retired to the inner oasis.

Beyond Gofar's orchard walls is that extreme barrenness of desert plain (máhal) which lies before Hâyil; the soil, a sharp granite-grit, is spread out between the desolate mountains Ajja and *Selma*, barren as a sea-strand and lifeless as the dust of our streets; and yet therein are hamlets and villages, upon veins of ground-water. It is a mountain ground where almost nothing may spring of itself, but irrigated it will yield barley and wheat, and the other Nejd grains. Though their palms grow high they bear only small and hot, and therefore less wholesome kinds of date-berries. We found hardly a blade or a bush besides the senna plant, flowering with yellow pea-like blossoms. The few goats of the town must be driven far back under the coast of Ajja to find pasture. After two hours Nasr said, "Hâyil is little further, we are here at the mid-way; women and children go between Hâyil and Gofar before their (noon) breakfast." Thus the road may be eleven miles nearly. Hâyil was yet hidden by the brow of the desert,—everywhere the horizon seemed to me very near in Nomad Arabia. Between these towns is a trodden path; and now we met those coming out from Hâyil. They were hareem and children on foot, and some men riding upon asses: "Ha! (said a fellow, and then another, and another, to Nasr) why dost thou bring him?"—So I knew that the Nasrâny's coming had been published in Hâyil! and Nasr hearing their words began to be aghast. 'What, he said, if his head should be taken off!'—"And Khalîl, where is the tobacco-bag? and reach me that galliûn, for billah, my head turns." We had ridden a mile further, when I espied two horsemen galloping towards us in a great dust. I began to muse, were these hot riders some cruel messenger of the Emir, chevying out from Hâyil upon my

account?—The name of Nasrâny was yet an execration in this country, and even among nomads a man will say to another, "Dost thou take me for a Nasrâny! that I should do such [iniquitous] thing."—Already the cavaliers were upon us, and as only may riders of the mild Arabian mares, they reined up suddenly abreast of us, their garments flying before them in the still air; and one of them shouted in a harsh voice to Nasr (who answered nothing, for he was afraid), "All that baggage is whose, ha?"—so they rode on from us as before; I sat drooping upon my camel with fatigue, and had not much regarded what men they were.

We saw afterward some high building with battled towers. These well-built and stately Nejd turrets of clay-brick are shaped like our light-houses; and, said Nasr, who since Telâl's time had not been to Hâyil, "That is the Emir's summer residence." As we approached Hâyil I saw that the walls extended backward, making of the town a vast enclosure of palms. Upon our right hand I saw a long grove of palms in the desert, closed by high walls; upon the left lies another outlying in the wilderness and larger, which Abeyd planted for the inheritance of his children. Now appeared as it were, suspended above the town, the whitened donjon of the *Kasr*,—such clay buildings they whiten with jiss. We rode by that summer residence which stands at the way-side; in the tower, they say, is mounted a small piece of artillery. Under the summer-house wall is a new conduit, by which there flows out irrigation water to a public tank, and townswomen come hither to fetch water. This, which they call *má es-Sáma*, is reckoned the best water in the town; from all their other wells the water comes up with some savour of salty and bitter minerals, "which (though never so slight) is an occasion of fever." We alighted, and at my bidding a woman took down the great (metal) water-pan upon her head to give us to drink. Nasr spoke to me not to mount anew; he said we had certain low gateways to pass. That was but guile of the wild Beduwy, who with his long matted locks seemed less man than satyr or werwolf. They are in dread to be cried down for a word, and even mishandled in the towns; his wit was therefore not to bring in the Nasrâny riding at the (proud) height of his camel.

I went on walking by the short outer street, and came to the rude two-leaved gateway (which is closed by night) of the inner sûk of Hâyil. There I saw the face of an old acquaintance who awaited me,—Abd el-Azîz, he who was conductor of Ibn Rashîd's gift-mare, now twelve months past, to the kella at el Héjr. I greeted him, and he greeted me, asking kindly of

my health, and bade me enter. He went before me, by another way, to bring the tiding to the Emir, and I passed on, walking through the public sûk, full of tradesmen and Beduw at this hour, and I saw many in the small dark Arab shops, busy about their buying and selling. Where we came by the throng of men and camels, the people hardly noted the stranger; some only turned to look after us. A little further there stepped out a well-clad merchant, with a saffron-dye beard, who in the Arabian guise took me by the hand, and led me some steps forward, only to enquire courteously of the stranger 'From whence I came?' A few saffron beards are seen at Hâyil: in his last years Abeyd ibn Rashîd had turned his grey hairs to a saffron beard. It is the Persian manner, and I may put that to my good fortune, being a traveller of the English colour, in Arabia. The welfaring men stain their eyes with kahl; and of these bird-like Arabians it is the male sex which is bright-feathered and adorned. Near the sûk's end is their corn market, and where are sold camel-loads of fire-wood, and wild hay from the wilderness. Lower I saw veiled women-sellers under a porch with baskets where they sit daily from the sunrise to sell dates and pumpkins; and some of them sell poor ornaments from the north, for the hareem.

We came into the long-square public place, *el-Méshab*, which is before the castle, *el-Kasr*. Under the next porch, which is a refuge of poor Beduin passengers, Nasr couched my camel, hastily, and setting down the bags, he withdrew from me; the poor nomad was afraid. Abd el-Azîz, coming again from the Kasr, asked me why I was sitting in that place? he sat down by me to enquire again of my health He seemed to wish the stranger well, but in that to have a fear of blame,—had he not also encouraged my coming hither? He left me and entered the Kasr gate, to speak anew with the Emir. Abd el-Azîz, in the rest a worthy man, was timid and ungenerous, the end of life to them all is the least displeasure of Ibn Rashîd, and he was a servant of the Emir. A certain public seat is appointed him, under the Prince's private kahwa upon the Méshab, where he sat in attendance with his company at every mejlis. The people in the square had not yet observed the Nasrâny, and I sat on three-quarters of an hour, in the midst of Hâyil;—in the meanwhile they debated perhaps of my life within yonder earthen walls of the castle. I thought the Arabian curiosity and avarice would procure me a respite: at least I hoped that someone would call me in from this pain of famine to breakfast.

In the further end of the Méshab were troops of couched

thelûls; they were of Beduin fellowships which arrived daily, to treat of their affairs with the Emir. Certain of the Beduw now gathered about me, who wondered to see the stranger sitting under this porch. I saw also some personage that issued from the castle gate under a clay tower, in goodly fresh apparel, walking upon his stick of office, and he approached me. This was *Mufarrij*, *rájul el-Mothíf*, or marshal of the Prince's guest-hall, a foreigner, as are so many at Hâyil of those that serve the Emir. His town was Aneyza in Kasîm (which he had forsaken upon a horrible misadventure, afterwards to be related). The comely steward came to bid the stranger in to breakfast; but first he led me and my nâga through the Méshab, and allotted me a lodging, the last in the row of guest-chambers, *mákhzans*, which are in the long side of this public place in front of the Kasr: then he brought me in by the castle-gate, to the great coffee-hall, which is of the guests, and the castle service of the Emir. At this hour—long after all had breakfasted and gone forth—it was empty, but they sent for the coffee-server. I admired the noble proportions of this clay hall, as before of the huge Kasr; the lofty walls, painted in device with ochre and jiss, and the rank of tall pillars, which in the midst upheld the simple flat roof, of ethel timbers and palm-stalk mat-work, goodly stained and varnished with the smoke of the daily hospitality. Under the walls are benches of clay overspread with Bagdad carpets By the entry stands a mighty copper-tinned basin or "sea" of water, with a chained cup (daily replenished by the hareem of the public kitchen from the mâ es-Sáma); from thence the coffee-server draws, and he may drink who thirsts. In the upper end of this princely kahwa are two fire-pits, like shallow graves, where desert bushes are burned in colder weather; they lack good fuel, and fire is blown commonly under the giant coffee-pots in a clay hearth like a smith's furnace. I was soon called out by Mufarrij to the guest-hall, *mothíf;* this guest-house is made within the castle buildings, a square court cloistered, and upon the cloisters is a gallery. Guests pass in by the Prince's artillery, which are five or six small pieces of cannon; the iron is old, the wood is ruinous.

The Beduins eat below, but principal sheykhs and their fellowships in the galleries; Mufarrij led me upstairs, to a place where a carpet was belittered with old date-stones. Here I sat down and dates were brought me,—the worst dates of their desert world—in a metal standish, thick with greasy dust; they left me to eat, but I chose still to fast. Such is the Arabian Ruler's morning cheer to his guests—they are Beduw—

and unlike the desert cleanness of the most Arabian villages, where there is water enough. Till they should call me away I walked in the galleries, where small white house-doves of Irâk were flittering, and so tame that I took them in my hands. I found these clay-floor galleries eighty feet long; they are borne upon five round pillars with rude shark's-tooth chapiters. Mufarrij appearing again we returned to the kahwa where coffee was now ready. A young man soon entered shining in silken clothing, and he began to question me. This Arabian cockney was the Prince's secretary, his few words sounded disdainfully: "I say, eigh! what art thou?—whence comest thou, and wherefore hast thou come?" I answered after the nomad sort, "Weled, I can but answer one question at once; let me hear what is thy first request:" he showed himself a little out of countenance at a poor man's liberal speech, and some friendly voice whispered to me, "Treat him with more regard, for this is *Nasr*" So said this Nasr, "Up! the Emir calls thee:" and we went out towards the Prince's quarters.

There is made a long gallery under the body of the clay castle-building, next the outer wall upon the Méshab; by this we passed, and at the midst is an iron-plated door, kept by a young Galla slave within; and there we knocked. The door opens into a small inner court, where a few of the Emir's men-at-arms sit in attendance upon him; at the south side is his chamber. We went through and entered from the doorway of his open chamber into a dim light, for their windows are but casements to the air, and no glass panes are seen in all Nejd. The ruler Mohammed—a younger son of Abdullah ibn Rashîd, the first prince of Shammar, and the fourth Emir since his father—was lying half along upon his elbow, with leaning-cushions under him, by his fire-pit side, where a fire of the desert bushes was burning before him. I saluted him "*Salaam aleyk*, Peace be with thee;" he lifted the right hand to his head, the manner he had seen in the border countries, but made me no answer;—their hostile opinion that none out of the saving religion may give the word of God's peace! He wore the long braided hair-locks for whose beauty he is commended in the desert as 'a fresh young man'. His skin is more than commonly tawny, and even yellowish; lean of flesh and hollow as the Nejders, he is of middle height: his is a shallow Nejd visage, and Mohammed's bird-like looks are like the looks of one survived out of much disease of the world,—and what likelihood was there formerly that he should ever be the Emir?

"Sit down!" he said. Mohammed, who under the former

Princes was conductor of the "Persian" Haj, had visited the cities of Mesopotamia, and seen the manners of the Dowla.—The chief of the guard led me to the stranger's seat. In the midst of a long carpet spread under the clay wall, between my place and the Emir, sat some personage leaning upon cushions; he was, I heard, a kinsman of Ibn Rashîd, a venerable man of age and mild countenance. The Emir questioned me, "From whence comest thou, and what is the purpose of thy voyage?"—"I am arrived from Teyma, and el-Héjr, and I came down from Syria to visit Medáin Sâlih."—"*Rájul sadûk*, wellah! a man to trust (exclaimed that old sheykh). This is not like him who came hither, thou canst remember Mohammed in what year, but one that tells us all things plainly." *Emir:* "And now from Teyma, well! and what sawest thou at Teyma—anything?"—"Teyma is a pleasant place of palms in a good air."—"Your name?"—"Khalîl."—"Ha! and you have been with the Beduw, eigh Khalîl, what dost thou think of the Beduw? *Of the Beduw there are none good:*—thou wast with which Beduins?"—"The Fukara, the Moahîb, the Sehamma beyond the Harra."—"And what dost thou think of the Fejîr, and of their sheykhs? Motlog, he is not good?"—"The Fukara are not unlike their name, their neighbours call them Yahûd Kheybar." The Emir, half wondering and smiling, took up my words (as will the Arabians) and repeated them to those present: "He says they are the Yahûd Kheybar! and well, Khalîl, how did the Aarab deal with thee? they milked for thee, they showed thee hospitality?"—"Their milk is too little for themselves." The Emir mused and looked down, for he had heard that I wandered with the Beduins to drink camel milk. "Ha! and the Moahîb, he asked, are they good? and Tollog, is he good?"—The Emir waited that I should say nay, for Tollog was an old enemy or 'rebel' of theirs.—"The man was very good to me, I think he is a worthy Beduin person." To this he said, "*Hmm hmm!*—and the Sehamma, who is their sheykh?"—"Mahanna and Fóthil."—"And how many byût are they?"

He said now, "Have you anything with you (to sell)? and what is thy calling?"—"I have medicines with me, I am an hakîm."—"What medicines? *kanakîna* (quinine)?"—"This I have of the best."—"And what besides?"—"I have this and that, but the names are many; also I have some very good *chai*, which I will present to thee, Emir!"—"We have chai here, from Bagdad; no, no, we have enough." [Afterward it was said to me, in another place,—"He would not accept thy chai, though it were never so good: Ibn Rashîd will eat or

drink of nothing which is not prepared for him by a certain slave of his; he lives continually in dread to be poisoned."] *Emir:* "Well! thou curest what diseases? canst thou cure the mejnûn?" (the troubled, by the jan, in their understanding):—the Emir has some afflicted cousins in the family of Abeyd, and in his heart might be his brother Telâl's sorrowful remembrance. I answered, "*El-mejnûn hu mejnûn*, who is a fool by nature, he is a fool indeed." The Emir repeated this wisdom after me, and solemnly assenting with his head, he said to those present, "*Hu sâdik*, he saith truth!" Some courtiers answered him "*Fî tarîk*, but there is a way in this also." The Aarab suppose there is a *tarîk*, if a man might find it, a God-given way, to come to what end he will.—"And tell me, which beasts thou sawest in the wilderness?"—"Hares and gazelles, I am not a hunter."—"Is the hare unlawful meat!—you eat it? (he would know thus if I were truly a Christian). And the swine you eat?" I said, "There is a strange beast in the Sherarât wilderness, which they call wild ox or wothŷhi, and I have some horns of it from Teyma."—"Wouldst thou see the wothŷhi? we have one of them here, and will show it thee." Finally he said, "Dost thou 'drink' smoke?" The use of tobacco, not yet seen in the Nejd streets but tolerated within doors, is they think unbecoming in persons of more than the common people's dignity and religion. Mohammed himself and Hamûd his cousin were formerly honest brothers of the galliûn; but come up to estimation, they had forsaken their solace of the aromatic Hameydy. The Emir said further, "So you are Mesîhy?"—that was a generous word! he would not call me by the reproachful name of Nasrâny; also the Emir, they say, "has a Christian woman among his wives."—Christians of the Arabic tongue in the great border lands name themselves *Mesîhiyûn*.

He bade Nasr read in a great historical book which lay upon a shelf, bound in red (*Akhbâru-'d-Dúal wa athâru-'l-Uwwal*), what was written therein of the prophet *Isa ibn Miriam;*—and the secretary read it aloud. The Mohammedan author tells us of the person, the colour, the human lineaments of Jesus, "son of the virgin;" and the manner of his prophetic life, how he walked with his disciples in the land of Israel, and that his wont was to rest in the place where the sun went down upon him. The Emir listened sternly to this tale, and impatiently.—"And well, well! but what could move thee (he said) to take such a journey?" I responded suddenly, "*El-elûm!* the liberal sciences;" but the sense of this plural is, in Nejd and in the Beduin talk, *tidings*. The Ruler answered

hastily, "And is it for this thou art come hither!" It was difficult to show him what I intended by the sciences, for they have no experience of ways so sequestered from the common mouth-labours of mankind. He said then, "And this language, didst thou learn it among the Beduw, readest thou *Araby?*"— He bade Nasr bring the book, and put it in Khalîl's hands. Mohammed rose himself from his place, [he is said to be very well read in the Arabic letters, and a gentle poet though, in the dispatch of present affairs of state, he is too busy-headed to be longer a prentice in unprofitable learning]—and with the impatient half-childish curiosity of the Arabians the Emir Ibn Rashîd himself came over and sat down beside me.—"Where shall I read?"—"Begin anywhere at a chapter,—there! and he pointed with his finger. So I read the place, '*The king* (such an one) *slew all his brethren and kindred.* It was *Sheytân* that I had lighted upon such a bloody text; the Emir was visibly moved! and, with the quick feeling of the Arabs, he knew that I regarded him as a murderous man. "Not there! he said hastily, but read here!—out of this chapter above" (beating the place with his finger); so I read again some passage. *Emir:* "Ha, well! I see thou canst read a little," so rising he went again to his place. Afterward he said, "And whither wouldst thou go now?"—"To Bagdad."—"Very well, we will send thee to Bagdad," and with this word the Emir rose and those about him to go forth into his palm grounds, where he would show me the 'wild kine.'

Nasr then came with a letter-envelope in his hand, and asked me to read the superscription. "Well, I said, this is not Arabic!"—"Ay, and therefore we wish thee to read it."— "From whom had ye this letter?"—"From a Nasrâny, who came from the Haurân hither, and *this we took from him.*" Upon the seal I found in Greek letters *Patriarchate of Damascus,* and the legend about it was in Latin, *Go ye into all the world and preach this gospel to every creature.* They were stooping to put on their sandals, and awaited a moment to hear my response; and when I recited aloud the sense *Ukhruju fî kull el-âlam......* the venerable sheykh said piously to the Emir: "Mohammed, hearest thou this?—and they be the words of the Messîah!"

All they that were in his chamber now followed abroad with the Emir; these being his courtier friends and attendance. Besides the old sheykh, the captain of the guard, and Nasr, there was not any man of a good countenance amongst them. They of the palace and the Prince's men wear the city gown, but go ungirded. Mohammed the Emir appeared to me, when we came into the light, like a somewhat undergrown and hard

favoured Beduwy of the poorer sort; but he walked loftily and with somewhat unquiet glancing looks. At the irrigation well, nigh his castle walls, he paused, and showing me with his hand the shrill running wheel-work, he asked suddenly, "Had I seen such gear?"—"How many fathoms have ye here?"—"Fifteen." He said truly his princely word, though I thought it was not so,—for what could it profit them to draw upon the land from so great depths? I walked on with Mohammed and the old sheykh, till we came to his plantation, enclosed in the castle wall; it seemed to me not well maintained. The Emir stayed at a castor-oil plant (there was not another in Hâyil) to ask "What is that?" He questioned me, between impatient authority and the untaught curiosity of Arabians, of his plants and trees,—palms and lemons, and the thick-rinded citron; then he showed me a seedling of the excellent pot-herb *bámiya* and thyme, and single roots of other herbs and salads. All such green things they eat not! so unlike is the diet of Nejd Arabia to the common use in the Arabic border countries.

Gazelles were running in the further walled grounds; the Emir stood and pointed with his finger, "There (he said) is the wothŷhi!" This was a male of a year and a half, no bigger than a great white goat; he lay sick under a fig-tree. *Emir*:—"But look yonder, where is a better, and that is the cow."—"Stand back for fear of her horns! the courtiers said about me, do not approach her." One went out with a bunch of date twigs to the perilous beast, and stroked her; her horns were like sharp rods, set upright, the length I suppose of twenty-seven inches. I saw her, about five yards off, less than a small ass; the hide was ash-coloured going over to a clear yellow, there was a slight rising near the root of her neck, and no hump, her smooth long tail ended in a bunch. She might indeed be said "to resemble a little cow"; but very finely moulded was this creature of the waterless wilderness, to that fiery alacrity of their wild limbs. "*Uktub-ha!* write, that is portray, her!" exclaimed the Emir. As we returned, he chatted with me pleasantly; at last he said "Where are thy sandals?"—"Little wonder if you see me unshod and my clothing rent, it is a year since I am with the Beduw in the khála."—"And though he go without soles (answered the kind old sheykh), it is not amiss, for thus went even the prophets of Ullah."—This venerable man was, I heard, the Emir's mother's brother: he showed me that mild and benevolent countenance, which the Arabs bear for those to whom they wish a good adventure.

The Emir in his spirituous humour, and haughty familiar manners, was much like a great sheykh of the Aarab. In him

is the mark of a former contrary fortune, with some sign perhaps of a natural baseness of mind; Mohammed was now "fully forty years old", but he looked less. We came again into the Kasr yard, where the wood is stored, and there are two-leaved drooping gates upon the Méshab; here is the further end of that gallery under the castle, by which we had entered. The passage is closed by an iron-plated door; the plates (in their indigence of the arts) are the shield-like iron pans (*tannûr*) upon which the town housewives bake their girdle-bread.—But see the just retribution of tyrants! they fear most that make all men afraid. Where is—the sweetest of human things—their repose? for that which they have gotten from many by their power, they know by the many to be required of them again! There the Emir dismissed the Nasrâny, with a friendly gesture, and bade one accompany me to my beyt or lodging.

CHAPTER XIII

When this day's sun was setting, Mufarrij called me to the Mothîf gallery, where a supper-dish was set before me of mutton and temmn. When I came again into the coffee-hall, as the cup went round, there began to be questioning among the Beduin guests and those of the castle service, of my religion. I returned early to my beyt, and then I was called away by his servants to see one, whom they named "The Great Sheykh".—'Who was, I asked, that great sheykh?' they answered "*El-Emir!*" So they brought me to a dàr, which was nearly next by, and this is named Kahwat Abeyd. They knocked and a Galla slave opened the door. We passed in by a short entry, which smelled cheerfully of rose-water, to that which seemed to my eyes, full of the desert, a goodly hall-chamber. The Oriental rooms are enclosures of the air, without moveables, and their only ornaments are the carpets for sitting-places, here laid upon the three sides of the upper end, with pillowed places for "the Emir" and his next kinsman. All was clay, the floor is beaten clay, the clay walls I saw were coloured in ochre; the sitters were principal persons of the town, a Beduin sheykh or two, and men of the princely service; and bright seemed the civil clothing of these fortunate Arabs.—They had said '*The Emir*'*!* and in the chief place I saw a great noble figure half lying along upon his elbow!—but had I not seen the Prince Ibn Rashîd himself this morning? If the common sort of Arabs may see a stranger bewildered among them, it is much to their knavish pleasure.

This personage was *Hamûd,* heir, although not the eldest son, of his father Abeyd; for *Fáhd,* the elder, was *khíbel,* of a troubled understanding, but otherwise of a good and upright behaviour; the poor gentleman was always much my friend.—The princely Hamûd has bound his soul by oath to his cousin the Emir, to live and to die with him; their fathers were brethren and, as none remain of age of the Prince's house, Hamûd ibn Rashîd is next after Mohammed in authority, is his deputy at

home, fights by his side in the field, and he bears the style of Emir. Hamûd is the Ruler's companion in all daily service and counsel.—The son of Abeyd made me a pleasant countenance, and bade me be seated at his right hand; and when he saw I was very weary, he bade me stretch the legs out easily, and sit without any ceremony.

Hamûd spoke friendly to the Nasrâny stranger; I saw he was of goodly great stature, with painted eyes, hair shed [as we use to see in the images of Christ] and hanging down from the midst in tresses, and with little beard. His is a pleasant manlike countenance, he dissembles cheerfully a slight crick in the neck, and turns it to a grace, he seems to lean forward. In our talk he enquired of those marvellous things of the Nasâra, the telegraph, 'and glass, was made of what? also they had heard to be in our Christian countries a palace of crystal; and Baris (Paris) a city builded all of crystal; also what thing was rock oil,' of which there stood a lamp burning on a stool before them: it is now used in the principal houses of Hâyil, and they have a saying that the oil is made from human urine. He wondered when I told them it is drawn from wells in the New World; he had heard of that *Dinya el-jedîda*, and enquired to which quarter it lay, and beyond what seas. He asked me of my medicines, and then he said, "Lean towards me, I would enquire a thing of thee." Hamûd whispered, under the wing of his perfumed kerchief, "Hast thou no medicine, that may enable a man?" I answered immediately, "No, by thy life."—"No, by my life!" he repeated, turning again, and smiled over to the audience, and laughed cheerfully, "ha! ha!"—for some crabbed soul might misdeem that he had whispered of poison. Also that common oath of the desert, "By thy life," is blamed among these half-Wahábies. Hamûd said, with the same smiling demeanour, "Seest thou here those two horsemen which met with thee upon the road?"—"I cannot tell, for I was most weary."—"Ay, he said with the Arabian humanity, thou wast very weary; ask him!" Hamûd showed me with his finger a personage, one of the saffron-beards of Hâyil, who sat leaning upon cushions, in the place next by him, as next in dignity to himself. This was a dull-witted man, *Sleymàn*, and his cousin. I asked him, "Was it thou?" but he, only smiling, answered nothing. *Hamûd:* "Look well! were they like us? be we not the two horsemen? —It was a match, Khalîl, to try which were the better breathed of our two mares; how seest thou? the horses of the Engleys are better, or our Nejd horses?"—Hamûd now rising to go to rest (his house is in another part), we all rose with him. In

that house—it stands by the public birket which is fed from the irrigation of this kahwa palm-yard—are his children, a wife and her mother, and his younger brothers; but, as a prince of the blood, he has a lodging for himself (where he sleeps) within the castle building. The Hâyil Princes are clad as the nomads, but fresh and cleanly and in the best stuffs; their long wide tunic is, here in the town, washed white as a surplice, and upon their shoulders is the Aarab mantle of finer Bagdad woollen, or of the black cloth of Europe. They wear the haggu upon their bodies, as in all nomad Arabia.

I was but ill-housed in my narrow, dark, and unswept cell:—they told me, a Yahûdy also, at his first coming, had lodged there before me! This was a Bagdad Jew, now a prosperous Moslem dwelling at Hâyil and married, and continually increasing with the benediction of the son-in-law of Laban; the man had a good house in the town, and a shop in the sûk, where he sold clothing and dates and coffee to the nomads: his Hâyil wife had borne him two children. The gaping people cried upon me, "Confess thou likewise, Khalîl, 'There is one God, and His apostle is Mohammed,' and thine shall be an equal fortune, which the Emir himself will provide." From the morrow's light there was a gathering of sick and idle townsmen to the Nasrâny's door, where they sat out long hours bibble-babbling, and left me no moment of repose. They asked for medicines, promising, 'If they found them good remedies they would pay me, but not now.' When I answered they might pay me the first cost for the drugs, this discouraged them; and nothing can be devised to content their knavish meaning. I said at length, "None of you come here to chaffer with me, for I will not hear you," and putting my door to upon them, I went out. As I sat at my threshold in the cool of the afternoon, Hamûd went by with his friends; he stayed to greet me, and bade me come to supper, and showed me his sword, which he carries loosely in his hand with the baldric, like the nomads, saying, "What thinkest thou of it?"—they suppose that every son of the Nasâra should be schooled in metal-craft. As I drew his large and heavy blade out of the scabbard—the steel was not Damascened—Hamûd added, "It is Engleys" (of the best Christian countries' work): he had this sabre from Ibn Saûd, and "paid for it one thousand reals". "It seems to be excellent," I said to him, and he repeated the words smiling in their manner, "It is excellent." The sword is valued by the Arabians as the surest weapon; they all covet to have swords of the finest temper.

At sunset came a slave from Abeyd's coffee-hall to lead

me to supper. Hamûd sups there when he is not called to eat with the Emir; his elder son *Mâjid*, and the boy's tutor, eat with him; and after them, the same dish is set before the men of his household. His simple diet is of great nourishment, boiled mutton upon a mess of temmn, with butter, seasoned with onions, and a kind of curry. When the slave has poured water upon our hands, from a metal ewer, over a laver, we sit down square-legged about the great brazen tinned dish upon the carpet floor. "*Mudd yédak*, Reach forth thine hand" is the Arab's bidding, and with "*Bismillah*, In the name of God," they begin to eat with their fingers. They sit at meat not above eight or ten minutes, when they are fully satisfied; the slave now proffers the bowl, and they drink a little water; so rising they say "*El-hamd illah*, The Lord be praised," and go apart to rinse the mouth, and wash their hands:—the slave lad brought us grated soap. So they return to their places refreshed, and the cheerful cup is served round; but the coffee-server—for the fear of princes—tasted before Hamûd. There is no banqueting among them. Arabians would not be able to believe, that the food-creatures of the three inhabited elements (in some happier lands) may hardly sustain an human entrail; and men's sitting to drink away their understanding must seem to them a very horrible heathenish living. Here are no inordinate expenses of the palace, no homicide largesses to smooth favourites of the spoil of the lean people. Soon after the sunrising, the Shammar princes breakfasted of girdle-bread and butter with a draught of milk; at noon a dish of dates is set before them; at sunset they sup as we have now seen: Prince and people, they are all alike soberly dieted. The devil is not in their dish; all the riot and wantonness of their human nature lies in the Mohammedan luxury of hareem.—I remember to have heard, from some who knew him, of the diet of the late Sultan of Islam, Abd el-Azîz, otherwise reproached for his insatiable luxury. Only one dish—which his mother had tasted and sealed—was set before him, and that was the Turks' every-day *pilaw* (which they say came in with Tamerlane) of boiled rice and mutton; he abstained (for a cause which may be divined) from coffee and tobacco. I heard Hamûd say he had killed the sheep in my honour; but commonly his supper mutton is bought in the sûk.

An hour or two after, when the voice of the muétthin is heard in the night calling to the last prayer, Hamûd never fails to rise with the company. A slave precedes him with a flaming palm leaf-branch; and they go out to pray in the mosque, which is upon the further part of the Méshab, ranging

with the guest-chambers, but separated by a small thoroughfare from them.—Princes of men, they are bond-servants to a doting religion!

When Hamûd returns, a little *sajjeydy* or kneeling-carpet reserved only to this use is unrolled by the slave in waiting before him; and the princely man falling upon his knees towards Mecca says on to great length more his formal devotion One evening I asked him, 'But had he not already said his prayers in the mesjid?'—"Those, Hamûd answered, which we say in the mesjid are a man's legal prayers, and these are of the tradition, sunna." The sitters in the coffee-hall did not stint their chatting, whilst Hamûd prayed,—there prayed no man with him. The rest were not princes, why should they take upon them this superfluous religion! and the higher is a Moslem's estate, by so much the more he must show himself devoted and as it were deserving of God's benefits. Hamûd never fails at the mosque in the hours; and in all the rest, with the cheerful air of a strong man, he carries his own great fortune, and puts by the tediousness of the world. He might be a little less of age than the Emir; in his manly large stature he nearly resembles, they say, the warlike poet his father: Hamûd and the Emir Mohammed are not novices in the gentle skill, inherited from their fathers in this princely family;—their new making is extolled by the common voice above the old.

The Prince Mohammed goes but once, at el-assr, to prayers in the great mesjid; he prays in an oratory within the castle, or standing formally in his own chamber. And else so many times to issue from the palace to their public devotion, were a tediousness to himself and to his servitors, and to the townspeople, for all fear when they see him, since he bears the tyrant's sword. And Mohammed fears!—the sword which has entered this princely house 'shall never depart from them —so the Aarab muse—until they be destroyed' He cut down all the high heads of his kindred about him, leaving only Hamûd; the younger sort are growing to age; and Mohammed must see many dreams of dread, and for all his strong security, is ever looking for the retribution of mankind. Should he trust himself to pass the Méshab oftentimes daily at certain hours?—but many have miscarried thus. Both Hamûd and the Emir Mohammed affect popular manners: Hamûd with an easy frankness, and that smiling countenance which seems not too far distant from the speech of the common people; Mohammed with some softening, where he may securely, of his princely asperity, and sowing his pleasant word between; he is a man very subtle witted, and of an acrid understanding.

Mohammed as he comes abroad casts his unquiet eyes like a falcon; he walks, with somewhat the strut of a stage-player, in advance of his chamber-followers, and men-at-arms. When Hamûd is with him, the Princes walk before the rout. The townspeople (however this be deemed impossible) say 'they *love him and fear him*:'—they praise the prince under whose sufficient hand they fare the better, and live securely, and see all prosper about them; but they dread the sharpness, so much fleshed already, of the Ruler's sword.

The evening after Mohammed sent for me to his apartment: the clay walls are stained with ochre. When I said to the Emir, I was an Englishman, this he had not understood before! he was now pleasant and easy. There sat with him a great swarthy man, Sâlih, (I heard he was of the nomads,) who watched me with fanatical and cruel eyes, saying at length in a fierce sinister voice, "Lookest thou to see thy land again?"—"All things, I answered, are in the power of Ullah."—"Nay, nay, Sâlih! exclaimed the Emir, and Khalîl has said very well, that all things are in the hand of Ullah." Mohammed then asked me nearly Hamûd's questions. "The telegraph is what? and we have seen it (at Bagdad in time of his old conductorship of the 'Persian' pilgrims). but canst thou not make known to us the working, which is wonderful?"—"It is a trepidation—therewith we may make certain signs—engendered in the corrosion of metals, by strong medicines like vinegar." *Emir:* "Then it is an operation of medicine, canst thou not declare it?"—"If we may suppose a man laid head and heels between Hâyil and Stambûl, of such stature that he touched them both; if one burned his feet at Hâyil, should he not feel it at the instant in his head, which is at Stambûl?"—"And glass is what?" He asked also of petroleum; and of the New Continent, where it lay, and whether within 'the Ocean'. He listened coldly to my tale of the finding of the New Land over the great seas, and enquired, "Were no people dwelling in the country when it was discovered?" At length he asked me, 'How did I see Hâyil? and the market street, was it well? but ah, (he answered himself) it is a *sûk Aarab!*' little in comparison with the chief cities of the world. He asked 'Had I heard of J. Shammar in my own country?' The ruler was pleased to understand that the Nasâra were not gaping after his desert provinces; but it displeased the vain-glory of the man that of all this troublous tide of human things under his governance, nearly no rumour was come to our ears in a distant land. Hamûd asked of me, another while, the like question,

and added, "What! have ye never heard of Ibn Saûd the Waháby!" When I had sat two hours, and it might be ten o'clock, the Emir said to the captain of the guard, who is groom of his chamber, "It is time to shut the doors;" and I departed.

In the early days of my being in Hâyil, if I walked through their sûk, children and the ignorant and poor Beduw flocked to me; and I passed as the cuckoo with his cloud of wondering small birds, until some citizen of more authority delivered me, saying to them, 'Wellah, thus to molest the stranger would be displeasing to the Emir!' Daily some worthy persons called me to coffee and to breakfast; the most of them sought counsel of the hakîm for their diseases, few were moved by mere hospitality, for their conscience bids them show no goodness to an adversary of the saving religion; but a Moslem coming to Hâyil, or even a Frankish stranger easily bending and assenting to them, might find the Shammar townspeople hospitable, and they are accounted such.

And first I was called to one *Ghrânim*, the Prince's jeweller, and his brother *Ghruneym.* They were rich men, of the smiths' caste, formerly of Jauf, where are some of the best sânies, for their work in metal, wood, and stone, in nomad Arabia. Abeyd at the taking of the place found these men the best of their craft, and he brought them perforce to Hayil. They are continually busied to labour for the princes, in the making and embellishing of sword-hilts with silver and gold wire, and the inlaying of gun-stocks with glittering scales of the same. All the best sword-blades and matchlocks, taken (from the Beduw) in Ibn Rashîd's forays, are sent to them to be remounted, and are then laid up in the castle armoury. Of these some very good Persian and Indian blades are put in the hands of the Emir's men-at-arms. In his youth, Ghrânim had wandered in his metal trade about the Haurân, and now he asked me of the sheykhs of the Druses, such and such whom he had known, were they yet alive. The man was fanatical, his understanding was in his hands, and his meditations were not always of the wise in the world: so daily meeting me, Ghrânim said before other words, "Khalîl, I am thine enemy!" and in the end he would proffer his friendly counsels.—He had made this new clay house and adorned it with all his smith's art. Upon the earthen walls, stained with ochre, were devices of birds and flowers, and koran versets in white daubing of jiss,—which is found everywhere in the desert sand: the most houses at Hâyil are very well built, though the matter be rude. He had built a double wall with a casement in each, to let the light

pass, and not the weather. I saw no sooty smith's forge within, but Ghrânim was sitting freshly clad at his labour, in his best chamber; his floor was spread with fine matting, and the sitting places were Bagdad carpets. His brother Ghruneym called away the hakîm to his own house to breakfast: he was hindered in his craft by sickness, and the Emir ofttimes threatened to forsake him. His son showed me an army rifle [from India] whereupon I found the Tower mark; the sights —they not understanding their use!—had been taken away.

The Jew-Moslem—he had received the name *Abdullah,* "the Lord's servitor," and the neophyte surname *el-Moslemanny*—came to bid me to coffee. His companion asked me, 'Did my nation love the Yahûd?' "We enquire not, I answered, of men's religions, so they be good subjects." We came to the Jew's gate, and entered his house; the walls within were pleasantly stained with ochre, and over-written with white flowerets and religious versets, in daubing of gypsum. I read: "THERE IS NO POWER BUT OF GOD;" and in the apostate's entry, instead of Moses' words, was scored up in great letters the Mohammedan testimony, "There is none other god than (very) God, and Mohammed is the apostle of (very) God." Abdullah was a well-grown man of Bagdad with the pleasant elated countenance of the Moslemîn, save for that mark (with peace be it spoken) which God has set upon the Hebrew lineaments. Whilst his companion was absent a moment, he asked me under his breath "Had I with me any—" (I could not hear what).—"What sayest thou?" "*Brandi,* you do not know this (English Persian Gulf word)—brandi?" His fellow entering, it might be his wife's brother, Abdullah said now in a loud voice, 'Would I become a Moslem, his house should be mine along with him.' He had whispered besides a word in my ear —"I have a thing to say to thee, but not at this time." It was seven years since this Bagdad Jew arrived at Hâyil. After the days of hospitality he went to Abeyd saying, he would make profession of the religion of Islam 'upon his hand';—and Abeyd accepted the Jew's words upon his formal hand full of old bloodshed and violence. The princely family had endowed the Moslemanny at his conversion with "a thousand reals", and the Emir licensed him to live at Hâyil, where buying and selling,—and Abdullah knew the old art,—he was now a thriving tradesman. I had heard of him at Teyma, and that 'he read in such books as those they saw me have': yet I found him a man without instruction,—doubtless he read Hebrew, yet now he denied it.

A merchant in the town, *Jâr Ullah,* brought me a great

foreign folio. It was a tome printed at Amsterdam in the last century, in Hebrew letters! so I said to him, "Carry it to Abdullah, this is the Jews' language."—"Abdullah tells me he knows it not."—This book was brought hither years before from the salvage of a Bagdad caravan, that had perished of thirst in the way to Syria. Their dalîl, "because Ullah had troubled his mind," led them astray in the wilderness; the caravaners could not find the wells, and only few that had more strength saved themselves, riding at adventure and happily lighting upon Beduins. The nomads fetched away what they would of the fallen-down camel-loads, 'for a month and more.' There were certain books found amongst them, a few only of such unprofitable wares had been brought in to Hâyil.

It was boasted to me that the Jew-born Abdullah was most happy here; 'many letters had been sent to him by his parents, with the largest proffers if he would return, but he always refused to receive them.' He had forsaken the Law and the Promises;—but a man who is moved by the affections of human nature, may not so lightly pass from all that in which he has been cherished and bred up in the world!

Jâr Ullah invited me to his spacious house, which stands in the upper street near the Gofar gate: he was a principal corn-merchant. One *Nasr*, a fanatical Harb Beduwy of the *rajajîl*, meeting with us in the way, and *Aneybar* coming by then, we were all bidden in together: our worthy host, otherwise a little fanatical, made us an excellent breakfast. Aneybar was a *Hábashy*, a home-born Galla in Abdullah ibn Rashîd's household, and therefore to be accounted slave-brother of Telâl, Metaab and Mohammed: also his name is of the lord's house, Ibn Rashîd. This libertine was a principal personage in Hâyil, in affairs of state-trust under the Emirs since Telâl's time. The man was of a lively clear understanding, and courtly manners, yet in his breast was the timid soul-not-his-own of a slave: bred in this land, he had that suddenness of speech and the suspicious-mindedness of the Arabians.—When I came again to Hâyil Aneybar had the disposing of my life;—it was a fair chance, to-day, that I broke bread with him!

Hamûd bade me again to supper, and as I was washing, "How white (said one) is his skin!" Hamûd answered in a whisper, "It is the leprosy."—"Praised be God, I exclaimed, there are no lepers in my land."—"Eigh! said Hamûd (a little out of countenance, because I overheard his words), is it so? eigh! eigh! (for he found nothing better to say, and he added after me) the Lord be praised." Another said, "Wellah in Bagdad I have seen a maiden thus white, with

yellow hair, that you might say she were Khalîl's daughter."—"But tell me (said the son of Abeyd), do the better sort in your country never buy the Circass women?—or how is it among you to be the son of a bought-woman, and even of a bond-woman, I say is it not-convenient in your eyes?"—When it seemed the barbaric man would have me to be, for that uncommon whiteness, the son of a Circass bond-woman, I responded with some warmth, "To buy human flesh is not so much as named in my country; as for all who deal in slaves we are appointed by God to their undoing. We hunt the cursed slave-sail upon all seas, as you hunt the hyena." Hamûd was a little troubled, because I showed him some flaws in their manners, some heathenish shadows in his religion where there was no spot in ours, and had vaunted our naval hostility, (whereby they all have damage in their purses, to the ends of the Mohammedan world).—"And Khalîl, the Nasâra eat swine's flesh?"—"Ay billah, and that is not much unlike the meat of the wabar which ye eat, or of the porcupine. Do not the Beduw eat wolves and the hyena, the fox, the thób, and the spring-rat?—owls, kites, the carrion eagle? but I would taste of none such." Hamûd answered, with his easy humanity, "My meaning was not to say, Khalîl, that for any filth or sickliness of the meat we abstain from swine's flesh, but because the Néby has bidden us;" and turning to Sleymân, he said, "I remember *Abdullah*, he that came to Hâyil in Telâl's time, and cured *Bunder*, told my father that the swine's flesh is very good meat."—"And what (asked that heavy head, now finding the tongue to utter his scurvy soul) is the wedlock of the Nasâra? as the horse covers the mare it is said [in all Nejd] the Nasâra be engendered,—wellah like the hounds!"

And though they eat no profane flesh, yet some at Hâyil drink the blood of the grape, *mâ el-enab*, the juice fermented of the fruit of the few vines of their orchards, here ripened in the midsummer season. Mâjid told me, that it is prepared in his father's household; the boy asked me if I had none such, and that was by likelihood his father's request. The Moslemîn, in their religious luxury, extremely covet the forbidden drink, imagining it should enable them with their wives.

When coffee was served at Hamûd's, I always sat wondering that to me only the cup was not poured; this evening, as the servitor passed by with the pot and the cups, I made him a sign, and he immediately poured for me.

Another day Majid, who sat next me, exclaimed, "Drinkest thou no kahwa, Khalîl?" As I answered, "Be sure I drink it," the cup was poured out to me,—Hamûd looked up towards us, as if he would have said something. I could suppose it had been a friendly charge of his, to make me the more easy. In the Mohammedan countries a man's secret death is often in the fenjeyn kahwa. The Emir where he enters a house is not served with coffee, nor is coffee served to any in the Prince's apartment, but the Prince called for a cup when he desired it; such horrible apprehensions are in their daily lives!

Among the evening sitters visiting Hamûd in the Kahwat Abeyd was a personage whom they named as a nobleman, and yet he was but a rich foreign merchant, *Seyyid Mahmûd*, the chief of the *Meshâhada* or tradesmen of Méshed, some thirty-five families, who are established in Hâyil; the bazaar merchandise (wares of Mesopotamia) is mostly in their hands; Méshed (place of the martyrdom of) Aly is at the ruins of *Kûfa*, they are Moslems of the Persian sect in religion.

These ungracious schismatics are tolerated and misliked in Ibn Rashîd's town, howbeit they are formal worshippers with the people in the common mesjid. They are much hated by the fanatical Beduins, so I have heard them say, "Nothing, billah, is more néjis than the accursed Meshâhada." Men of the civil North, they have itching ears for political tidings, and when they saw the Engleysy pass, some of them have called me into their shops to enquire news of the war,—as if dwelling this great while in the deserts I had any new thing to relate!—for of the Turkish Sûltân's "victories" they believed nothing! The (Beduin-like) princes in Hâyil have learned some things of them of the States of the world, and Hamûd said to me very soberly: "What is your opinion, may the Dowlat of the Sûltân continue much longer?"—"*Ullah Âlem* (God knoweth)."—"Ay! ay! but tell us, what is that your countrymen think?"—"The Sûltân is become very weak."—Hamûd was not sorry (they love not the Turk), and he asked me if I had been in el-Hind;—the Prince every year sends his sale-horses thither, and the Indian government they hear to be of the Engleys. Hamûd had a lettered man in his household, Mâjid's tutor, one formed by nature to liberal studies. The tutor asked me tidings of the several Nasâra nations whose names he had heard, and more especially of Fransa and Brûssia, and *el-Nemsa*, that is the Austrian empire. "All this, I said, you might read excellently set out in a book I have of geography, written in Arabic by one of us long resident in es-Sham, it is in my chamber."

—"Go Khalîl, and bring it to me," said Hamûd, and he sent one of his service to light before me, with a flaming palm-branch.

"How! (said Hamûd, when we came again,) your people learn Arabic!" I opened my volume at the chapter, *Peninsula of the Aarab.* Hamûd himself turned the leaves, and found the sweet verses, "Oh! hail to thee, beloved Nejd, the whole world to me is not as the air of Nejd, the Lord prosper Nejd;" and with a smile of happiness and half a sigh, the patriot, a kassâd himself, gave up the book to his man of letters, and added, wondering, "How is this?—are the Nasâra then *ahl athâb,* polite nations! and is there any such beautiful speaking used amongst them? heigh!—Khalîl, are there many who speak thus?" For all this the work was unwelcome among them, being written by one without the saving religion! I showed the lettered man the place where Hâyil is mentioned, which he read aloud, and as he closed the book I said I would lend it him, which was (coldly) accepted. I put also in their hands the Psalter in Arabic of "Daûd Father of Sleymân," names which they hear with a certain reverence, but whose *kitâb* they had never seen. Even this might not please them! as coming from the Nasâra, those 'corruptors of the scriptures'; and doubtless the title savoured to them of 'idolatry',—*el-Mizamîr* (as it were songs to the pipe); and they would not read.

"Khalîl, said Hamûd, this is the Seyyid Mahmûd, and he is pleased to hear about medicines; visit him in his house, and he will set before thee a water-pipe,"—it is a keyif of foreigners and not used in Nejd. Hamûd told me another time he had never known any one of the tradesmen in Hâyil whose principal was above a thousand reals; only the Seyyid Mahmûd and other two or three wholesale merchants in the town, he said, might have a little more. Of the foreign traders, besides those of Méshed, was one of Bagdad, and of Medina one other;—from Egypt and Syria no man. Hamûd bade me view the Emir's cannon when I passed by to the Mothîf:—I found them, then, to be five or six small ruinous field-pieces, and upon two were old German inscriptions. Such artillery could be of little service in the best hands; yet their shot might break the clay walling of Nejd towns. The Shammar princes had them formerly from the Gulf, yet few persons remembered when they had been used in the Prince's warfare, save that one cannon was drawn out in the late expedition with Boreyda against Aneyza; but the Emir's servants could not handle it. Two shots and no more were fired against the town; the first flew sky-high, and the second shot drove with an hideous dint before their feet into the desert soil.

—To speak now of the public day at Hâyil: it is near two hours after sunrise, when the Emir comes forth publicly to the Méshab to hold his morning mejlis, which is like the mejlis of the nomads. The great sheykh sits openly with the sheukh before the people; the Prince's mejlis is likewise the public tribunal, he sitting as president and judge amongst them. A bench of clay is made all along under the Kasr wall of the Méshab, in face of the mesjid, to the tower-gate; in the midst, raised as much as a degree and in the same clay-work (whereupon in their austere simplicity no carpet is spread), is the high settle of the Emir, with a single step beneath, upon which sits his clerk or secretary Nasr, at the Prince's feet. Hamûd's seat (such another clay settle and step, but a little lower) is that made nigh the castle door. A like ranging bank and high settle are seen under the opposite mesjid walls, where the sheukh sit in the afternoon shadow, holding the second mejlis, at el-assr. Upon the side, in face of the Emir, sits always the kâdy, or man of the religious law; of which sort there is more than one at Hâyil, who in any difficult process may record to the Emir the words, and expound the sense, of the koran scripture. At either side of the Prince sit sheykhly men, and court companions; the Prince's slaves stand before them; at the sides of the sheukh, upon the long clay bank, sit the chiefs of the public service and their companies; and mingled with them all, beginning from the next highest place after the Prince, there sit any visiting Beduins after their dignities. —You see men sitting as the bent of a bow before all this mejlis, in the dust of the Méshab, the *rajajîl*, leaning upon their swords and scabbards, commonly to the number of one hundred and fifty; they are the men-at-arms, executors of the terrible Emir, and riders in his ghrazzus; they sit here (before the tyrant) in the place of the people in the nomads' mejlis. The mejlis at Hâyil is thus a daily muster of this mixed body of swordsmen, many of whom in other hours of the day are civilly occupied in the town. Into that armed circuit suitors enter with the accused and suppliants, and in a word all who have any question (not of state), or appear to answer in public audience before the Emir; and he hears their causes, to every one shortly defining justice: and what judgments issue from the Prince's mouth are instantly executed. In the month of my being at Hâyil might be daily numbered sitting at the mejlis with the Emir about four hundred persons.

The Emir is thus brought nigh to the people, and he is acquainted with the most of their affairs. Mohammed's judgment and popular wisdom is the better, that he has some-

time himself tasted of adversity. He is a judge with an indulgent equity, like a sheykh in the Beduin commonwealths, and just, with a crude severity: I have never heard anyone speak against the Emir's true administration of justice. When I asked, if there were no handling of bribes at Hâyil, by those who are nigh the Prince's ear, it was answered, "Nay." The Byzantine corruption cannot enter into the eternal and noble simplicity of this people's (airy) life, in the poor nomad country; but (we have seen) the art is not unknown to the subtle-headed Shammar princes, who thereby help themselves with the neighbour Turkish governments. Some also of Ibn Rashîd's Aarab, tribesmen of the Medina dîras, have seen the evil custom: a tale was told me of one of them who brought a bribe to advance his cause at Hâyil; and when his matter was about to be examined he privily put ten reals into the kâdy's hand. But the kâdy rising, with his stick laid load upon the guilty Beduin's shoulders until he was weary, and then he led him over to the Prince, sitting in his stall, who gave him many more blows himself, and commanded his slaves to beat him. The mejlis is seldom sitting above twenty minutes, and commonly there is little to hear, so that the Prince being unwell for some days (his ordinary suffering of headache and bile), I have seen it intermitted;—and after that the causes of seven days were despatched in a morning's sitting! The mejlis rising and dispersing, as the Prince is up, they say *Thâr el-Emir*;—and then, what for the fluttering of hundreds of gay cotton kerchiefs in the Méshab, we seem to see a fall of butterflies. The town Arabians go clean and honourably clad; but the Beduins are ragged and even naked in their wandering villages.

The Emir walks commonly from the mejlis, with his companions of the chamber, to a house of his at the upper end of the Méshab, where they drink coffee, and sit awhile: and from thence he goes with a small attendance of his rajajîl to visit the stud; there are thirty of the Prince's mares in the town, tethered in a ground next the clay castle, and nearly in face of the Kahwat Abeyd. After this the Emir dismisses his men, saying to them, "Ye may go, *eyyâl*," and re-enters the Kasr; or sometimes with Hamûd and his chamber-friends he walks abroad to breathe the air, it may be to his summer residence by the mâ es-Sáma, or to Abeyd's plantation: or he makes but a passage through the sûk to visit someone in the town, as Ghrânim the smith, to see how his orders are executed;—and so he returned to the castle, when if he have any business with Beduins, or men from his villages,

and messengers awaiting him, they will be admitted to his presence. It is a busy pensive life to be the ruler at Hâyil, and his witty head was always full of the perplexity of this world's affairs. Theirs is a very subtle Asiatic policy. In it is not the clement fallacy of the (Christian) Occident, to build so much as a rush upon the natural goodness (fondly imagined to be) in any man's breast; for it is certain they do account most basely of all men, and esteem without remorse every human spirit to be a dunghill solitude by itself. Their (feline) prudence is for the time rather than seeing very far off, and always savours of the impotent suddenness of the Arab impatience. He rules as the hawk among buzzards, with eyes and claws in a land of ravin, yet in general not cruelly, for that would weaken him. An Arab stays not in long questioning, tedious knots are in peril to be resolved by the sword. Sometimes the Prince Ibn Rashîd rides to take the air on horseback, upon a white mare, and undergrown, as are the Nejd horses in their own country, nor very fairly shaped. I was sitting one after-sunset upon the clay benching at the castle-gate when the Prince himself arrived, riding alone: I stood up to salute the Emir and his horse startled, seeing in the dusk my large white kerchief. Mohammed rode with stirrups, he urged his mare once, but she not obeying, the witty Arab ceded to his unreasonable beast; and lightly dismounting the Emir led in and delivered her to the first-coming hand of his castle service.

Beduin companies arrived every day for their affairs with the Prince, and to every such company or *rubba* is allotted a makhzan, and they are public guests (commonly till the third day) in the town. Besides the tribesmen his tributaries, I have seen at Hâyil many foreign Beduins as *Thuffîr* and *Meteyr*, that were friendly Aarab without his confederacy and dominion, yet from whom Ibn Rashîd is wont to receive some yearly presents. Moreover there arrived tribesmen of the free Northern Annezy, and of Northern Shammar, and certain migrated Kahtân now wandering in el-Kasîm.

An hour before the morning's mejlis the common business of the day is begun in the oasis. The inhabitants are husbandmen, tradesmen (mostly strangers) in the sûk, the *rajajîl es-sheukh*, and the not many household slaves. When the sun is risen, the husbandmen go out to labour. In an hour the sûk is opened: the *dellâls*, running brokers of all that is put to sale, new or old, whether clothing or arms, cry up and down the

street, and spread their wares to all whom they meet, and entering the shops as they go by, with this illiberal noise, they sell to the highest bidders; and thus upon an early day I sold my nâga the Khuèyra. I measured their sûk, which is between the Méshab and the inner gate towards Gofar, two hundred paces; upon both sides are the shops, small ware-rooms built backward, into which the light enters by the doorway,—they are in number about one hundred and thirty, all held and hired of the Emir. The butchers' market was in a court next without the upper gate of the sûk: there excellent mutton was hastily sold for an hour after sunrise, at less than two-pence a pound, and a small leg cost sixpence, in a time when nine shillings was paid for a live sheep at Hâyil, and for a goat hardly six shillings. So I have seen Beduins turn back with their small cattle, rather than sell them here at so low prices:—they would drive them down then, nearly three hundred miles more, to market at Medina! where the present value of sheep they heard to be as much again as in the Jebel. The butchers' trade, though all the nomads are slaughterers, is not of persons of liberal condition in the townships of Nejd.

Mufarrij towards evening walks again in the Méshab: he comes forth at the castle gate, or sends a servant of the kitchen, as often as the courses of guests rise, to call in other Beduin rubbas to the public supper, which is but a lean dish of boiled temmn seconds and barley, anointed with a very little samn. Mufarrij bids them in his comely-wise, with due discretion and observance of their sheykhly or common condition, of their being here more or less welcome to the Emir, and the alliance or enmities of tribesmen. Also I, the Nasrâny, was daily called to supper in the gallery; and this for two reasons I accepted, —I was infirm, so that the labour had been grievous to me if I must cook anything for myself, and I had not fuel, and where there was no chimney, I should have been suffocated in my makhzan by the smoke; also whilst I ate bread and salt in the Mothîf I was, I thought, in less danger of any sudden tyranny of the Emir; but the Mothîf breakfast I forsook, since I might have the best dates in the market for a little money. If I had been able to dispend freely, I had sojourned more agreeably at Hâyil; it was now a year since my coming to Arabia, and there remained but little in my purse to be husbanded for the greatest necessities.

In the Jebel villages the guest is bidden with: *summ!* or the like is said when the meat is put before him. This may be rather *'smm* for *ism*, in *b' ismi 'llah* or bismillah, "in God's name." But when first I heard this summ! as a boy of the

Mothîf set down the dish of temmn before me, I thought he had said (in malice) *simm*, which is 'poison'; and the child was not less amazed, when with the suddenness of the Arabs, I prayed Ullah to curse his parentage:—in this uncertainty whether he had said poison, I supped of their mess; for if they would so deal with me, I thought I might not escape them. From supping, the Beduins resort in their rubbas to the public kahwa: after the guests' supper, the rajajîl are served in like manner by messes, in the court of the Mothîf; there they eat also at noon their lean collation of the date-tribute, in like manner as the public guests. The scrry dates and corn of the public kitchen have been received on account of the government-tax of the Emir, from his several hamlets and villages; the best of all is reserved for the households of the sheykhly families. As the public supper is ended, you may see many poor women, and some children, waiting to enter, with their bowls, at the gate of the Kasr. These are they to whom the Emir has granted an evening ration, of that which is left, for themselves, and for other wretched persons. There were daily served in the Mothîf to the guests, and the rajajîl, 180 messes of barley-bread and temmn of second quality, each might be three and a quarter pints; there was a certain allowance of samn. This samn for the public hospitality is taken from the Emir's Beduins, so much from every beyt, to be paid at an old rate, that is only sometimes seen in the spring, two shillings for three pints, which cost now in Hâyil a real. A camel or smaller beast is killed, and a little flesh meat is served to the first-called guests, once in eight or ten days. When the Prince is absent, there come no Beduins to Hâyil, and then (I have seen) there are no guests. So I have computed may be disbursed for the yearly expenses of the Prince's guest-house, about £1500 sterling.

— Now in the public kahwa the evening coffee is made and served round. As often as I sat with them, the mixed rubbas of Beduins observed towards me the tolerant behaviour which is used in their tents;—and here were we not all guests together of the Emir? The princely coffee-hall is open, soon after the dawn prayers, to these bibbers of the morning cup; the door is shut again, when all are gone forth about the time of the first mejlis. It is opened afresh, and coffee is served again after vespers. To every guest the cup is filled twice and a third is offered, when, if he would not drink, a Beduwy of the Nejd tribes will say shortly, with the desert courtesy, *Káramak Ullah*, 'the Lord requite thee.' The door of the kahwa is shut for the night as the coffee-drivelling Beduw are gone forth to the last prayers

in the mesjid. After that time, the rude two-leaved gates of this (the Prince's) quarter and the market street are shut,—not to be opened again 'for prayer nor for hire' till the morrow's light; and Beduins arriving late must lodge without:—but the rest of Hâyil lies open, which is all that built towards Gofar, and the mountain Ajja.

The Emir Mohammed rode out one half-afternoon, with the companions of his chamber and attendance, to visit *ed-dubbush,* his live wealth in the desert. The Nejd prince is a very rich cattle-master, so that if you will believe them he possesses "forty thousand" camels. His stud is of good Nejd blood, and as *Aly el-Aŷid* told me, (an honest man, and my neighbour, who was beforetime in the stud service,—he had conducted horses for the former Emirs, to the Pashas of Egypt,) some three hundred mares, and an hundred horses, with many foals and fillies. After others' telling Ibn Rashîd has four hundred free and bond soldiery, two hundred mares of the blood, one hundred horses: they are herded apart in the deserts; and he has "an hundred bond-servants" (living with their families in booths of hair-cloth, as the nomads), to keep them Another told me the Emir's stud is divided in troops of fifty or sixty, all mares or all horses together; the foals and fillies after the weaning are herded likewise by themselves. The horse-troops are dispersed in the wilderness, now here, now there, near or far off,—according to the yearly springing of the wild herbage. The Emir's horses are grazed in nomad wise; the fore-feet hop-shackled, they are dismissed to range from the morning. Barley or other grain they taste not: they are led home to the booths, and tethered at evening, and drink the night's milk of the she-camels, their foster mothers.—So that it may seem the West Nejd Prince possesses horses and camels to the value of about a quarter of a million of pounds sterling; and that has been gotten in two generations of the spoil of the poor Beduw. He has besides great private riches laid up in metal; but his public taxes are carried into the government treasury, *beyt el-mâl,* and bestowed in sacks and in pits. He possesses much in land, and not only in Hâyil, but he has great plantations also at Jauf, and in some other conquered oases.—I saw Mohammed mount, at the castle gate, upon a tall dromedary, bravely caparisoned. In the few days of this his peaceable sojourn in the khâla, the Prince is lodged with his company in booths like the Beduins. He left Hamûd in Hâyil, to hold the now small daily mejlis;—the son of Abeyd sits not then in the Prince's settle, but in his own lower seat by the tower.

Hamûd sent for me in his afternoon leisure; "Mohammed is

gone, he said, and we remain to become friends." He showed me now his cheap Gulf watches, of which he wore two upon his breast, and so does his son Mâjid who has a curious mind in such newels,—it was said he could clean watches! and that Hamûd possessed not so few as an hundred, and the Emir many more than he. Hamûd asked me, if these were not "Engleys", he would say 'of the best Nasâra work'. He was greedy to understand of me if I brought not many gay things in my deep saddle-bags of the fine workmanship of the Nasâra: he would give for them, he promised me with a barbarous emphasis, FELÛS! 'silver scales' or money, which the miserable Arab people believe that all men do cherish as the blood of their own lives. I found Hamûd lying along as the nomads, idle and yawning, in the plantation of Abeyd's kahwa, which, as said, extends behind the makhzans to his family house in the town (that is not indeed one of the best). In this palm-ground he has many gazelles, which feed of vetches daily littered down to them, but they were shy of man's approach: there I saw also a bédan-buck. This robust wild goat of the mountain would follow a man and even pursue him, and come without fear into the kahwa. The beast is of greater bulk and strength than any he-goat, with thick short hair; his colour purple-ruddy; or nearly as that blushing before the sunset of dark mountains.

This is a palm-ground of Abeyd, planted in the best manner. The stems in the harsh and lean soil of Hâyil, are set in rows, very wide asunder. I spoke with Aly, that half-good fanatical neighbour of mine, one who at my first coming had felt in my girdle for gold, he was of Môgug, but now overseer at Hâyil of the Prince's husbandry. This palm foster answered, that 'in such earth (granite grit) where the palms have more room they bear the better; the (fivefold) manner which I showed him of setting trees could not avail them.' Hamûd's large well in this ground was of fifteen fathoms, sunk in that hard gritty earth; the upright sides, baked in the sun, stand fast without inner building or framework. The pit had been dug by the labour of fifteen journeymen, each receiving three or four piastres, in twenty days, this is a cost of some £10. Three of the best she-camels drew upon the wheels, every one was worth thirty-five reals. The price of camels in Arabia had been nearly doubled of late years after the great draughts for Egypt, the Abyssinian wars, and for Syria. It surprised me to hear a Beduwy talk in this manner,—"And billah a cause is the lessened value of money"! If rainless years follow rainless years, there comes in the end a murrain. It was not many years since such a season, when a camel was sold for a crown by the nomads, and languishing

thelûls, before worth sixty in their health, for two or three reals, (that was to the villagers in Kasîm,) sooner than the beasts remaining upon their hands should perish in the khâla.

Mâjid, the elder of Hamûd's children, was a boy of fifteen years, small for his age, of a feminine beauty, the son (the Emirs also match with the nomads) of a Beduin woman. There accompanied him always a dissolute young man, one Aly, who had four wives and was attached to Hamûd's service. This lovely pair continually invaded me in my beyt, with the infantile curiosity of Arabs, intent to lay their knavish fingers upon any foreign thing of the Nasâra,—and such they hoped to find in my much baggage; and lighting upon aught Mâjid and his villanous fellow Aly had it away perforce.—When I considered that they might thus come upon my pistol and instruments, I wrested the things from their iniquitous fingers, and reminded them of the honest example of the nomads, whom they despise. Mâjid answered me with a childish wantonness: "But thou, Khalîl, art in our power, and the Emir can cut off thy head at his pleasure!" One day as I heard them at the door, I cast the coverlet over my loose things, and sat upon it, but nothing could be hidden from their impudence, with *bethr-ak! bethr-ak!* "by thy leave;"—it happened that they found me sitting upon the koran. "Ha! said they now with fanatical bitterness, he is sitting upon the koran!"—this tale was presently carried in Mâjid's mouth to the castle; and the elf Mâjid returned to tell me that the Emir had been much displeased.

Mâjid showed himself to be of an affectionate temper, with the easy fortunate disposition of his father, and often childishly exulting, but in his nature too self-loving and tyrannical. He would strike at the poorer children with his stick as he passed by them in the street, and cry "Ullah curse thy father!" they not daring to resent the injury or resist him,—the best of the *eyyâl es-sheuhk;* for thus are called the children of the princely house. For his age he was corrupt of heart and covetous; but they are all brought up by slaves! If he ever come to be the Prince, I muse it will be an evil day for Hâyil, except, with good mind enough to amend, he grow up to a more humane understanding. Mâjid, full of facility and the felicity of the Arabs, with a persuading smile, affected to treat me always according to his father's benevolence, naming me 'his dear friend'; and yet he felt that I had a cold insight to his ambitious meaning. So much of the peddling Semite was in him, that he played huckster and bargained for my nâga at the lowest price, imagining to have the double for her (when she would be a milch cow

with the calf) in the coming spring: this I readily yielded, but 'nay, said then the young princeling, except I would give him her harness too,' (which was worth a third more).—I have many times mused what could be their estimation of honour! They think they do that well enough in the world which succeeds to them; human deeds imitating our dream of the divine ways are beautiful words of their poets, and otherwise unknown to these Orientals.

As I walked through their clean and well-built clay town I thought it were pleasant to live here,—save for the awe of the Ruler and their lives disquieted to ride in the yearly forays of the Emir: yet what discomfort to our eyes is that squalor of the desert soil which lies about them! Hâyil for the unlikelihood of the site is town rather than oasis, or it is, as it were, an oasis made *ghrósb*, perforce. The circuit, for their plantations are not very wide, may be nearly an hour; the town lies as far distant from the Ajja cliffs (there named *el-M'níf*). Their town, fenced from the wholesome northern air by the bergs *Sumrá Háyil*, is very breathless in the long summer months. The Sumrâ, of plutonic basalt, poured forth (it may be seen in face of the Méshed gate) upon the half-burned grey-red granite of Ajja, is two members which stand a little beyond the town, in a half moon, and the seyl bed of Hâyil, which comes they say from Gofar, passes out between them. That upon the west is lower; the eastern part rises to a height of five hundred feet, upon the crest are cairns; and there was formerly the look-out station, when Hâyil was weaker.

The higher Samrâ, *Umm Arkab*, is steep, and I hired one morning an ass, *jáhash*, for eightpence to ride thither. The thick strewed stones upon this berg, are of the same rusty black basalt which they call *hurrí* or *hurra*, heavy and hard as iron, and ringing like bell-metal. Samrâ in the nomadic speech of Nejd is any rusty black berg of hard stone in the desert; and in the great plutonic country from hence to Mecca the samrâs are always basalt. The same, when any bushes grow upon it, is called *házm*, and házm is such a vulcanic hill upon the Harras. I saw from the cairns that Hâyil is placed at the midst in a long plain, which is named *Sáhilat el-Khammashíeh*, and lies between the M'nîf of Ajja (which may rise in the highest above the plain to 1500 feet), and that low broken hilly train, by which the Sâhilat is bounded along, two leagues eastward, toward Selma, *J. Fittij*; and under us north-eastward from Hâyil is seen *el-Khreyma*, a great possession of young palms,—the Emir's; and there are springs, they say, which water them!

Some young men labouring in the fields had seen the Nasrâny ascending, and they mounted after us. In the desert below, they said, is hidden much treasure, if a man had wit to find it, and they filled my ears with their "*Jebel Tommîeh!*" renowned, "for the riches which lie there buried," in all Nejd; —Tommîeh in the Wady er-Rummah, south of the *Abanát* twin mountains. After this, one among them who was lettered, sat down and wrote for me the landmarks, that we saw in that empty wilderness about us. Upon a height to the northward they showed me *Kabr es-Sâny*, 'the smith's grave,' laid out to a length of three fathoms: "Of such stature was the man; he lived in time of the Beny Helâl: pursued by the enemies' horsemen, he ran before them with his little son upon his shoulder, and fell there." All this plain upon the north is *G(k)isan M'jelly*, to the mountain peaks, *Tuâl Aly*, at the borders of the Nefûd, and to the solitary small mountain *Jildîyyah*, which being less than a journey from Hâyil, is often named for an assembling place of the Emir's ghrazzus. There is a village northward of Hâyil two miles beyond the Sumrâ, *S'weyfly*; and before S'weyfly is seen a ruined village and rude palm planting and corn grounds, *Kasr Arbŷiyyah.* Arbŷiyyah and S'weyfly are old Hâyil; this is to say the ancient town was built, in much better soil and site, upon the north side of the Sumrâ. Then he showed me with his hand under the M'nîf of Ajja the place of the *Ría Ag(k)da*, which is a gap or strait of the mountain giving upon a deep plain-bosom in the midst of Ajja, and large so that it might, after their speaking, contain *rúba ed-dínya*, "a fourth part of their (thinly) inhabited world." There are palms in a compass of mighty rocks; it is a mountain-bay which looks eastward, very hot in summer. The narrow inlet is shut by gates, and Abeyd had fortified the passage with a piece of cannon. The Riâ Agda is accounted a sure refuge for the people of Hâyil, with all their goods, as Abeyd had destined, in the case of any military expedition of the Dowla, against "the JEBEL," of which they have sometimes been in dread. Northward beyond el-M'nîf the Ajja coast is named *el-Aueyrith*

I came down in the young men's company, and they invited me to their noonday breakfast of dates which was brought out to them in the fields. Near by I found a street of tottering walls and ruinous clay houses, and the ground-wall of an ancient massy building in clay-brick, which is no more used at Hâyil. The foundation of this settlement by Shammar is from an high antiquity; some of them say "the place was named at first, *Hâyer*, for the plentiful (veins of ground-) water", yet

Hâyil is found written in the ancient poem of Antar [Ptolemy has here 'Αῤῥη κώμη.—v. Sprenger in *Die alte Geogr. Arabiens.*] The town is removed from beyond the Sumrâ, the cause was, they say, the failing little and little of their ground-water. Hâyil, in the last generation, before the beginning of the government of Ibn Rashîd, was an oasis half as great as Gofar, which is a better site by nature; yet Hâyil, Abdullah Ibn Rashîd's town, when he became *Muhafûth*, or constable under the Wahâby for West Nejd, was always the capital. To-day the neighbour towns are almost equal, and in Hâyil I have estimated to be 3000 souls; the people of Gofar, who are Beny Temîm, and nearly all husbandmen, do yet, they say, a little exceed them. In returning home towards the northern gate, I visited a ruined suburb *Wâsit* "middle" (building), which by the seyl and her fields only is divided from Hâyil town. There were few years ago in the street, now ruins, "forty kahwas," that is forty welfaring households receiving their friends daily to coffee.

Wâsit to-day is ruins without inhabitant; her people (as those in the ruined quarter of Gofar and in ruined Môgug) died seven years before in the plague, *wâba.* I saw their earthen house-walls unroofed and now ready to fall, for the timbers had been taken away: the fields and the wells lay abandoned. The owners and heirs of the soil had so long left the waterer's labour that the palm-trees were dead and sere· few palms yet showed in their rusty crowns any languishing greenness. Before I left Hâyil I saw those lifeless stems cut down, and the earth laid out anew in seed-plots. There died in Wâsit three hundred persons; in Hâyil, 'one or two perished in every household (that were seven hundred or eight hundred); but now, the Lord be praised, the children were sprung up and nearly filled their rooms.' Of the well-dieted princely and sheykhly families there died no man! Beduins that visited Hayil in time of the pestilence perished sooner than townsfolk; yet the contagion was lighter in the desert and never prevailed in their menzils as a mortal sickness. The disease seized upon the head and bowels; some died the same day, some lingered awhile longer Signs in the plague-struck were a black spot which appeared upon the nose, and a discolouring of the nails; the sufferings were nearly those of cholera. After the pest a malignant fever afflicted the country two years, when the feeble survivors loading the dead upon asses (for they had no more strength to carry out piously themselves) were weary to bury. A townsman who brought down, at that time, some quinine from the north, had dispensed

'ten or twelve grains to the sick at five reals; and taken after a purging dose of magnesia, he told me, it commonly relieved them.' This great death fell in the short time of *Bunder's* playing the Prince in Hâyil, and little before the beginning of Mohammed's government, which is a reign they think of prosperity "such as was not seen before, and in which there has happened no public calamity." Now first the lordship of Shammar is fully ripe: after such soon-ripeness we may look for rottenness, as men succeed of less endowments to administer that which was acquired of late by warlike violence, or when this tide of the world shall be returning from them.

After Wâsit, in a waste, which lies between the town walls and the low crags of the Sumrâ, is the wide grave-yard of Hâyil. Poor and rich whose world is ended, lie there alike indigently together in the desert earth which once fostered them, and unless it be for the sites here and there, we see small or no difference of burial. Telâl and Abeyd were laid among them. The first grave is a little heap whose rude headstone is a wild block from the basalt hill, and the last is like it, and such is every grave; you shall hardly see a scratched epitaph, where so much is written as the name which was a name. In the border Semitic countries is a long superstition of the grave; here is but the simple nomad guise, without other last loving care or adornment. At a side in the mákbara is the grave-heap of Abeyd, a man of so much might and glory in his days: now these are but a long remembrance; he lies a yard under the squalid gravel in his shirt, and upon his stone is rudely scored, with a nail, this only word, *Abeyd bin-Rashîd*. When I questioned Mâjid, 'And did his grandsire, the old man Abeyd, lie now so simply in the earth?' my words sounded coldly and strange in his ears; since in this land of dearth, where no piece of money is laid out upon thing not to their lives' need, they are nearly of the Wife of Bath's opinion, "it were but waste to bury him preciously,"—whom otherwise they follow in her luxury. When one is dead, they say, *khálas!* "he is ended," and they wisely dismiss this last sorrowful case of all men's days without extreme mourning.

Between the mákbara and the town gate is seen a small menzil of resident nomads. They are pensioners of the palace, and notwithstanding their appearance of misery some of them are of kin to the princely house. Their Beduin booths are fenced from the backward with earthen walling, and certain of them have a chamber (kasr) roofed with a tent-cloth, or low

tower of the same clay building. They are Shammar, whose few cattle are with their tribesfolk in the wilderness; in the spring months they also remove thither, and refresh themselves in the short season of milk. As I went by, a woman called me from a ragged booth, the widest among them; 'had I a medicine for her sore eyes?' She told me in her talk that her sister had been a wife of Metaab, and she was "aunt" of Mohammed now Emir. Her sons fled in the troubled times and lived yet in the northern dîras. When she named the Emir she spoke in a whisper, looking always towards the Kasr, as if she dreaded the wings of the air might carry her word into the Prince's hearing. Her grown daughter stood by us, braying temmn in a great wooden mortar, and I wondered to see her unveiled; perhaps she was not married, and Moslems have no jealous opinion of a Nasrâny. The comely maiden's cheeks glowed at her labour; such little flesh colour I had not seen before in a nomad woman, so lean and bloodless they all are, but she was a stalwart one bred in the plenteous northern dîras. I counted their tents, thirty; nearer the Gofar gate were other fifteen booths of half-resident Shammar, pitched without clay building.

CHAPTER XIV

IBN RASHÎD'S TOWN

(*Doughty describes the great Kasr and the public guest-chambers. Hamûd sends his sick infant son to him, to cure ; and talks much with the Nasrâny*)

* * * A week passed and then the Emir Mohammed came again from the wilderness : the next afternoon he called for me after the mejlis. His usher found me slumbering in my makhzan. Worn and broken in this long year of famine and fatigues, I was fallen into a great languor. The Prince's man roused me with haste and violence in their vernile manner : "Stand up thou and come off ; the Emir calls thee ;" and because I stayed to take the kerchief and mantle, even this, when we entered the audience, was laid against me, the slave saying to the Emir that 'Khalîl had not been willing to follow him'!

Mohammed had gone over from the mejlis with the rajajîl to Abeyd's kahwa. The Emir sat now in Hamûd's place, and Hamûd where Sleymân daily sat. The light scimitar, with golden hilt, that Mohammed carries loose in his hand, was leaned up to the wall beside him ; the blade is said to be of some extremely fine temper. He sat as an Arabian, in his loose cotton tunic, mantle and kerchief, with naked shanks and feet, his sandals, which he had put off at the carpet, were set out before him. I saluted the Emir, *Salaam aleyk.*—No answer : then I greeted Hamûd and Sleymân, now of friendly acquaintance, in the same words, and with *aleykom es-salaam* they hailed me smiling comfortably again. One showed me to a place where I should sit down before the Emir, who said shortly "From whence ?"—"From my makhzan."—'And what found I there to do all the day, ha ! and what had I seen in the time of my being at Hâyil, was it well ?' When the Prince said, "Khalîl !" I should have responded in their manner *Aunak* or *Labbeyk* or *Tawîl el-Ummr*, "O Long-of-age ! and what is

thy sweet will ?" but feeling as an European among these light-tongued Asiatics, and full of mortal weariness, I kept silence. So the Emir, who had not responded to my salutation, turned abruptly to ask Hamûd and Sleymàn: *Mâ yarúdd?* 'how! he returns not one's word who speaks with him?' Hamûd responded kindly for me, 'He could not tell, it might be Khalîl is tired.' I answered after the pause, "I am lately arrived in this place, but *aghrûty*, I suppose it is very well." The Emir opened his great feminine Arab eyes upon me as if he wondered at the not flattering plainness of my speech; and he said suddenly, with an emphasis, before the company, "Ay, I think so indeed, it is very well!—and what think you Khalîl, it is a good air?"—"I think so, but the flies are very thick."—"Hmm, the flies are very thick! and went you in the pilgrimage to the Holy City (Jerusalem)?"—"Twice or thrice, and to *J. Tôr*, where is the mountain of our Lord Mûsa."—Some among them said to the Emir, "We have heard that monks of the Nasâra dwell there, their habitation is built like a castle in the midst of the khála, and the entry is by a window upon the wall; and who would come in there must be drawn up by a wheelwork and ropes." The Emir asked, "And have they riches?"—"They have a revenue of alms." The Emir rose, and taking his sandals, all the people stood up with him,—he beckoned them to be seated still, and went out to the plantation. In the time of his absence there was silence in all the company; when he returned he sat down again without ceremony. The Prince, who would discern my mind in my answers, asked me, "Were dates good or else bad?" and I answered "*battâl, battâl*, very bad."—"Bread is better? and what in your tongue is bread?" he repeated to himself the name which he had heard in Turkish, and he knew it in the Persian; Mohammed, formerly conductor of the pilgrimage, can also speak in that language.

The Emir spoke to me with the light impatient gestures of Arabs not too well pleased, and who play the first parts,—a sudden shooting of the brows, and that shallow extending of the head from the neck, which are of the bird-like inhabitants of nomadic Nejd, and whilst at their every inept word's end they expect thy answer. The Emir was favourably minded toward me, but the company of malignant young fanatics always about him, continually traduced the Nasrâny. Mohammed now Prince was as much better than they, as he was of an higher understanding. When to some new question of the Emir I confirmed my answer in the Beduin wise, By his life, *hayâtak*, he said to Hamûd, "Seest thou? Khalîl has learned

to speak (Arabic) among the Annezy, he says *aghrûty*."—"And what might I say, O el-Muhafûth? I speak as I heard it of the Beduw." The Prince would not that I should question him of grammar, but hearing me name him so justly by his title, Warden (which is nearly that in our history of Protector), he said mildly, "Well, swear By the life of Ullah!" (The other, since they are become so clear-sighted with the Wahâby, is an oath savouring of idolatry.) I answered somewhat out of the Prince's season, "—and thus even the nomads use, in a greater occasion, but they say, *By the life of thee*, in a little matter." As the Prince could not draw from me any smooth words of courtiers, Hamûd and Sleymàn hastened, with their fair speech, to help forth the matter and excuse me. "Certainly, they said, Khalîl is not very well to-day, eigh, the poor man! he looks sick indeed!"—And I passed the most daylight hours, stretched weakly upon the unswept floor of my makhzan, when the malignants told the Emir I was writing up his béled; so there ofttimes came in spies from the Castle, who opened upon me suddenly, to see in what manner the Nasrâny were busied.—*Emir:* "And thy medicines are what? hast thou *tiryâk* [thus our fathers said treacle, θηριακ-, the antidote of therine poisons]. In an extreme faintness, I was now almost falling into a slumber, and my attention beginning to waver I could but say,—"What is tiryâk?—I remember; but I have it not, by God there is no such thing." *Sleymàn:* "Khalîl has plenty of salts Engleys (magnesia)—hast thou not, Khalîl?" At this dull sally, and the Arabian Emir being so much in thought of poison, I could not forbear to smile,—an offence before rulers. Sleymàn then beginning to call me to give account in that presence of the New Continent,—he would I should say, if we had not dates there; but the "Long-of-Days" rose abruptly, and haughtily,—so rose all the rest with him, and they departed.

A word now of the princely family and of the state of J. Shammar: and first of the tragedies in the house of Ibn Rashîd. Telâl returning from er-Riâth (whither he was accustomed, as holding of the Wahâby, to go every year with a present of horses) fell sick, *musky*, poisoned, it was said, in his cup, in East Nejd. His health decayed, and the Prince fell into a sort of melancholy frenzy. Telâl sent to Bagdad for a certain Persian hakîm. The hakîm journeyed down to Hâyil, and when he had visited the Prince, he gave his judgment unadvisedly: "This sickness is not unto death, it is rather a long disease which must waste thy understanding."—Telâl answered, "Aha, shall I

be a fool?—wellah *mejnûn! wa ana el*-Hâkim, and I being the Ruler?" And because his high heart might not longer endure to live in the common pity; one day when he had shut himself in his chamber, he set his pistols against his manly breast, and fired them and ended. So Metaab, his brother, became Emir at Hâyil, as the elder of the princely house inheriting Abdullah their father's dignity: Telâl's children were (legally) passed by, of whom the eldest, Bunder, afterwards by his murderous deed Emir, was then a young man of seventeen years. Metaab I have often heard praised as a man of mild demeanour, and not common understanding; he was princely and popular at once, as the most of his house, politic, such as the great sheukh el-Aarab, and a fortunate governor. Metaab sat not fully two years,—always in the ambitious misliking of his nephew Bunder, a raw and strong-headed young man. Bunder, conspiring with his next brother, Bedr, against their uncle, the ungracious young men determined to kill him.

They knew that their uncle wore upon his arm "an amulet which assured his life from lead", therefore the young parricides found means to cast a silver bullet. Metaab sat in his fatal hour with his friends and the men-at-arms before him in the afternoon mejlis, which is held, as said, upon the further side of the Méshab, twenty-five paces over in face of the Kasr.—Bunder and Bedr were secretly gone up from the apartments within to the head of the castle wall, where is a terrace and parapet. Bunder pointing down his matchlock through a small trap in the wall, fired first; and very likely his hand wavered when all hanged upon that shot, for his ball went a little awry and razed the thick head-band of a great Beduin sheykh *Ibn Shalàn*, chief of the strong and not unfriendly Annezy tribe er-Ruwàlla in the north, who that day arrived from his dîra, to visit Prince Ibn Rashîd. Ibn Shalàn, hearing the shot sing about his ears, started up, and (cried he) putting a hand to his head, "Akhs, Mohafûth, wouldst thou murder me!" The Prince, who sat on, and would not save himself by an unseemly flight, answered the sheykh with a constant mild face, "Fear not; thou wilt see that the shot was levelled at myself." A second shot struck the Emir in the breast, which was Bedr's.

Bunder being now Prince, sat not a full year out, and could not prosper: in his time, was that plague which so greatly wasted the country. Mohammed who is now Emir, when his brother Metaab was fallen, fled to er-Riâth, where he lived awhile. The Wahâby prince, Abdullah Ibn Saûd, was a mean to reconcile them, and Bunder, by letters, promising peace, invited his uncle to return home. So Mohammed came, and receiving

his old office, was governor again of the Bagdad haj caravan. Mohammed went by, with the convoy returning from Mecca to Mesopotamia, and there he was to take up the year's provision of temmn for the Mothîf, (if you would believe them, a thousand camel-loads,—150 tons!). Mohammed finding only Thuffîr Aarab at el-Méshed, hired camels of them with promise of safe conduct going and returning, in the estates of Ibn Rashîd; for they were Beduw from without, and not friendly with the Jebel. The journey is two weeks' marches of the nomads for loaded camels.—Mohammed approaching Hâyil, sent before him to salute the Emir saying, "Mohammed greets thee, and has brought down thy purveyance of temmn for the Mothîf."—"Ha! is Mohammed come? answered Bunder,—he shall not enter Hâyil." Then Bunder, Bedr, and Hamûd rode forth, these three together, to meet Mohammed; and at Bunder's commandment the town gates behind them were shut.

Mohammed sat upon his thelûl, when they met with him as he had ridden down from the north; and said Bunder, "Mohammed, what Beduw hast thou brought to Hâyil?—the Thuffîr! and yet thou knowest them to be gôm with us!" *Mohammed:* "Wellah, yâ el-Mohafûth, I have brought them *bî wéjhy*, under my countenance! (and in the Arabian guise he stroked down his visage to the beard)—because I found none other for the carriage of your temmn." Whilst Bunder lowered upon him, Hamûd, who was in covenant with his cousin Mohammed, made him a sign that his life was in doubt,—by drawing (it is told) the forefinger upon his gullet. Mohammed spoke to one of the town who came by on horseback, "Ho there! lend me thy mare awhile," making as though he would go and see to the entry and unloading of his caravan. Mohammed, when he was settled on horseback, drew over to the young Prince and caught Bunder's "horns", and with his other hand he took the crooked broad dagger, which upon a journey they wear at the belt.—"*La ameymy, la ameymy*, do it not, do it not, little 'nuncle!" exclaimed Bunder in the horror and anguish of death. Mohammed answered with a deadly stern voice, "Wherefore didst thou kill thine uncle? *wa hu fî batn-ak*, and he is in thy belly (thou hast devoured him, dignity, life, and all)," and with a murderous hand-cast he struck the blade into his nephew's bowels!—There remained no choice to Mohammed, when he had received the sign, he must slay his elder brother's son, or himself be lost; for if he should fly, how might he have outgone the godless young parricides? his thelûl was weary, he

was weary himself; and he must forsake the Thuffîr, to whom his princely word had been plighted.—Devouring is the impotent ambition to rule, of all Arabians, who are born near the sheykhly state. Mohammed had been a loyal private man under Metaab; his brother fallen, what remained but to avenge him? and the garland should be his own.

Bunder slain, he must cut off kindred, which else would endanger him. The iniquity of fortune executed these crimes by Mohammed's hand, rather than his own execrable ambition.—These are the tragedies of the house of Ibn Rashîd! their beginning was from Telâl, the murderer of himself: the fault of one extends far round, such is the cursed nature of evil, as the rundles of a stone dashed into water, trouble all the pool. There are some who say, that Hamûd made Bunder's dying sure with a pistol-shot,—he might do this, because his lot was bound up in Mohammed's life: but trustworthy persons in Hâyil have assured me that Hamûd had no violent hand in it.—Hamûd turning his horse's head, galloped to town and commanded to 'keep the gates close, and let no man pass out or enter for any cause'; and riding in to the Méshab he cried: "Hearken, all of you! a Rashîdy has slain a Rashîdy,—there is no word for any of you to say! let no man raise his voice or make stir, upon pain of my hewing off his head wellah with this sword."

In Hâyil there was a long silence, the subject people shrunk in from the streets to their houses! Beduins in the town were aghast, inhabitants of the khâla, to which no man "may set doors and bars", seeing the gates of Hâyil to be shut round about them.

An horrible slaughter was begun in the Kasr, for Mohammed commanded that all the children of Telâl should be put to death, and the four children of his own sister, widow of one *el-Jabbâr*, of the house *Ibn Aly*, (that, till Abdullah won all, were formerly at strife with the Rashîdy family, for the sheykhship of Hâyil,—and of them was Mohammed's own mother). Their uncle's bloody command was fulfilled, and the bleeding warm corses, deceived of their young lives, were carried out the same hour to the burial; there died with them also the slaves, their equals in age, brought up in their fathers' households,—their servile brethren, that else might, at any time, be willing instruments to avenge them.

All Hâyil trembled that day till evening and the long night till morning; when Mohammed, standing in the Méshab with a drawn sword, called to those who sat timidly on the clay banks,—the most were Beduins—"Yâ Moslemîn! I had not

so dealt with them, but because I was afraid for this! (he clapped the left palm to the side of his neck), and as they went about to kill me, *ana sabáktahum*, I have prevented them." Afterward he said:—" And they which killed my brother Metaab, think ye, they had spared me?" "And hearing his voice, we sat (an eyewitness, of the Meteyr, told me) astonished, every one seeing the black death before him."—Then Mohammed sat down in the Emir's place as Muhâfuth. Bye and bye, some of the principal persons at Hâyil came into the Méshab bending to this new lord of their lives, and giving him joy of his seized authority. Thus 'out dock in nettle', Bunder away, Mohammed began to rule; and never was the government, they say, in more sufficient handling.

— Bedr had started away upon his mare, for bitter-sweet life, to the waste wilderness: he fled at assr. On the morrow, fainting with hunger and thirst, and the suffered desolation of mind and weariness, he shot away his spent horse, and climbed upon a mountain.—From thence he might look far out over the horror of the world, become to him a vast dying place! Mohammed had sent horsemen to scour the khála, and take him; and when they found Bedr in the rocks they would not listen to his lamentable petitions: they killed him there, without remedy; and hastily loading his body they came again the same day to Hâyil The chief of them as he entered, all heated, to Mohammed, exclaimed joyfully, "Wellah, O Muhàfûth, I bring thee glad tidings! it may please thee come with me, whereas I will show thee Bedr lies dead; this hand did it, and so perish all the enemies of the Emir!" But Mohammed looked grimly upon the man, and cried, "Who commanded thee to kill him? I commanded thee, son of an hound? when, thou cursed one? Ullah curse thy father, akhs! hast thou slain Bedr?" and, drawing his sword, he fetched him a clean back-stroke upon the neck-bone, and swapt off at once (they pretend) the miserable man's head. Mohammed used an old bitter policy of tyrants, by which they hope to make their perplexed causes seem the more honest in the thick eyesight of the common people. "How happened it, I asked, that Bedr, who must know the wilderness far about, since the princely children accompany the ghrazzus, had not ridden hardily in some way of escape? Could not his mare have borne him an hundred miles?—a man of sober courage, in an extremity, might have endured, until he had passed the dominion of Ibn Rashîd, and entered into the first free town of el-Kasîm." It was answered, "The young man was confused in so great a calamity, and jâhil, of an inept humour, and there was none to deliver him."

Hamûd and Mohammed allied together, there was danger between them and Telâl's sons; and if they had not forestalled Bunder and Bedr, they had paid it with their lives. The massacres were surely contrary to the clement nature of the strong man Hamûd. Hamûd, who for his pleasant equal countenance, in the people's eyes, has deserved to be named by his fellow citizens *Azîz*, "a beloved," is for all that, when contraried out of friendship, a lordly man of outrageous incontinent tongue and jabbâr, as his father was; and doubtless he would be a high-handed Nimrod in any instant peril. Besides, it is thus that Arabs deal with Arabs; there are none more pestilent, and ungenerous enemies. Hamûd out of hospitality, is as all the Arabs of a somewhat miserable humour, and I have heard it uttered at Hâyil, "Hamûd *khára!*" that is draffe or worse. These are vile terms of the Hejâz, spread from the dens of savage life, under criminal governors, in the Holy Cities; and not of those schools of speaking well and of comely manners, which are the kahwa, in the Arabian oases and the mejlis in the open khála.—A fearful necessity was laid upon Mohammed: for save by these murders of his own nigh blood, he could not have sat in any daily assurance. Mohammed is childless, and ajjr, a man barren in himself; the loyal Hamûd el-Abeyd has many children.

His instant dangers being thus dispersed, Mohammed set himself to the work of government, to win opinion of his proper merit; and affecting popular manners, he is easier of his dispense than was formerly Telâl. Never Prince used his authority, where not resisted, with more stern moderation at home, but he is pitiless in the excision of any unsound parts of the commonwealth. When Jauf fell to him again, by the mutiny of the few Moghrâreba left in garrison, it is said, he commanded to cut off the right hands of many that were gone over to the faith of the Dowla. Yet Jauf had not been a full generation under the Jebel; for Mohammed himself, then a young man, was with his uncle Abeyd at the taking of it, and he was wounded then by a ball in the foot which lodged in the bone;—the shot had lately been taken from him in Hâyil by a Persian hakîm, come down, for the purpose, from Mesopotamia.

As for any bounty in such Arabian Princes, it is rather good laid out by them to usury. They are easy to loose a pound to-day, which within a while may return with ten in his mouth. The Arabs say, "Ibn Rashîd uses to deal with every man *aly aklu*, according to his understanding." Fortune was to Mohammed's youth contrary, a bloody chance has made him Ruler. In his government he bears with that which may not be soon

amended; he cannot, by force only, bridle the slippery wills of the nomads; and though his heart swell secretly, he receives all with his fair-weather countenance, and to friendly discourse: and of few words, in wisely questioning them, he discerns their minds. Motlog, sheykh of the Fejîr, whom he misliked, he sends home smiling; and the Prince will levy his next year's *mîry* from the Fukara, without those tribesmen's unwillingness. The principal men of Teyma, his good outlying town, whose well was fallen, depart from him with rewards. Mohammed smooths the minds of the common people; if any rude Beduin lad call to him in the street, or from the mejlis (they are all arrant beggars), "Aha! el-Muhafûth, God give thee long life! as truly as I came hither, in such a rubba, and wellah am naked," he will graciously dismiss him with "*bismillah*, in God's name! go with such an one, and he will give thee garments,"—that is a tunic worth two shillings at Hâyil, a coarse worsted cloak of nine shillings, a kerchief of sixpence; and since they are purchased in the gross at Bagdad, and brought down upon the Emir's own camels, they may cost him not ten shillings. * * *

* * * The Prince Mohammed is pitiless in battle, he shoots with an European rifle; Hamûd, of ponderous strength, is seen raging in arms by the Emir's side, and, if need were, since they are sworn together to the death, he would cover him with his body. The princes, descended from their thelûls, and sitting upon horseback in their "David shirts of mail", are among the forefighters, and the wings of the men-at-arms, shooting against the enemy, close them upon either hand. The Emir's battle bears down the poor Beduw, by weight and numbers; for the rajajîl, and his riders of the villages, used to the civil life, hear the words of command, and can maintain themselves in a body together. But the bird-witted Beduins who, in their herding life, have no thought of martial exercises, may hardly gather, in the day of battle, under their sheukh, but like screaming hawks they fight dispersedly, tilting hither and thither, every man with less regard of the common than of his private interest, and that is to catch a beggarly booty: the poor nomads acknowledge themselves to be betrayed by tóma, the greediness of gain. Thus their resistance is weak, and woe to the broken and turned to flight! None of the Emir's enemies are taken to quarter, until they be destroyed: and cruel are the mercies of the rajajîl and the dire-hearted slaves of Ibn Rashîd. I have known when some miserable tribesmen, mad-prisoners, were cast by the Emir's band into their own well

pits :—the Arabians take no captives. The battles with nomads are commonly fought in the summer, about their principal water-stations; where they are long lodged in great standing camps.

Thus the Beduins say "It is Ibn Rashîd that weakens the Beduw!" Their resistance broken, he receives them among his confederate tributaries, and delivers them from all their enemies from his side. A part of the public spoil is divided to the rajajîl, and every man's is that commonly upon which he first laid his hand. Ibrahîm the Algerian, one of them who often came to speak with me of his West Country, said that to every man of the Emir's rajajîl are delivered three or four reals at the setting out, that he may buy himself wheat, dates and ammunition: and there is carried with them sometimes as much as four camel loads of powder and lead from Hâyil; which is partly for the Beduw that will join him by the way.

But to circumscribe the principality or dominion in the deserts of Ibn Rashîd :—his borders in the North are the Ruwâlla, northern Shammar and Thuffîr marches, nomad tribes friendly to the Jebel, but not his tributaries. Upon the East his limits are at the dominion of Boreyda, which we shall see is a principality of many good villages in the Nefûd of Kasîm, as el-Ayûn, Khubbera, er-Russ, but with no subject Beduw. The princely house of Hâyil is by marriage allied to that usurping peasant *Weled Mahanna*, tyrant of Boreyda, and they are accorded together against the East, that is Aneyza, and the now decayed power of the Wahâby beyond the mountain. In the South, having lost Kheybar, his limits are at about an hundred miles from el-Medina; the deserts of his dominion are bounded westwards by the great haj-way from Syria,—if we leave out the B. Atîeh—and all the next territory of the Sherarât is subject to him, which ascends to J. Sherra and so turns about by the *W. Sirhân* to his good northern towns of Jauf and Sh'kâky and their suburbs. In a word, all that is Ibn Rashîd's desert country lying between Jauf, el-Kasîm and the Derb el-Haj; north and south some ninety leagues over, and between east and west it may be one hundred and seventy leagues over. And the whole he keeps continually subdued to him with a force (by their own saying) of about five hundred thelûl riders, his rajajîl and villagers; for who may assemble in equal numbers out of the dead wilderness, or what were twice so many wild Beduins, the half being almost without arms, to resist him? * * *

(Doughty describes life in Hâyil. Anecdotes of Ibn Rashîd's rule. Kâhtan tribesmen and travelled men at Hâyil.)

* * * The weather, sultry awhile after my coming to Hâyil, was now grown cold. Snow, which may be seen the most winters upon a few heads of Arabian mountains, is almost not known to fall in the Nejd wilderness, although the mean altitude be nearly 4000 feet. They say such happens about "once in forty years". It had been seen two winters before, when snow lay on the soil three days: the camels were couched in the menzils, and many of them perished in that unwonted cold and hunger.

A fire was kindled morning and evening in the great kahwa, and I went there to warm myself with the Beduins. One evening before almost anyone came in, I approached to warm myself at the fire-pit.—"Away! (cried the coffee-server, who was of a very splenetic fanatical humour) and leave the fire to the guests that will presently arrive." Some Beduins entered and sat down by me. "I say, go back!" cries the coffee-keeper. "A moment, man, and I am warm; be we not all the Prince's guests?" Some of the Beduw said in my ear: "It were better to remove, not to give them an occasion." That káhwajy daily showed his rancour, breaking into my talk with the Beduw, as when someone asked me "Whither wilt thou next, Khalîl?"—"May it please Ullah (cries the coffee-server) to jehennem!" I have heard he was one of servile condition from Aneyza in Kasîm; but being daily worshipfully saluted by guesting Beduin sheykhs, he was come to some solemn opinion of himself. To cede to the tyranny of a servant, might, I thought, hearten other fanatics' audacity in Hâyil. The coffee-server, with a frenetic voice, cried to a Beduwy sitting by, "Reach me that camel-stick," (which the nomads have always in their hands,) and having snatched it from him, the slave struck me with all his decrepit force. The Beduins had risen round me with troubled looks,—they might feel that they were not themselves safe; none of these were sheykhs, that durst say any word, only they beckoned me to withdraw with them, and sit down with them at a little distance. It had been perilous to defend myself among dastards; for if it were told in the town that the Nasrâny laid heavy hands on a Moslem,

then the wild fire had kindled in many hearts to avenge him. The Emir must therefore hear of the matter and do justice, or so long as I remained in Hâyil every shrew would think he had as good leave to insult me. I passed by the gallery to the Emir's apartment, and knocking on the iron door, I heard the slave-boy who kept it within say to the guard that it was Khalîl the Nasrâny. The Emir sent out Nasr to enquire my business, and I went to sit in the Méshab. Later someone coming from the Kasr, who had been with the Emir, said that the Emir sent for the coffee-server immediately, and said to him, "Why! Ullah curse thy father, hast thou struck the Nasrâny?"—"Wellah, O el-Muhafûth (the trembling wretch answered) I touched him not!"—so he feared the Emir, who said then to some of the guard "Beat him!" but Hamûd rose and going over to Mohammed, he kissed his cousin's hand, asking him, for his sake, to spare the coffee-server, 'who was a *mesquin* (meskîn).' "Go káhwajy, said the Emir, and if I hear any more there shall nothing save thee, but thou shalt lose thy office." Because I forsook the coffee-hall, the second coffee-server came many times to my makhzan, and wooed me to return among them; but I responded, "Where the guests of the Emir are not safe from outrage—!"

CHAPTER XV

DEPARTURE FROM HÂYIL. THE JOURNEY TO KHEYBAR

The Haj were approaching;—this is Ibn Rashîd's convoy from Mesopotamia of the so-called 'Persian pilgrimage' to Mecca:—and seeing the child Feysal had nearly recovered, I thought after that to depart; for I found little rest at all or refreshment at Hâyil. Because the Emir had spoken to me of mines and minerals, I conjectured that he would have sent some with me on horseback, seeking up and down for metals: —but when he added "There is a glancing sand in some parts of the khâla like scaly gold," I had answered with a plainness which must discourage an Arab. Also Hamûd had spoken to me of seeking for metals.

Imbârak invited me one morning to go home with him "to kahwa", he had a good house beside the mesjid, backward from the Méshab. We found his little son playing in the court: the martial father took him in his arms with the tenderness of the Arabians for their children. An European would bestow the first home love upon the child's mother; but the Arabian oases' housewives come not forth with meeting smiles and the eyes of love, to welcome-in their husbands, for they are his espoused servants, he purchased them of their parents, and at best, his liking is divided. The child cried out, "Ho! Nasrâny, thou canst not look to the heaven!"—"See, my son, I may look upon it as well, I said, as another and better;—*taal húbbiny!* come thou and kiss me;" for the Arab strangers kiss their hosts' young children.—When some of the young courtiers had asked me, *Fen rubbuk*, 'Where is thy Lord God?' I answered them very gravely, *Fî kull makán*, 'The Lord is in every place:' which word of the Nasrâny pleased them strangely and was soon upon all their tongues in the Kasr.

"Khalil, said Imbârak, as we sat at the hearth, we would have thee to dwell with us in Hâyil; only become a Moslem, it

is a little word and soon said. Also wouldst thou know more of this country, thou shalt have then many occasions, in being sent for the Emir's business here and there. The Emir will promote thee to an high place and give thee a house; where thou mayest pass thy life in much repose, free from all cares, wellah in only stretching the limbs at thy own hearth-side. Although that which we can offer be not more than a man as thou art might find at home in his country, yet consider it is very far to come again thither, and that thou must return through as many new dangers."—Imbârak was doubtless a spokesman of the Emir, he promised fair, and this office I thought might be the collecting of taxes; for in handling of money they would all sooner trust a Nasrâny.

Those six or seven reals which came in by the sale of my nâga,—I had cast them with a few small pieces of silver into a paper box with my medicines, I found one day had been stolen, saving two reals and the small money; that either the Arab piety of the thief had left me, or his superstition, lest he should draw upon himself the Christian's curse and a chastisement of heaven. My friends' suspicion fell upon two persons. The dumb man, who very often entered my lodging, for little cause, and a certain Beduwy, of the rajajîl at Hâyil, of a melancholy scelerat humour; he had bought my camel, and afterward he came many times to my makhzan, to be treated for ophthalmia. I now heard him named a cut-purse of the Persian Haj, and the neighbours even affirmed that he had cut some of their wezands. When I spoke of this mischief to Hamûd, he affected with the barbaric sleight of the Arabs not to believe me. I looked then in my purse, and there were not thirty reals! I gave my tent to the running broker and gained four or five more. The dellâl sold it to some young patrician, who would ride in this winter pilgrimage of 160 leagues and more in the khâla, to Mecca. Imbârak set his sword to the dumb man's throat, but the dumb protested with all the vehement signs in the world that this guilt was not in him. As for the Beduwy he was not found in Hâyil!

Already the fore-riders of the Haj arrived: we heard that the pilgrims this year were few in number. I saw now the yearly gathering in Hâyil of men from the villages and the tribes that would follow with the caravan on pilgrimage, and of petty tradesmen that come to traffic with the passing haj:—some of them brought dates from Kasîm above a hundred miles distant. A company from the Jauf villages lodged in the next makhzans; they were more than fifty persons, that had journeyed ten days

tardily over the Nefûd in winter rain and rough weather: but that is hardly a third of their long march (of seven hundred miles) to Mecca. I asked some weary man of them, who came to me trembling in the chill morning, how he looked to accomplish his religious voyage and return upwards in the cold months without shelter. "Those, he answered, that die, they die; and who live, God has preserved them." These men told me they reckon from Jauf eight, to el-Méshed, and to Damascus nine camel journeys; to Maan are five thelûl days, or nine nights out with loaded camels. Many poor Jaufies come every year into the Haurân seeking labour, and are hired by the Druses to cleanse and repair their pools of rain-water:—it is the jealous manner of the Druses, who would live by themselves, *to inhabit where there is scarcity of water*. Much salt also of the Jauf deserts is continually carried thither. The Jauf villagers say that they are descended from Mesopotamians, Syrians and from the Nejd Arabians. The sûk in Hâyil was in these days thronged with Beduins that had business in the yearly concourse, especially to sell camels. The Méshab was now full of their couching thelûls. The multitude of visiting people were bidden, at the hours, in courses, by Mufarrij and those of the public kitchen; and led in to break their fasts and to sup in the Mothîf.

Three days later the Haj arrived, they were mostly *Ajam*, strangers 'of outlandish speech'; but this word is commonly understood of Persia. They came early in an afternoon, by my reckoning, the 14th of November. Before them rode a great company of Beduins on pilgrimage; there might be in all a thousand persons. Many of the Aarab that arrived in Hâyil were of the Syrian Annezy, Sbáa, whose dîra is far in the northwest near Aleppo. With this great yearly convoy came down trains of laden camels with wares for the tradesmen of Hâyil; and I saw a dozen camels driven in through the castle gate, which carried bales of clothing, for the Emir's daily gifts of changes of garments to his visiting Beduins. The Haj passed westwards about the town, and went to encamp before the Gofar gate, and the summer residency, and the Mâ es-Sáma. The caravan was twelve nights out from Bagdad. I numbered about fifty great tents: they were not more, I heard, than half the hajjies of the former season; but this was a year of that great jehâd which troubled el-Islam, and the most Persians were gone (for fear) the long sea way about to the port of Mecca. I saw none of them wear the Persian bonnets or clad as Persians: the returning pilgrimage is increased by those who visit el-Medina, and would go home by el-Méshed.

I wondered to mark the perfect resemblance of the weary, travel-stained, and ruffianly clad Bagdad akkâms to those of Damascus; the same moon-like white faces are of both the great mixed cities. In their menzil was already a butchers' market, and I saw saleswomen of the town sitting there with baskets of excellent girdle-bread and dates; some of those wives —so wimpled that none might know them—sold also butter-milk! a traffic which passes for less than honest, even in the towns of nomad Arabia. Two days the pilgrims take rest in Hâyil, and the third morrow they depart. The last evening, one stayed me in the street, to enquire, whether I would go with the Haj to Mecca! When I knew his voice in the dusk I answered only, "*Ambar*, no!" and he was satisfied. Ambar, a home-born Galla of Ibn Rashîd's house, was now *Emir el-Haj*, conductor of the pilgrim convoy—this was, we have seen, the Emir Mohammed's former office; Aneybar was his elder brother, and they were freemen, but their father was a slave of Abdullah ibn Rashîd. Aneybar and Ambar, being thus libertine brethren of the succeeding Emirs, were holders of trusts under them; they were also welfaring men in Hâyil.

On the morrow of the setting out of the Haj, I stood in the menzil to watch their departure. One who walked by in the company of some Bagdad merchants, clad like them and girded in a kumbâz, stayed to speak with me. I asked, 'What did he seek?'—I thought the hajjy would say *medicines:* but he answered, "*If I speak in the French language, will you understand me?*"—"I shall understand it! but what countryman art thou?" I beheld a pale alien's face with a chestnut beard:—who has not met with the like in the mixed cities of the Levant? He responded, "I am an Italian, a Piedmontese of Turin."—"And what brings you hither upon this hazardous voyage? good Lord! you might have your throat cut among them; are you a Moslem?"—"Ay."—"You confess then their 'none îlah but Ullah, and Mahound, apostle of Ullah'—which they shall never hear me utter, may Ullah confound them"— "Ay, I say it, and I am a Moslem; as such I make this pilgrimage."

— He told me he was come to the Mohammedan countries, eight years before; he was then but sixteen years of age, and from Damascus he had passed to Mesopotamia: the last three years he had studied in a Mohammedan college, near Bagdad, and received the circumcision. He was erudite in the not short task of the Arabic tongue, to read, and to write scholarly, and could speak it with the best, as he said, "without difference." For a moment, he treated in school Arabic, of the variance of

the later Arabian from the antique tongue, as it is found in the koran, which he named with a Mohammedan aspiration, *es-sherîf!* 'the venerable or exalted scripture.' With his pedant teachers, he dispraised the easy babble-talk of the Aarab. When I said I could never find better than a headache in the farrago of the koran; and it amazed me that one born in the Roman country, and under the name of Christ, should waive these prerogatives, to become the brother of Asiatic barbarians, in a fond religion! he answered with the Italic *mollitia* and half urbanity,—"Aha! well, a man may not always choose, but he must sometime go with the world." He hoped to fulfil this voyage, and ascend with the returning Syrian Haj: he had a mind to visit the lands beyond Jordan, and those tribes [B. Hameydy, B. Sokhr], possessors of the best blood horses, in Moab; but when he understood that I had wandered there, he seemed to pass over so much of his purpose. It was in his mind to publish his Travels when he returned to Europe. Poor (he added) he was in the world, and made his pilgrimages at the charges, and in the company, of some bountiful Persian personage of much devotion and learning:—but once returned to Italy, he would wipe off all this rust of the Mohammedan life. He said he heard of me, "the Nasrâny", at his coming to Hâyil, and of the Jew-born Abdullah: he had visited the Moslemanny, but "found him to be a man altogether without instruction".

There was a hubbub now in the camp of the taking up tents and loading of baggage and litters; some were already mounted:—and as we took hands, I asked, "What is your name? and remember mine, for these are hazardous times and places." The Italian responded with a little hesitation—it might be true, or it might be he would put me off—*Francesco Ferrari.* Now the caravan was moving, and he hastened to climb upon his camel.

From Hâyil to Mecca are five hundred miles at least, over vast deserts, which they pass in fifteen long marches, not all years journeying by the same landmarks, but according to that which is reported of the waterings (which are wells of the Aarab), and of the peace or dangers of the wilderness before them. Ibn Rashîd's Haj have been known to go near by Kheybar, but they commonly hold a course from Mustajidda or the great watering of *Semîra,* to pass east of the *Harrat el-Kesshub,* and from thence in other two days descend to the underlying Mecca country, by *W. Laymûn.* It is a wonder that the Ateyba (the Prince's strong and capital enemies) do not waylay them: but a squadron of his rajajîl ride to defend the Haj. * * *

* * * When in the favourable revolution of the stars I was

come again to peaceable countries, I left notice of the Italian wanderer "Ferrari" at his consulate in Syria, and have vainly enquired for him in Italy:—I thought it my duty, for how dire is the incertitude which hangs over the heads of any aliens that will adventure themselves in Mecca,—where, I have heard it from credible Moslems, that *nearly no Haj passes in which some unhappy persons are not put to death as intruded Christians.* A trooper and his comrade, who rode with the yearly Haj caravans, speaking (unaffectedly) with certain Christian Damascenes (my familiar acquaintance), the year before my setting out, said 'They saw two strangers taken at Mona in the last pilgrimage, that had been detected writing in pocket-books. The strangers being examined were found to be "Christians"; they saw them executed, and the like happened most years!' Our Christian governments too long suffer this religious brigandage! Why have they no Residents, for the police of nations in Mecca? Why have they not occupied the direful city, in the name of the health of nations, in the name of the common religion of humanity, *and because the head of the slave trade is there?* It were good for the Christian governments, which hold any of the Mohammedan provinces, to consider that till then they may never quietly possess them. Each year at Mecca every other name is trodden down, and the "Country of the Apostle" is they pretend inviolable, where no worldly power may reach them. It is "The city of God's house",—and the only God is God only of the Moslemîn.

Few or none of the pilgrim strangers, while lying at Hâyil, had entered the town,—it might be their fear of the Arabians. Only certain Bagdad derwishes came in, to eat of the public hospitality; and I saw besides but a company of merry adventurers, who would be bidden to a supper in Arabia, for the novelty. In that day's press even the galleries of the Mothîf were thronged; there I supped in the dusk, and when I rose, my sandals, the gift of Hamûd, were taken. From four till half-past six o'clock rations had been served for "two to three thousand" persons; the Emir's cheer was but boiled temmn and a little samn.

It is a passion to be a pointing-stock for every finger and to maintain even a just opinion against the half-reason of the world. I have felt this in the passage of Arabia more than the daily hazards and long bodily sufferance: yet some leaven is in the lump of pleasant remembrance; it is oftentimes by the hearty ineptitude of the nomads. In the throng of Aarab in these days in the Méshab, many came to me to speak of their

infirmities; strangers where I passed called to me, not knowing my name, "Ho! thou that goest by, el-hakîm there!" others, when they had received of me (freely) some faithful counsel, blessed me with the Semitic grace, "God give peace to that head, the Lord suffer not thy face to see the evil.' And such are phrases which, like their brand-marks, declare the tribes of nomads: these were, I believe, northern men. One, as I came, showed me to his rafîk, with this word: *Urraie urraie, hu hu!* 'Look there! he (is) he, this is the Nasrâny.'—*Cheyf Nasrâny?* (I heard the other answer, with the hollow drought of the desert in his manly throat), *agûl! weysh yúnsurhu?* He would say, "How is this man victorious, what giveth him the victory?" In this strange word to him the poor Beduwy thought he heard *nasr*, which is *victory*. A poor nomad of Ruwâlla cried out simply, when he received his medicines: 'Money he had none to give the hakîm, wellah! he prayed me be content to receive his shirt.' And, had I suffered it, he would have stripped himself, and gone away naked in his sorry open cloak, as there are seen many men in the indigence of the wilderness and, like the people of India, with no more than a clout to cover the human shame; and when I let him go, he murmured, *Jîzak Ullah kheyr*, 'God recompense thee with good,' and went on wondering, whether the things 'which the Nasrâny had given him for nothing, could be good medicines'?

I thought no more of Bagdad, but of Kheybar; already I stayed too long in Hâyil. At evening I went to Abeyd's kahwa to speak with Hamûd; he was bowing then in the beginning of his private devotion, and I sat down silently, awaiting his leisure. The son of Abeyd, at the end of the first bout, looked up, and nodding cheerfully, enquired, "Khalîl, is there need, wouldst thou anything immediately?"—"There is nothing, the Lord be praised."—"Then I shall soon have ended." As Hamûd sat again in his place, I said, 'I saw the child Feysal's health returning, I desired to depart, and would he send me to Kheybar?' Hamûd answered, 'If I wished it.'—"But why, Khalîl, to Kheybar, what is there at Kheybar? go not to Kheybar, thou mayest die of fever at Kheybar; and they are not our friends, Khalîl, I am afraid of that journey for thee." I answered, "I must needs adventure thither, I would see the antiquities of the Yahûd, as I have seen el-Héjr."—"Well, I will find some means to send thee; but the fever is deadly, go not thither, eigh Khalîl! lest thou die there."—Since I had passed the great Aueyrid, I desired to discover also the Harrat

Kheybar, such another vulcanic Arabian country, and wherein I heard to be the heads of the W. er-Rummah, which westward of the Tueyk mountains is the dry waterway of all northern Arabia. This great valley, which descends from the heads above el-Hâyat and Howeyat to the Euphrates valley at ez-Zbeyer, a suburb of Bosra, has a winding course of "fifty camel marches."

Hamûd, then stretching out his manly great arm, bade me try his pulse; the strokes of his heart-blood were greater than I had felt any man's among the Arabians, the man was strong as a champion. When they hold out their forearms to the hakîm, they think he may well perceive all their health: I was cried down, when I said it was imposture. "Yesterday a Persian medicaster in the Haj was called to the Kasr to feel the Emir's pulse. The Persian said, 'Have you not a pain, Sir, in the left knee?' the Prince responded, 'Ay I feel a pain there by God!' —and no man knew it!"

The Haj had left some sick ones behind them in Hâyil: there was a welfaring Bagdad tradesman, whose old infirmities had returned upon him in the way, a foot-sore camel driver, and some poor derwishes. The morrow after, all these went to present themselves before the Emir in the mejlis, and the derawîsh cried with a lamentable voice in their bastard town Arabic, *Janâbak!* 'may it please your grace.' Their clownish carriage and torpid manners, the barbarous border speech of the north, and their illiberal voices, strangely discorded with the bird-like ease and alacrity and the frank propriety in the tongue of the poorest Arabians. The Emir made them a gracious gesture, and appointed them their daily rations in the Mothîf. Also to the tradesman was assigned a makhzan; and at Hâyil he would pass those two or three months well enough, sitting in the sun and gossiping up and down the sûk, till he might ride homeward. Afterward I saw led-in a wretched young man of the Aarab, who was blind; and spreading his pitiful hands towards the Emir's seat, he cried out, *Yâ Tawîl el-Ummr! yâ Weled Abdullah!* 'Help, O Long-of-days, thou Child of Abdullah!' The Emir spoke immediately to one over the wardrobe, and the poor weled was led away to receive the change of clothing.

Afterwards, I met with Imbârak. "Wouldst thou (he said) to Kheybar? there are some Annezy here, who will convey thee." When I heard their menzils were in the Kharram, and that they could only carry me again to Misshel, and were to depart immediately: I said that I could not so soon be ready to take a long journey, and must call in the debts for medicines.

"We will gather them for thee; but longer we cannot suffer thee to remain in our country: if thou wouldst go to Kheybar, we will send thee to Kheybar, or to el-Kasîm, we will send thee to el-Kasîm."—"To Kheybar, yet warn me a day or two beforehand, that I may be ready."

The morning next but one after, I was drinking kahwa with those of er-Riâth, when a young man entered out of breath, he came, he said, to call me from Imbârak. Imbârak when I met him said, "We have found some Heteym who will convey thee to Kheybar."—'And when would they depart?'—"To-morrow or the morning after." But he sent for me in an hour to say he had given them handsel, and I must set out immediately. "Why didst thou deceive me with *to-morrow?*"—"Put up thy things and mount."—"But will you send me with Heteym!"—"Ay, ay, give me the key of the makhzan and make up, for thou art to mount immediately."—"And I cannot speak with the Emir?"—"*Ukhlus!* have done, delay not, or wellah! the Emir will send, to take off thy head."—"Is this driving me into the desert to make me away, covertly?"—"Nay, nothing will happen to thee."—"Now well let me first see Hamûd." There came then a slave of Hamûd, bringing in his hand four reals, which he said his "uncle" sent to me. So there came Zeyd, the Moghreby porter of the Kasr; I had shown him a good turn by the gift of medicines, but now quoth the burly villain, "Thou hast no heart (understanding) if thou wouldst resist Imbârak; for this is the captain and there ride behind him five hundred men."

I delayed to give the wooden key of my door, fearing lest if they had flung the things forth my aneroid had been broken, or if they searched them my pistol had been taken; also I doubted whether the captain of the guard (who at every moment laid hand to the hilt of his sword) had not some secret commission to slay the Nasrâny there within. His slaves already came about me, some plucked my clothes, some thrust me forward; they would drive me perforce to the makhzan.—"Is the makhzan thine or ours, Khalîl?"—"But Imbârak, I no longer trust thee: bear my word to the Emir, 'I came from the Dowla, send me back to the Dowla'." The Arab swordsman with *fugh!* spat in my face. "Heaven send thee confusion that art not ashamed to spit in a man's face."—"Khalîl, I did it because thou saidst 'I will not trust thee'." I saw the Moghreby porter go and break open my makhzan door, bursting the clay mortice of the wooden lock. The slaves plucking me savagely again, I let go the loose Arab upper garments in their hands, and stood before the wondering wretches in my

shirt. "A shame! I said to them, and thou Imbârak *dakhîl-ak*, defend me from their insolence." As Imbârak heard 'dakhîl-ak', he snatched a camel-stick from one who stood by, and beat them and drove them from me.

They left me in the makhzan and I quickly put my things in order, and took my arms secretly. Fáhd now came by, going to Abeyd's kahwa: I said to him, "Fáhd, I will enter with thee, for here I am in doubt, and where is Hamûd?" The poor man answered friendly, "Hamûd is not yet abroad, but it will not be long, Khalîl, before he come."—*Imbârak:* "Wellah, I say the Emir will send immediately to cut off thy head!" *Mâjid* (who passed us at the same time, going towards Abeyd's kahwa): "Eigh! Imbârak, will the Emir do so indeed?" and the boy smiled with a child's dishonest curiosity of an atrocious spectacle. As I walked on with Fáhd, Imbârak retired from us, and passed through the Kasr gate, perhaps then he went to the Emir.—Fáhd sighed, as we were beyond the door, and "Khalîl, please Ullah, said the poor man, it may yet fall out well, and Hamûd will very soon be here." I had not sat long, when they came to tell me, 'the Emir desired to see me.' I said, "Do not deceive me, it is but Imbârak who knocks." *Fáhd:* "Nay, go Khalîl, it is the Emir."

When I went out, I found it was Imbârak, who with the old menaces, called upon me to mount immediately. "I will first, I answered, see Hamûd:" so he left me. The door had been shut behind me, I returned to the makhzan, and saw my baggage was safe; and Fáhd coming by again, "Hamûd, he said, is now in the house," and at my request he sent back a servant to let me in. After a little, Hamûd entering, greeted me, and took me by the hand. I asked, 'Was this done at the commandment of the Emir?' *Hamûd:* "By God, Khalîl, I can do nothing with the Emir; *hu yáhkam aleyna* he rules over us all."—"Some books of mine, and other things, were brought here."—"Ha! the eyyâl have taken them from thy makhzan, they shall be restored." When I spoke of a knavish theft of his man Aly—he was gone now on pilgrimage—Hamûd exclaimed: "The Lord take away his breath!"—He were not an Arab, if he had proffered to make good his man's larceny. "What intended you by that money you lately sent me?"—"My liberality, Khalîl, why didst thou refuse it?"—"Is it for medicine and a month's daily care of thy child, who is now restored to health?"—"It was for this I offered it, and we have plenty of quinine; wilt thou buy an handful of me for two reals?" He was washing to go to the mid-day public prayer, and whilst the strong man stayed to speak with me it was late.

"There is a thing, Hamûd."—"What is that, Khalîl?" and he looked up cheerfully ·"Help me in this trouble, for that bread and salt which is between us."—"And what can I do? Mohammed rules us all."—"Well, speak to Imbârak to do nothing till the hour of the afternoon mejlis, when I may speak with the Emir."—"I will say this to him," and Hamûd went to the mesjid.

After the prayer I met the Prince himself in the Méshab; he walks, as said, in an insolent cluster of young fanatics, and a half score of his swordsmen close behind them.—Whenever I had encountered the Emir and his company of late in the streets, I thought he had answered my greeting with a strutting look. Now, as he came on with his stare, I said, without a salutation, *Arûhh*, 'I depart.' "*Rûhh*, So go," answered Mohammed. "Shall I come in to speak with thee?"—"*Meshghrûl!* we are too busy."

When at length the afternoon mejlis was sitting, I crossed through them and approached the Emir, who sat enforcing himself to look gallantly before the people; and he talked then with some great sheykh of the Beduw, who was seated next him. Mohammed ibn Rashîd looked towards me, I thought with displeasure and somewhat a base countenance, which is of evil augury among the Arabs. "What (he said) is thy matter?"—"I am about to depart, but I would it were with assurance. To-day I was mishandled in this place, in a manner which has made me afraid. Thy slaves drew me hither and thither, and have rent my clothing; it was by the setting on of Imbârak, who stands here: he also threatened me, and even spat in my face." The Emir enquired, under his voice, of Imbârak, 'what had he done,' who answered, excusing himself. I added, "And now he would compel me to go with Heteym; and I foresee only mischance." "Nay (said the Emir, striking his breast), fear not; but ours be the care for thy safety, and we will give thee a passport,"—and he said to Nasr, his secretary, who sat at his feet —"Write him a schedule of safe-conduct."

I said, "I brought thee from my country an excellent telescope." The cost had been three or four pounds; and I thought 'if Ibn Rashîd receive my gift, I might ask of him a camel': but when he said, "We have many, and have no need," I answered the Emir with a frank word of the desert, *weysh aad*, as one might say, 'What odds!' Mohammed ibn Rashîd shrunk back in his seat, as if I had disparaged his dignity before the people; but recovering himself, he said, with better looks and a friendly voice, "Sit down." Mohammed is not ungenerous, he might remember in the stranger his own evil times. Nasr having

ended his writing, upon a small square of paper, handed it up to the Emir, who perused it, and daubing his Arabic copper seal in the ink, he sealed it with the print of his name. I asked Nasr, "Read me what is written herein," and he read, "That all unto whose hands this bill may come, who owe obedience to Ibn Rashîd, know it is the will of the Emir that no one *yaarud aley*, should do any offence to, this Nasrâny." Ibn Rashîd rising at the moment, the mejlis rose with him and dispersed. I asked, as the Emir was going, "When shall I depart?"—"At thy pleasure."—"To-morrow?"—"Nay, to-day." He had turned the back, and was crossing the Méshab.

"Mount!" cries Imbârak: but, when he heard I had not broken my fast he led me through the Kasr, to the Mothîf and to a room behind, which is the public kitchen, to ask the cooks what was ready. Here they all kindly welcomed me, and Mufarrij would give me dates, flour and samn for the way, the accustomed provision from the Emir, but I would not receive them. The kitchen is a poor hall, with a clay floor, in which is a pool and conduit. The temmn and barley is boiled in four or five coppers: other three stand there for flesh days (which are not many), and they are so great that in one of them may be seethed the brittled meat of a camel. So simple is this palace kitchen of nomadic Arabia, a country in which he is feasting who is not hungry! The kitchen servants were one poor man, perhaps of servile condition, a patient of mine, and five or six women under him; besides there were boys, bearers of the metal trays of victual for the guests' suppers.—When I returned to the Méshab, a nomad was come with his camel to load my baggage: yet first he entreated Imbârak to take back his real of earnest-money and let him go. The Emir had ordered four reals to be given for this voyage, whether I would or no, and I accepted it in lieu of that which was robbed from my makhzan; also I accepted the four reals from Hamûd for medicines.

"Imbârak, swear, I said as we walked together to the sûk, where the nomads would mount, that you are not sending me to the death."—"No, by Ullah, and Khalîl nothing I trust will happen to thee."—"And after two journeys in the desert will the Aarab any more observe the word of Ibn Rashîd?"—"We rule over them!—and he said to the nomads, Ye are to carry him to *Kâsim ibn Barâk* (a great sheykh of the midland Heteym, his byût were pitched seventy miles to the southward), and he will send him to Kheybar."—The seller of drugs from Medina, a good liberal Hejâz man, as are many of that partly Arabian city, came out, as we passed his shop, to bid me God speed, "Thou mayest be sure, he said, that there is no treachery, but

understand that the people (of Hâyil and Nejd) are Beduw."—"O thou (said the nomad to me) make haste along with us out of Hâyil, stand not, nor return upon thy footsteps, for then they will kill thee."

Because I would not that his camel should kneel, but had climbed upon the overloaded beast's neck standing, the poor pleased nomad cried out, "Lend me a grip of thy five!" that is the five fingers. A young man, Ibrahîm, one of the Emir's men—his shop was in the end of the town, and I had dealt with him—seeing us go by, came out to bid me farewell, and brought me forward. He spoke sternly to the nomads that they should have a care for me, and threatened them, that 'If anything befell me, the Emir would have their heads.' Come to the Mâ es-Sáma, I reached down my water-skin to one of the men, bidding him go fill it. "Fill the kafir's girby! nay, said he, alight, Nasrâwy, and fill it thyself." Ibrahîm then went to fill it, and hanged the water at my saddle-bow. We passed forth and the sun was now set. My companions were three,—the poor owner of my camel, a timid smiling man, and his fanatic neighbour, who called me always the Nasrâwy (and not Nasrâny), and another and older Heteymy, a somewhat strong-headed holder of his own counsel, and speaking the truth uprightly. So short is the twilight that the night closed suddenly upon our march, with a welcome silence and solitude, after the tumult of the town. When I responded to all the questions of my nomad company with the courtesy of the desert, "Oh! wherefore, cried they, did those of Hâyil persecute him? Wellah the people of Hâyil are the true Nasâra!" We held on our dark way three and a half hours till we came before Gofar; there we alighted and lay down in the wilderness.

When the morrow was light we went to an outlying kasr, a chamber or two built of clay-brick, without the oasis, where dwelt a poor family of their acquaintance. We were in the end of November (the 21st by my reckoning); the nights were now cold at this altitude of 4000 feet. The poor people set dates before us and made coffee; they were neither settlers upon the soil nor nomads, but Beduw. Weak and broken in the nomad life, and forsaking the calamities of the desert, they had become 'dwellers in clay' at one of the Jebel villages, and *Seyadîn* or traffickers to the Aarab. They buy dates and corn in harvest time, to sell later to the *hubts* or passing market parties of nomad tribesmen. When spring is come they forsake the clay-walls and, loading their merchandise upon asses, go forth to trade among the Aarab. Thus they wander months long, till their lading is sold; and when the hot summer is in, they

will return with their humble gains of samn and silver to the oasis. From them my companions took up part of their winter provision of dates, for somewhat less than the market price in Hâyil. These poor folk, disherited of the world, spoke to me with human kindness; there was not a word in their talk of the Mohammedan fanaticism. The women, of their own thought, took from my shoulders and mended my mantle which had been rent yesterday at Hâyil; and the house-father put in my hand his own driving-stick made of an almond rod. Whilst I sat with them, my companions went about their other business. Bye and bye there came in a butcher from Hâyil, (I had bought of him three pounds of mutton one morning, for fourpence), and with a loud good humour he praised the Nasrâny in that simple company.

The men were not ready till an hour past midday; then they loaded their dates and we departed. Beyond Gofar we journeyed upon a plain of granite grit; the long Ajja mountain trended with our course upon the right hand. At five we alighted and I boiled them some temmn which I carried, but the sun suddenly setting upon us, they skipt up laughing to patter their prayers, and began to pray as they could, with quaking ribs; and they panted yet with their elvish mirth.—Some wood-gatherers of Hâyil went by us. The double head of the Sumrâ Hâyil was still in sight at a distance of twenty-five miles. Remounting we passed in the darkness the walls and palms of el-Kasr, thirteen miles from Gofar, under the cliffs of Ajja; an hour further we alighted in the desert to sleep.

I saw in the morning the granite flanks of Ajja strangely blotted, as it were with the shadows of clouds, by the running down of erupted basalts; and there are certain black domes upon the crest in the likeness of volcanoes. Two hours later we were in a granitic mountain ground *el-Mukhtelif* Ajja upon the right hand now stands far off and extends not much further. We met here with a young man of el-Kasr riding upon his thelûl in quest of a strayed well-camel. Rock-partridges were everywhere calling and flying in this high granite country, smelling in the sun of the (resinous) sweetness of southernwood.

About four in the afternoon we went by an outlying hamlet *Biddía*, in the midst of the plain, but encompassed by lesser mountains of granite and basalt. This small settlement, which lies thirty-five miles W of S. from el-Kasr, was begun not many years ago by projectors from Môgug; there are only two wells and four households. When I asked my companions of the place, they fell a coughing and laughing, and made me signs

that only coughs and rheums there abounded.—A party of Shammar riding on dromedaries overtook us. They had heard of Khalîl and spoke friendly, saying that there lay a menzil of their Aarab not far before us, (where we might sup and sleep). And we heard from them these happy tidings of the wilderness in front, "The small cattle have yeaned, and the Aarab have plenty of lében; they pour out (to drink) till the noon day!" One of them cried to me: "But why goest thou in the company of these dogs?"—he would say 'Heteymies'.

A great white snake, *hánash,* lay sleeping in the path: and the peevish owner put it to the malice of the Nasrâny that I had not sooner seen the worm, and struck away his camel, which was nearly treading upon it; and with his lance he beat in pieces the poisonous vermin. When the daylight was almost spent my companions climbed upon every height to look for the black booths of the Aarab. The sun set and we journeyed on in the night, hoping to espy the Beduin tent-fires. Three hours later we halted and lay down, weary and supperless, to sleep in the khâla. The night was chill and we could not slumber; the land-height was here 4000 feet.

We loaded and departed before dawn. Soon after the day broke we met with Shammar Aarab removing. Great are their flocks in this dîra, all of sheep, and their camels were a multitude trooping over the plain. Two herdsmen crossed to us to hear tidings: "What news, they shouted, from the villages? how many sahs to the real?"—Then, perceiving what I was, one of them who had a lance lifted it and said to the other, 'Stand back, and he would slay me.' "Nay do not so! wellah! (exclaimed my rafîks), for this (man) is in the safeguard of Ibn Rashîd, and we must billah convey him, upon our necks, to Ch(K)âsim Ibn Barák." Heteymies in presence of high-handed Shammar, they would have made no manly resistance; and my going with these rafîks was nearly the same as to wander alone, save that they were eyes to me in the desert.

In the slow march of the over-loaded camels I went much on foot; the fanatic who cried Nasrâwy, Nasrâwy! complained that he could not walk, he must ride himself upon my hired camel. Though weary, I would not contradict them, lest in remembering Hâyil they should become my adversaries. I saw the blown sand of the desert lie in high drifts upon the mountain sides which encompassed us; they are granite with some basalt bergs.—We were come at unawares to a menzil of Shammar. Their sheykh hastened from his booth to meet us, a wild looking carl, and he had not a kerchief, but only the woollen cord maasub wound about his tufted locks. He required

of me dokhân; but I told them I had none, the tobacco-bag with flint and steel had fallen from my camel a little before.—"Give us tobacco (cried he), and come down and drink kahwa with us, and if no we will *nô'kh* thy camel, and take it perforce."—"How (I said), ye believe not in God! I tell you I have none by God, it is *aŷib* (a shame) man to molest a stranger, and that only for a pipe of tobacco." Then he let me pass, but they made me swear solemnly again, that I had none indeed.

As we journeyed in the afternoon and were come into Heteym country we met with a sheykhly man riding upon his thelûl: he would see what pasture was sprung hereabout in the wilderness. The rafîks knew him, and the man said he would carry me to Kheybar himself, for tómâ. This was one whom I should see soon again, *Eyâda ibn Ajjuèyn*, an Heteymy sheykh. My rafîks counselled me to go with him: 'He is a worthy man, they said, and one with whom I might safely adventure.'—The first movements of the Arabs from their heart, are the best, and the least interested, and could the event be foreseen it were often great prudence to accept them; but I considered the Emir's words,—that I should go to Kâsim ibn Barák sheykh of the Beny Rashîd 'who would send me to Kheybar', and his menzil was not now far off. This Kâsim or Châsim, or *Jâsim*, they pronounce the name diversely, according to their tribes' loghrat, my companions said was a great sheykh, "and one like to Ibn Rashîd" in his country

The sun set as we came to the first Heteym booths, and there the rafîks unloaded. Kâsim's beyt we heard was "built" under a brow yonder, and I mounted again with my rafîk Sâlih, upon his empty camel, to ride thither And in the way said Sâlih, "When we arrive see that thou get down lightly; so the Aarab will hold of thee the more, as one inured to the desert life." Kâsim's tent was but an hejra, small and rent; I saw his mare tied there, and within were only the hareem. One of them went to call the sheykh, and Sâlih hastily put down my bags: he remounted, and without leave-taking would have ridden away; but seizing his camel by the beard I made the beast kneel again. "My rafîk, why abandon me thus? but Sâlih thou shalt deliver all the Emir's message to Kâsim;"—we saw him coming to us from a neighbour beyt.

Kâsim was a slender young man, almost at the middle age. At first he said that he could not receive me. 'How! (he asked), had the Emir sent this stranger to him, to send him on to Kheybar, when he was at feud with those of Kheybar!' Then he reproached Sâlih, who would have 'forsaken me at

strange tents.'—I considered how desperate a thing it were, to be abandoned in the midst of the wilderness of Arabia; where we dread to meet with unknown mankind more than with wild beasts! "You, Kâsim, have heard the word of Ibn Rashîd, and if it cannot be fulfilled at least I have alighted at thy beyt and am weary; here, I said, let me rest this night, *wa ana dakhîlak*, and I enter under thy roof."

He now led me into his booth and bade me repose: then turning all his vehement displeasure against Salih, he laid hands on him and flung him forth—these are violences of the Heteym—and snatched his mantle from him. "Away with thee! he cried, but thy camel shall remain with me, whereupon I may send this stranger to Kheybar; Ullah curse thy father, O thou that forsakedst thy rafîk to cast him upon Aarab." Sâlih took all in patience, for the nomads when they are overborne make no resistance. Kâsim set his sword to Sâlih's throat, that he should avow to him all things without any falsity, and first what tribesman he was. Sâlih now acknowledged himself to be of *Bejaida*, that is a sub-tribe of Bishr; he was therefore of Annezy, but leading his life with Noâmsy Heteymies he passed for an Heteymy. Many poor families both of Annezy and Harb join themselves to that humbler but more thriving nomad lot, which is better assured from enemies; only they mingle not in wedlock with the Heteym. So Kâsim let Sâlih go, and called to kindle the fire, and took up himself a lapful of his mare's provender and littered it down to Sâlih's camel; so he came again and seated himself in the tent with the hypochondriacal humour of a sickly person. "Who is there, said he, will go now and seek us kahwa that we may make a cup for this stranger?—thy name?"—"Khalîl."—"Well, say Khalîl, what shall I do in this case, for wellah, I cannot tell; betwixt us and those of Kheybar and the Dowla there is only debate and cutting of throats: how then says the Emir, that I must send thee to Kheybar?"—Neighbours came in to drink coffee, and one answered, "If Khalîl give four reals I will set him down, billah, at the edge of the palms of Kheybar and be gone." *Kâsim:* "But Khalîl says rightly he were then as much without Kheybar as before."

The coffee-drinkers showed me a good countenance; "Eigh! Khalîl (said Kâsim), hadst thou complained to me that the man forsook thee, he who came with thee, wellah I would have cut off his head and cast it on this fire: accursed be all the *Anûz* [nation of Annezy]."—"Well, if Kheybar be too difficult, you may send me to Hannas sheykh of the Noâmsy; I heard he is encamped not far off, and he will receive me friendly."—"We shall see in the morning." A scarce dish of

boiled temmn without samn, and a little old rotten léban was set before me,—the smallest cheer I had seen under worsted booths; they had no fresh milk because their camel troops were âzab, or separated from the menzil, and pasturing towards Baitha Nethîl, westward.

The night closed in darkly over us, with thick clouds and falling weather, it lightened at once upon three sides without thunder. The nomad people said, "*It is the Angels!*"—their word made me muse of the nomads' vision in the field of Bethlehem. "The storm, they murmured, is over the Wady er-Rummah,"—which they told me lay but half a thelûl journey from hence. They marvelled that I should know the name of this great Wady of middle Nejd: the head, they said, is near el-Hâyat, in their dîra, one thelûl day distant,—that may be over plain ground forty-five to seventy miles. The cold rain fell by drops upon us through the worn tent-cloth: and when it was late said Kâsim, "Sleep thou, but I must wake with my eyes upon his camel there, all night, lest that Annezy (man) come to steal it away."

When I rose with the dawn Kâsim was making up the fire; "Good morrow! he said: well, I will send thee to Hannas; and the man shall convey thee that came with thee."—"He betrayed me yesterday, will he not betray me to-day? he might even forsake me in the khâla."—"But I will make him swear so that he shall be afraid." Women came to me hearing I was a mudowwy, with baggl or dry milk shards, to buy medicines; and they said it was a provision for my journey. Kâsim's sister came among the rest and sat down beside me. Kâsim, she said, was vexed with the rîhh or ague-cake, and what medicine had I? These women's veil is a blue calico clout suspended over the lower face; her eyes were wonderfully great, and though lean and pale, I judged that she was very beautiful and gracious: she leaned delicately to examine my drugs with the practised hands of a wise woman in simples. When she could find no medicine that she knew, she said, with a gentle sweet voice, "Give then what thou wilt, Khalîl, only that which may be effectual." Although so fair, and the great sheykh's sister, yet no man of the Beduins would have wedded with her; because the Heteym "are not of the stock" of the Aarab.

Now came Sâlih, and when he saw his camel restored to him, he was full of joy, and promised all that Kâsim would; and he swore mighty oaths to convey me straightway to Hannas. We mounted and rode forth; but as we were going I drew bridle and bound Sâlih by that solemn oath of the desert, aly el-aûd wa Rubb el-mabûd, that he would perform all these

things: if he would not swear, I would ride no further with him. But Sâlih looking back and trembling cried, "I do swear it, billah, I swear it, only let us hasten and come to our rafîks, who have awaited us at the next tents."

We set out anew with them, and quoth Sâlih, "I was never in such fear of my life as when Châsim set his sword to my neck!" We marched an hour and a half and approached another Heteym menzil of many beyts: as we passed by Sâlih went aside to them to enquire the tidings. Not far beyond we came upon a brow, where two lone booths stood. My companions said the (overloaded) camels were broken, they would discharge them there to pasture an hour. When we were come to the place they halted.

In the first tent was an old wife: she bye and bye brought out to us, where we sat a little aloof, a bowl of milk shards and samn, and then, that which is of most comfort in the droughty heat, a great bowl of her butter-milk. "Canst thou eat this fare? said Sâlih,—the Heteym have much of it, they are good and hospitable." The men rose after their breakfast and loaded upon the camels,—but not my bags!—and drove forth. I spoke to the elder Heteymy, who was a worthy man, but knitting the shoulders and turning up his palms he answered gravely, "What can I do? it is Sâlih's matter, wellah, I may not meddle in it; but thou have no fear, for these are good people, and amongst them there will no evil befall thee." "Also Eyâda ibn Ajjuèyn, said Sâlih, is at little distance."—"But where is thy oath, man?" The third fanatic fellow answered for him, "His oath is not binding, which was made to a Nasrâwy!"—"But what of the Emir? and Kâsim is not yet far off." *Sâlih:* "As for Kâsim we curse both his father and his mother; but thou be not troubled, the Heteym are good folk and this will end well." —To contend with them were little worth; they might then have published it that I was a Nasrâny, I was as good quit of such rafîks,—here were but two women—and they departed.

—"It is true, quoth the old wife, that Eyâda is near, yesterday I heard their dogs bark." In the second tent was but her sick daughter-in-law; their men were out herding. The old wife looked somewhat grim when the hubt had forsaken me; afterwards she came where I sat alone, and said, "Be not sorrowful! *ana khâlatak*, for I am thy mother's sister." Soon after that she went out to bear word to the men in the wilderness of this chance. Near by that place I found the border of a brown vulcanic flood, a kind of trachytic basalt: when the sun was

setting I walked out of sight,—lest seeing the stranger not praying at the hour I had been too soon known to them.

Not much after the husband came home, a deaf man with the name of happy augury *Thaifullah :* kindly he welcomed me, and behind him came three grown sons driving-in their camels; and a great flock of sheep and goats followed them with many lambs and kids. I saw that (notwithstanding their Heteym appearance of poverty) they must be welfaring persons. Thaifullah, as we sat about the evening fire, brought me in a bowl of their evening milk, made hot;—"We have nothing, he said, here to eat, no dates, no rice, no bread, but drink this which the Lord provideth, though it be a poor supper." I blessed him and said it was the best of all nourishment. "Ay, thus boiled, he answered, it enters into the bones." When he heard how my rafîks forsook me to-day he exclaimed, 'Billah if he had been there, he had cut off their heads.' That poor man was very honourable; he would hardly fill his galliûn once with a little tittun that I had found in the depth of my bags, although it be so great a solace to them; neither suffered he his young men to receive any from the (forlorn) guest whom the Lord had committed to them, to-day. These were simple, pious, and not (formal) praying Arabs, having in their mouths no cavilling questions of religion, but they were full of the godly humanity of the wilderness. 'He would carry me in the morning (said my kind host) to Eyâda ibn Ajjuèyn, who would send me to Kheybar.'

It was dim night, and the drooping clouds broke over us with lightning and rain. I said to Thaifullah, "God sends his blessing again upon the earth."—"Ay verily;" he answered devoutly, and kissed his pious hand towards the flashing tempest, and murmured the praises of Ullah.—How good! seemed to me, how peaceable! this little plot of the nomad earth under the dripping curtains of a worsted booth, in comparison with Hâyil town!

When the morning rose the women milked their small cattle; and we sat on whilst the old housewife rocked her blown-up milk-skin upon her knees till the butter came; they find it in a clot at the mouth of the semîly. I saw soon that little butter seething on the fire, to be turned into samn, and they called me to sup the pleasant milk-skim with my fingers. They throw in now a little meal, which brings down the milkiness; and the samn or clarified butter may be poured off. The sediment of the meal thus drenched with milky butter is served to the guest; and it is the most pleasant sweat-meat of the poor nomad life. Afterward the good old woman brought me the

samn (all that her flocks had yielded this morning), in a little skin (it might be less than a small pint): this was hei gift, she said; and would I leave with them some fever medicine? I gave her doses of quinine. She brought forth a large bowl of butter-milk; and when we had drunk a good draught Thaifullah laid my bags upon a camel of his. We mounted, and rode southward over the khála.

We journeyed an hour and approached Eyâda's menzil, the worsted booths were pitched in a shelving hollow overlooking a wide waste landscape to the south: I saw a vast blackness beyond,—that was another Harra (the *Harrat Kheybar*)—and rosy mountains of granite. Sandstones, lying as a tongue between the crystalline mountains and overlaid by lavas, reach southward to Kheybar.—"When we come to the tents thus and thus shalt thou speak to them, said Thaifullah: say thou art a mudowwy arrived from Hâyil, and that thou wouldst go over to Kheybar; and for two reals thou shalt find some man who will convey thee thither."

We alighted and Thaifullah commended me to Eyâda; I was (he said) a skilful mudowwy,—so he took his camel again and departed. This was that Heteymy sheykh, whom I had seen two days before chevying in the wilderness:—he might have understood then (from some saying of the fanatic) that I was not a right Moslem, for now when I saluted him and said I would go to Kheybar with him, he received me roughly. He was a sturdy carl, and with such ill-blooded looks as I have remarked in the Fehját, which are also of Heteym. *Eyâda:* "Well, I said it yesterday, but I cannot send thee to Kheybar." —Some men were sitting before his tent—"Ho! which of you, he said, will convey the man to Kheybar, and receive from him what—? three reals." One answered, "I will carry him, if he give me this money." I promised, and he went to make ready; but returning he said, "Give me four reals,—I have a debt, and this would help me in it." *Eyâda:* "Give him four, and go with him." I consented, so the sheykh warranted me that the man would not forsake his rafîk, as did those of the other day. "Nay, trust me, this is *Ghroceyb*, a sheykh, and a valorous man."—"Swear, O Ghroceyb, by the life of this stem of grass, that thou wilt not forsake me, thy rafîk, until thou hast brought me to Kheybar!"—"I swear to bring thee thither, but I be dead." *Eyâda:* "He has a thelûl too, that can flee like a bird." *Ghroceyb:* "See how the sun is already mounted! let us pass the day here, and to-morrow we will set forward."—"Nay, but to-day," answered the sheykh, shortly, so that I

wondered at his inhospitable humour, and Ghroceyb at this strangeness. The sheykh did not bid me into his tent, but he brought out to us a great bowl of butter-milk. The hareem now came about me, bringing their little bowls of dry milk shards, and they clamoured for medicines. I have found no Beduins so willing as the Heteym to buy of the mudowwy. After my departure, when they had proved my medicines, they said that Khalîl was a faithful man; and their good report helped me months later, at my coming by this country again.

Ghroceyb told me that from hence to Baitha Nethîl was half a (thelûl) journey, to Hâyil three, to Teyma four, to el-Ally four and a half; and we should have three nights out to Kheybar. When we had trotted a mile, a yearling calf of the thelûl, that was grazing in the desert before us, ran with their sidelong slinging gait (the two legs upon a side leaping together) to meet the dam, and followed us lowing,—the mother answered with sobs in her vast throat; but Ghroceyb dismounted and chased the weanling away. We rode upon a plain of sand. Nigh before us appeared that great craggy blackness—the Harra, and thereupon certain swarty hills and crests, *el-Hélly:* I perceived them to be crater-hills of volcanoes! A long-ranging inconsiderable mountain, *Bothra,* trended with our course upon the left hand, which I could not doubt to be granitic. Ghroceyb encouraged his thelûl with a pleasant *gluck!* with the tongue under the palate,—I had not heard it before; and there is a diversity of cattle-calls in the several tribes of the Arabian khâla.

We entered upon that black Harra. The lava field is now cast into great waves and troughs, and now it is a labyrinth of lava crags and short lava sand-plains.—This is another member of the vulcanic country of West Arabia, which with few considerable breaches, extends from Tebûk through seven degrees of latitude to the borders of Mecca.

We found clayey water, in a cavern (after the late showers), and Ghroceyb alighted to fill our girby. At half-afternoon we saw a goatherd loitering among the wild lavas The lad was an Heteymy, he knew Ghroceyb, and showed us where the beyts were pitched, in a deep place not far off. Here Ghroceyb came to his own kindred; and we alighted at the tent of his brother. The cragged Harra face is there 4300 feet above the sea-level. Their hareem were veiled like those of Kâsim's encampment, and they wore a braided forelock hanging upon their foreheads. In the evening we were regaled with a caldron of temmn, and the host poured us out a whole skinful of thick butter-milk.

One of those men was a hunter; the Heteym and the Sherarát surpass the Beduw in the skill, and are next to the Solubba. In the last season he had killed two ostriches, and sold the skins (to that Damascus feather merchant who comes down yearly with the Haj) for 80 reals: 40 reals for an ostrich skin! (the worth of a good camel)—a wonderful price it seems to be paid in this country. Of the lineage of the Heteym I could never learn anything in Arabia. They are not of so cheerful temper, and they lack the frank alacrity of mind and the magnanimous dignity of Beduins. Ghroceyb spoke of his people thus, "Jid el-Heteym is *Rashîd* and we—the midland Heteym—are the *Beny Rashîd.* Those Heteymies at the Red Sea bord, under el-Wejh, are the *Gerabîs,* our kindred indeed but not friendly with us. The B. Rashîd are as many as the B. Wáhab" (nearly 600 beyts, not much above 2000 souls). Of the Sherarát akin to the Heteym he said, "We may wed with them and they with us,—but there is cattle stealing between us; they are 800 beyt." He told me that in former days, some camels having been reaved by a Noâmsy ghrazzu from the Gerabîs, the sheykh Ibn Nômus (father of Hannas), ordained their restitution, saying, "Wellah they be our kindred."

In the early morning Ghroceyb milked our thelûl and brought me this warm bever; and after that, in the fatigue of the long way to be passed almost without her tasting herbage, her udder would be dried up, and the Beduwy fetched in a hurr to cover her; [at such times doubtless in the hope that she may bear a female]. We were called away to breakfast in another booth where they set before us dates fried in samn, and bowls of butter-milk. All was horrid lava-field far before us, and we should be "two nights out without Aarab", and the third at Kheybar.

Gloomy were these days of drooping grey clouds in the golden aired Arabia. We journeyed quickly by the camel paths (*jiddar* pl. *jiddrân*) worn, since ages, in the rolling cinders and wilderness of horrid lavas. Hither come Bishr and Heteym nomads in the early year with their cattle, to seek that rabîa which may be sprung among the lava clefts and pits and little bottoms of vulcanic sand. Before noon we were among the black hills (*hilliân*) which I had viewed before us since yesterday; they are cones and craters of spent volcanoes. Our path lay under the highest *hilly*, which might be of four hundred or five hundred feet. Some are two-headed,—it is where a side of the crater is broken down. Others are seen ribbed, that is they are guttered down from the head. *All is*

here as we have seen in the Harrat el-Aueyrid. We passed over a smooth plain of cinders; and, at the roots of another *hilly*, I saw yellowish soft tufa lying under the scaly crags of lavas. From hence we had sight of the Kharram, a day distant to the westward; lying beyond the Harra in a yellow border of Nefûd; the white sand lay in long drifts upon the high flanks of the mountain.

There was now much ponded rain upon these vulcanic highlands; and in a place I heard the heavy din of falling water! We came to a cold new tarn, and it seemed a fenny mountain lake under the setting sun! from this strange desert water issued a wild brook with the rushing noise of a mill-race. Having gone all the daylight, we drew bridle in a covert place, where we might adventure to kindle our fire. My rafîk was never come so far in this sea of lava, but he knew the great landmarks. He went about to pull an armful of the scanty herbage in the crevices, for his fasting thelûl; I gathered dry stems to set under our pot, poured in water and began our boiling, which was but of temmn. When Ghroceyb came again I bid him mind the cooking; but said he, "What can I do? I, billah, understand it not."—"Yet I never saw the nomad who could not shift for himself upon a journey."—"I eat that which the hareem prepare, and have never put my hand to it."—He had brought for himself only two or three handfuls of dry milk shards! in Ghroceyb was the ague-cake of old fever, and he could eat little or nothing. In this place I found the greatest height which I had passed hitherto in Arabia, nearly 6000 feet. And here I have since understood to be the division of waters between the great wady bottoms of northern Arabia; namely the W. er-Rummah descending from the Harra to the north-eastward, and the W. el-Humth. This night was mild, and sheltered in the wild lavas, as between walls, we were warm till the morning.

We mounted in the morrow twilight; but long after day-break the heavens seemed shut over us, as a tomb, with gloomy clouds. We were engaged in the horrid lava beds; and were very oftentimes at fault among sharp shelves, or finding before us precipitous places. The vulcanic field is a stony flood which has stiffened; long rolling heads, like horse-manes, of those slaggy waves ride and over-ride the rest: and as they are risen they stand petrified, many being sharply split lengthwise, and the hollow laps are partly fallen down in vast shells and in ruinous heaps as of massy masonry. The lava is not seldom wreathed as it were bunches of cords; the crests are seen also

of sharp glassy lavas, *lâba* (in the plural *lûb*); lâba is all that which has a likeness to molten metal.—That this soil was ever drowned with burning mineral, or of burning mountains, the Aarab have no tradition. As we rode further I saw certain golden-red crags standing above the black horror of lavas; they were sandstone spires touched by the scattered beams of the morning sun. In the sheltered lava bottoms, where grow gum-acacias, we often startled *gatta* fowl ("sand-grouse"); they are dry-fleshed birds and not very good to eat, say the nomads. There is many times seen upon the lava fields a glistering under the sun as of distant water; it is but dry clay glazed over with salt.

Ghroceyb spread forth his hands devoutly; he knew not the formal prayers, but wearied the irrational element, with the lowings of his human spirit, in this perilous passage. "Give, Lord, that we see not the evil! and oh that this be not the day of our deaths and the loss of the thelûl!" My rafîk knew not that I was armed. Ghroceyb, bearing his long matchlock, led on afoot betwixt running and walking, ever watching for a way before the thelûl, and gazing wide for dread of any traversing enemies. Upon a time turning suddenly he surprised me, as I wrote with a pencil [a reading of the aneroid]. "Is it well, O Khalîl? quoth my rafîk, how seest thou (in your magical art of letters), is there good or else evil toward? canst thou not write something (a strong spell), for this need?" Then seeing me ride on careless and slumbering for weariness he took comfort. My pistol of six chambers gave me this confidence in Arabia, for must we contend for our lives I thought it might suffice to defend me and my company, and Ghroceyb was a brave companion. Ghroceyb's loug piece must weigh heavily upon the strenuous man's sick shoulders, and I spoke to him to hang it at the saddle-bow of me his rafîk; to this he consented, 'so I did not loop the shoulder-cord about the peak; it must hang simply, he said, that in any appearance of danger he might take it again at the instant.'

Two hours after the sunrise we passed the Harra borders, and came without this lava field upon soil of sandstone. The volcanic country which we had crossed in seventeen hours is named Harrat *el-Ethnân*, of the great crater-hill of that name *J. Ethnân;* the dîra is of the Noâmsa Heteym. We came in an hour by a descending plain of red sand-rock, to a deep cleft, *es-Shotb*, where we drove down the dromedary at short steps, upon the shelves and ledges. In the bottom were gum-acacias, and a tree which I knew not, it has leaves somewhat like the mountain ash. "The name of it is *thirru*, it has not any use that we know,"

said Ghroceyb. Beyond the grove, were some thin effluxions of lava, run down upon the sandstone soil, from the vulcanic field above. By noon we had passed the sand-rock and came again upon the main Harra beyond, which is all one eastward with the former Harra; and there we went by a few low craters. The whole—which is the *Harrat Kheybar*—lies between north-west and south-east, four days in length; and that may be, since it reaches to within a thelûl journey of Medina, an hundred great miles. The width is little in comparison, and at the midst it may be passed in a day.

Ghroceyb now said: "But wouldst thou needs go to Kheybar? —*tûahi*, hearest thou? shall I not rather carry thee to el-Hâyat?"—My rafîk was in dread of going to Kheybar, the Dowla being there: those criminals-in-office (I understood it later), might have named him an enemy and seized the poor nomad's thelûl, and cast him into prison; but el-Hâyat was yet a free village in the jurisdiction of Ibn Rashîd. Ghroceyb I knew afterward to be an homicide, and there lay upon him a grievous debt for blood; it was therefore he had ridden for four reals with me in this painful voyage. From Eyâda's menzil we might have put the Harra upon our left hand, and passed by easy sand-plains [where I journeyed in the spring] under the granite mountains; but Ghroceyb would not, for in the open there had been more peril than in this cragged way of the Harra.

An hour from the Shotb, I found the altitude to be 5000 feet. Before mid-afternoon upon our right hand, beyond the flanks of the Harra and the low underlying sand-plain, appeared a world of wild ranging mountains *Jebâl Hejjûr*, twenty-five miles distant, in dîrat of the Wélad Aly. We went all day as fugitives, in this vulcanic country. Sunset comes soon in winter, and then we halted, in a low clay bottom with tall acacias and yellow ponds of rain water. Ghroceyb hopshackled her with a cord; and loosed out the two days' fasting thelûl, to browse the green branches. There we cooked a little temmn; and then laid ourselves down upon the fenny soil and stones in a mizzling night-rain to slumber.

When the day began to spring we set forward, and passed over a brook running out from ponded water in the lava-field. The weather was clearer, the melting skies lifted about us. The vulcanic country is from henceforward plain, and always descending and full of jiddrân. Before and below our path, we had now in sight the sharp three-headed mountain, *Atwa;* that stands beside Kheybar: Ghroceyb greeted the landmark with

joy. 'Beyond Atwa was but a night out, he said, for thelûl riders to Medina. Upon our left hand a distant part of the Harra, *Harrat el-Abyad*, showed white under the sun and full of hilliân. Ghroceyb said, "The hills are whitish, the lava-field lies about them; the white stone is burned-like, and heavy as metal." Others say "The heads only of the hilliân are white stone, the rest is black lava."—Those white hills might be limestone, which, we know, lies next above the Hisma sand-rock.

Already we saw the flies of the oasis: Kheybar was yet covered from sight by the great descending limb of the Harra; we felt the air every moment warmer and, for us, faint and breathless. All this country side to Jebâl Hejjûr seyls down by the wady grounds *el-Khâfutha* and *Gumm'ra* to the Wady el-Humth. Ghroceyb showed me a wolf's footprints in the volcanic sand. At the half-afternoon we were near Kheybar, which lay in the deep yonder, and was yet hidden from us. Then we came upon the fresh traces of a ghrazzu: they had passed down towards Kheybar. We rode in the same jiddar behind them!—the footprints were of two mares and two camels. Ghroceyb made me presently a sign to halt; he came and took his gun in silence, struck fire to the match and ran out to reconnoitre. He stayed behind a covert of lavas, from whence he returned to tell me he saw two horsemen and two *râduffa* (radîfs), upon thelûls, riding at a long gunshot before us: they had not seen us. And now, blowing his match, he required very earnestly, 'Were I able with him to resist them?'—Contrary to the will of Ghroceyb I had stayed this day, at noon, ten minutes, to take some refreshment: but for this we had met with them, as they came crossing from the westward, and it is too likely that blood had been shed between us. We stood awhile to give them ground, and when they were hidden by the unequal lava-field, we passed slowly forward. The sun was now going low in the west,—and we would be at Kheybar this night ere the village gate should be shut.

Locusts alighted by our path, and I saw aloft an infinite flight of them drifted over in the evening wind. Ghroceyb asked again, 'If I were afraid of the Dowla.'—"Am I not a Dowlany? they are my friends."—"Wellah *yâ sâmy*, my namesake, couldst thou deliver me and quit the thelûl, if they should take me?"—"Doubt not; they of the Dowla are of my part."

Now we descended into a large bottom ground in the lava-field, *el-Húrda*, full of green young corn:—that corn I saw ripen before my departure from Kheybar! Here Ghroceyb dreaded to meet with the ghrazzu,—the robbers might be grazing their mares in the green corn of the settlement. Where we came

by suânies, wild doves flew up with great rattling of wings, from the wells of water. I thought these should be the fields of Kheybar, and spoke to Ghroceyb to carry me to the *Jériat Wélad Aly*. There are three villages, named after the land-inheriting Annezy tribes, *Jériat Bishr* (that is Kheybar proper), *Jériat W. Aly*, at the distance of half a mile, and at two miles the hamlet *Jériat el-Fejîr*.—Jériat is said for kériat in the loghrat of these nomads.

Ghroceyb saw only my untimely delay, whilst he dreaded for his thelûl, and was looking at every new turn that we should encounter the enemies who had ridden down before us. I drew bridle, and bade my rafîk—he stepped always a little before me on foot—promise to bring me to none other than the Wélad Aly village. My visiting Kheybar, which they reckon in '*The Apostle's Country*,' was likely to be a perilous adventure; and I might be murdered to-night in the tumult, if it went ill with me: but at the W. Aly hamlet, I should have become the guest of the clients of Motlog and Méhsan, great sheykhs of that tribe. Ghroceyb saw me halt, as a man beside himself! and he came hastily, to snatch the thelûl's halter; then he desperately turned his matchlock against me, and cried, "Akhs! why would I compel him to do me a mischief?"—"Thou canst not kill thy rafîk! now promise me and go forward." He promised, but falsely.—Months after, I heard, he had told his friends, when he was at home again; that 'he had found the stranger a good rafîk, only in the journey's end, as we were about entering Kheybar, I would have taken his thelûl'!

We passed the corn-fields of the Húrda without new alarms, and came upon the basalt neck of the Harra about the oasis' valleys, which is called *el-figgera* (in the pl. *el-fuggar*) Kheybar. Ghroceyb mounted with me, and he made the thelûl run swiftly, for the light was now failing. I saw ruins upon the figgera of old dry building and ring-walls: some are little yards of the loose basalt blocks, which the Beduw use, to dry their dates in the sun, before stiving the fruit in their sacks. After a mile, we came to a brow, and I saw a palm forest in a green valley of Kheybar below us, but the village not yet. The sun set as we went down by a steep path. At the left hand was an empty watch-tower, one of seven lately built by the now occupying Medina government, upon this side, to check the hostile Annezy [Bishr and Fejîr]. This human landmark seemed to me more inhuman than all the Harra behind us; for now I remembered Medáin Sâlih and the danger of the long unpaid and sometimes beastly Turkish soldiery. How pleasant then seemed to

me the sunny drought of the wilderness, how blessed the security of the worsted booths in the wandering villages! These forts are garrisoned in the summer and autumn season.

We came through palm-groves in a valley bottom, *W. Jellâs*, named after that old division of Annezy, which having long since forsaken Kheybar, are at this day—we have seen—with the Ruwâlla in the north. The deep ground is mire and rushes and stagnant water; and there sunk upon our spirits a sickly fenny vapour. In the midst we passed a brook running in a bed of green cresses. Foul was the abandoned soil upon either hand, with only few awry and undergrown stems of palms. The squalid ground is whitish with crusts of bitter salt-warp, *summakha* [written *subbakha*], and stained with filthy rust: whence their fable, that 'this earth purges herself of the much blood of the Yahûd, that was spilt in the conquest of Kheybar.' The thelûl which found no foot-hold under her sliding soles, often halted for fear. We came up between rough walling, built of basalt stones, and rotten palm-stocks, and clots of black clay.—How strange are these dank Kheybar valleys in the waterless Arabia! A heavy presentiment of evil lay upon my heart, as we rode in this deadly drowned atmosphere.

We ascended on firm ground to the entering of Kheybar, that is Jériat Bishr, under the long basalt crag of the ancient citadel *el-Húsn*. In the falling ground upon the left hand stands an antique four-square building of stone, which is the old mesjid from the time of Mohammed; and in the precinct lie buried the *Ashab en-Neby*,—those few primitive Moslemîn, partisans and acquaintance of the living "apostle", that fell in the (poor) winning of Kheybar.

At the village gate a negro woman met us in the twilight, of whom I enquired, whether *Bou* (*Abu*) *Ras* were in the town? —I had heard of him from the Moghrebies in Hâyil, as a safe man: he was a Moghreby negro trader settled in those parts; also I hoped to become his guest. But he was gone from the place, since the entrance of the (tyrannical) Dowla—being, as they say, *shebbaan*, or having gotten now his fill of their poor riches,—to live yet under the free Nejd government at el-Hâyat.—She answered timidly, bidding the strangers a good evening, "She could not tell, and that she knew nothing."

END OF VOL. I.